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RELIGIOUS FREEDOM IN AMERICA.*

A CONTROVERSY has lately sprung up, and from time to time is renewed, touching the priority and relative merits of the colonies of Maryland and Rhode Island, as respects the policy of religious freedom.

This is a question of a good deal of historical curiosity; and as the Maryland side of it has just been elaborately set forth in the work cited below, to enable all those interested to solve it for themselves, we proceed to give a brief but comprehensive statement of the facts of the case.

The colony of Maryland, as is well known, originated with George Calvert, a gentleman of Yorkshire, originally, it is said, of Flemish descent, a graduate of Oxford, and a protégé of Sir Robert Cecil, by whose favor, early in the reign of James I., he obtained the clerkship of the privy council and the honor of knighthood. Calvert had early interested himself in American colonization, having been a member of the Virginia company, by which the earliest of the Anglo-American colonies was planted, from 1609 to its dissolution in 1625. He was thus led, as Penn was afterward, through similar associations, to aspire to become the founder of a colony of his own; for which purpose, as early as 1622, being then one of the secretaries of state, he obtained from King James a grant, by the name of Avalon, of the southeastern peninsula of Newfoundland, where he established a little colony, composed of settlers from Ireland, in which country, as was usual with English courtiers, Calvert had acquired a large landed property.

The open avowal, on the part of Sir George Calvert, of the Roman Catholic faith, to which, as the fashion then was with the courtiers in most Protestant countries, he had long secretly inclined, made it expedient for him to resign his office of secretary of state. But he still kept his favor at court, being retained as a member of the Privy Council, and created an Irish peer, with the title of Lord Baltimore. Delivered, now, from other cares, he pursued with zeal his project of an American colony. He twice visited Newfoundland, and spent, it is said, £25,000 sterling on that project. But he encountered numerous and invincible obstacles. The climate was cold and foggy. The land was sterile. The French and Spanish fishermen, who had frequented those coasts for more than a century, were little inclined to respect a mere English grant; and even the English fishermen insisted on the free use of all the shores

* *The Day-star of American Freedom; or, the Birth and Early Growth of Toleration in the Province of Maryland.* By GEORGE LYNN LUDLOW DAVIS, of the Bar of Baltimore. New York: C. Scribner, 1856.

and harbors, and looked with no favor on any claims to exclusive possession—feelings, on their part, which long delayed the peopling of Newfoundland, causing it to be regarded, till a very recent period, less as a colony than as a mere fishing station, of which the government, down even to our times, was rather that of a ship at sea than of a colony on shore.

During his residence at Newfoundland, Lord Baltimore paid a visit to Virginia; but the colonists, perhaps suspecting the design with which he came, did not give him a very hospitable reception. Under a standing law, the oath of supremacy was tendered to him—an oath purposely contrived to entangle or detect persons of the Catholic faith, including, as it did, a positive and direct repudiation of the pope's spiritual authority. From this it will be seen that Know-Nothingism is rather an ancient institution among us, and that Catholics got but a cool welcome from the first: Calvert was even exposed to personal insult; but for this the culprits were called to account. Though thus coolly received, he remained long enough to ascertain, that in the northern part of Virginia was a fertile and well-watered tract, upon which no settlements had yet been made. Returning to England, he obtained from Charles I. the promise of a grant, under a royal charter, conferring not only a property in the soil, but powers of government also. This new province was to be called Maryland, after one of the names of the queen. But, before the charter had passed the seals, the first Lord Baltimore died, and the patent issued to his son and heir, Cecilius, the second lord.

Some historians and biographers have ascribed to the projector of the Maryland colony the design of providing a refuge, in America, for the Catholics of England and Ireland, exposed at home, even more than were the Puritans, to the severity of persecuting laws. That Lord Baltimore expected to obtain his colonists, at least such of them as might embark capital of their own in the enterprise, among the Catholics, and that he looked to the state of the English law as likely to facilitate that result, is highly probable. But we know not of any contemporary authority for the supposition, that he had any religious object in view, or that the colony was not, in its origin and conception, what it subsequently became in its actual plantation, a mere territorial and pecuniary enterprise—the growth of the colony and the increase of quit rents being the considerations always uppermost in the mind of the proprietary, and to which his scheme of toleration was wholly subservient. Still less does there seem any foundation for ascribing, as has been done, to this Catholic nobleman, the project of founding a colony, in which all religions were to be placed on a perfect level of equality—a piece of undutifulness to mother church hardly to be expected from a new convert. We are told, indeed, by Bancroft, that the first Lord Baltimore, whom he supposes, but on what grounds or authority it does not appear, to have been the draughtsman of the Maryland charter, "as he had taken from himself and his successors all arbitrary power, by establishing the legislative franchises of the people, had also taken from them the means of being intolerant in religion, by securing to all present and future liege people of the English king, without distinction of sect or party, free leave to transport themselves and their families to Maryland. Christianity was, by the charter, made the law of the land; but no preference was given to any sect, and equality in religious rights, no less than in civil freedom, was assured." Such is the historian's statement; but, on referring to the charter, nothing whatever of this sort can be found in it. From the liberty assured to all the king's English subjects, of emigrating to Maryland, an express exception is made of "such to whom it shall be expressly forbidden;" nor is there the slightest hint, anywhere in the charter, of anything like toleration or freedom in religion. So far from it, all places of worship are required to be consecrated according to "the ecclesiastical law of England," and their erection and the patronage and advowson of them are among the rights specially conferred upon the proprietary, while both he and the assembly are expressly restricted from making any ordinances or enacting any laws "repugnant or contrary to" the laws of England; which certainly would have been the case, at the time the charter was granted, as to any attempt to legalize any form of religious worship other than that of the church of England. Lord

Baltimore, no doubt, intended—and that seems to have been the furthest that he went—to secure to such Catholics as emigrated to Maryland the quiet enjoyment of their religious opinions and worship; but there was no such provision inserted in the charter, as the Catholics found to their sorrow, when the time came, as it afterwards did, for enacting penal laws against them: nor —considering the fixed prejudices of the English people, even if his own conscience would have allowed it, which is questionable—would the king have dared to set his seal to an instrument in which the toleration of the Catholic religion was secured, even by implication, and, much less, in express terms.

The first colony arrived in Maryland in the spring of 1634. The governor and counselors were Catholics. The principal adventurers were Catholic gentlemen of some means. The laboring portion of the colonists were indented servants, among whom were many Protestants. The Catholics had a priest with them, and, no doubt, enjoyed the full exercise of their religion. Indeed, they occasioned not a little alarm and disgust in Puritan Massachusetts, by "setting up mass openly." A like liberty appears to have been practically enjoyed by the Protestant part of the colonists. An early proclamation or ordinance of the governor, based upon a limited power of legislating in that way, conferred by the charter upon the proprietary, prohibited "all unseasonable disputations in point of religion, tending to the disturbance of the public peace and quiet of the colony, and to the opening of faction in religion;" and we know that at least one Catholic proprietor was early fined, under this ordinance, for attempting to meddle with the devotions of one of his Protestant servants.

Now, as Roger Williams, as we shall presently see, did not establish himself at Providence till the spring of 1636—two years after the planting of the Maryland colony at St. Mary's—and as the written agreement of Williams's colonists (the original constitution of the Providence Plantations), to submit "only in *civil* things" to such orders as the "major part should enact," was not entered into until the autumn of 1638, it is plain that Maryland was the first American colony in which a certain degree of toleration in religious matters was practically realized. But when we come to consider the very narrow and limited extent of that toleration, compared with the full liberty soon after established in Rhode Island; when we notice the very short period for which even this limited toleration existed; and taking into account, also, the fact, that it owed its existence while it lasted, not to the colonists, but to the proprietary; looking at the matter in these lights, the superior claims of Rhode Island will be equally evident.

Owing to a dispute which arose between Lord Baltimore and the Assembly, on the question to whom, under the charter, the right belonged of proposing laws, no legislation for the colony received the sanction of that body till 1639. It was then provided, along with other fundamental regulations for the distribution of justice, the punishment of offenses, the payment of debts, and the like, that "holy church, within the province, shall have all her rights and liberties." In thus copying the phraseology of Magna Charta, the question which church (that of England or of Rome) was, under the name of a "holy church," to enjoy the rights and privileges thereto appertaining, was quite dextrously evaded. But however that point might be decided, little hope was left for the Puritan dissenters, of whom both of these churches were equally intolerant; and perhaps this enactment may be regarded as a sort of compromise between the Catholics and the church of England men, while they tolerated each other, to put down, or, rather, to keep out the troublesome and uneasy Puritan nonconformists, who had already began to make their appearance in Virginia, whence it was thought necessary to expel them, two or three years later, under a law expressly enacted for that purpose. But, whatever might have been the aims of the Assembly, the proprietary still persevered in the policy with which he had set out—that of preventing, as far as possible, any religious disputes or agitation, by which the peace and progress of his colony might be disturbed. He judged it necessary, however, to conform to the changed state of feeling in England; and the Puritan party there having triumphed over the king, the colony ceased to have a Catholic governor—that office being conferred by Lord Baltimore upon one William Stone, of Virginia, a zealous

Protestant and Parliamentarian. The offices of "muster-master general" and of "secretary" were also conferred upon Protestants, who had likewise a majority in the council, and perhaps also, by this time, a majority of the colonists. For the protection, however, of the Catholic settlers, an oath was required of the governor, not to molest or discountenance, on religious grounds, any person in the province professing to believe in Jesus Christ, and, in particular, any Roman Catholic; nor to make any difference, on that score, in appointments to office. The policy of the proprietary, and the limited extent to which he carried his ideas of religious liberty, are more precisely indicated in the somewhat overlauded "law concerning religion"—often represented as the corner-stone of toleration in America—which he sent out the next year (1649), engrossed on parchment, and to which the Assembly gave its assent. This act begins, in no very tolerant spirit, with enacting death and forfeiture of land and goods, as the punishment of blasphemers and deniers of the doctrine of the trinity. It next denounces fine, whipping, and, for the third offense, banishment, as penalties for the utterance of reproachful speeches against the Virgin Mary or the holy apostles and evangelists. The third section appoints fine, and, if that were not paid, whipping and a public apology, as punishments for applying to any person any reproachful name, or any name in a reproachful manner "relating to matters of religion." Similar penalties are also imposed on profaners of the Lord's day. After this comes the famous section, the only one usually quoted, which, after setting forth that "the enforcing the conscience, in matters of religion, hath frequently fallen out to be of dangerous consequence in those commonwealths where it has been practiced," proceeds to enact, "for the more quiet and peaceable government of the province," in the terms of the oath already imposed on the governor, that no person, professing to believe in Jesus Christ, shall be molested or discountenanced on account of his religion, nor interrupted in the free exercise of it, under penalty of fine and imprisonment.

In thus attempting to secure the equal rights of the Catholics, Lord Baltimore, as much, we may believe, from necessity as choice, allowed a wide sweep to Puritan dissent, to which recent events in England had given a powerful impulse—Cromwell and the Independents being already triumphant. He even received into the colony a body of Puritan dissenters recently expelled from Virginia by Governor Berkeley, who established themselves on a plantation which they called Providence, near where now stands the city of Annapolis, the first settlement in the northern part of the province. Nor was it long before these Virginia Puritans, taking advantage of the growth of anti-church feeling among the Protestants of the colony, put themselves forward for the overturn of Lord Baltimore's scheme of toleration; in which object, by the countenance and support of the parliamentary commissioners, by that time at the head of affairs in Virginia, they had a temporary success. Stone was deposed from office; a new governor and council were appointed, and a new Assembly (in 1654) expressly excluded "papists and prelatists" from the benefit of the act of toleration. A civil war followed, between the Catholic and Puritan settlers, not without bloodshed. The Catholics were beaten, the triumphant Protestants put four of their captured opponents to death, and proceeded to sequestrate the estates of the others. The Catholics subsequently recovered their courage, and reëstablished Lord Baltimore's authority at St. Mary's; but Annapolis and the northern portion of the province continued to adhere to the Puritan administration, of which Annapolis had been made the seat.

The restoration of Charles II. restored also the authority of Lord Baltimore over his entire province, and by the effect of that change, the former toleration act again came into force. But, notwithstanding the comprehensiveness of its terms, the Quakers were not suffered to take any advantage of it. They became, in Maryland, as in every other Anglo-American colony, *Rhode Island alone excepted*, the objects of legislative vengeance. By an act of the Maryland Assembly, preachers of that sect were to be apprehended and whipped "as vagabonds who dissuade the people from complying with military discipline, from holding offices, giving testimony, and serving as jurors." It is insisted, however, by some of the recent writers on the history of Mary-

land, that this act was seldom or never put in execution.

As the population of the province increased, the preponderance of the Protestants over the Catholics became still more decisive. The Puritan dissenters gradually dropped their antipathy to the church of England, into which, though as yet there was no regular establishment, they became mostly absorbed. But their hatred of Catholicism did not diminish, and their discontent against the Catholic proprietary evinced itself in repeated outbreaks. At last came the English revolution, of which advantage was taken again to set aside the proprietary government; and though the Baltimore family retained their property in the province, the proprietary administration was only reëstablished, at the end of twenty-five years, by the adoption, on the part of the fourth Lord Baltimore, of the Protestant faith.

Meanwhile, the limited system of toleration, introduced by the second Lord Baltimore, had been totally set aside; nor was it, so long as the proprietary government lasted, ever again reëstablished. It was from the beginning an exotic in the colony, the plan of the second Lord Baltimore and not of the colonists themselves, and therefore lacking any solid basis to stand upon. One of the first acts of the new Protestant authorities, which assumed the government in the name of William and Mary, was to divide the colony into parishes, and to create a regular ecclesiastical establishment, after the model of the church of England, supported by taxes which all were obliged to pay. Indeed, the descendants and successors of the old Puritans, who had put prelacy and papacy into the same category, had now become such strict churchmen, that it was only with much ado, and by repeated refusals to sanction, on any other terms, their church establishment, that the Assembly was persuaded, by the ministers of William III., to introduce a clause, granting toleration to Protestant dissenters! As to the unfortunate Catholics, they were freely delivered over to sectarian vengeance, embodied under the form of law. Most of the enactments resorted to in Ireland, to put down the Catholics, were imitated in Maryland, without any of the excuses of political danger which the Irish parliament might urge, as the Catholics in Maryland were too few to be in the slightest degree formidable. The more severe of these enactments were speedily repealed, or modified; but the Catholics still remained disfranchised till after the Revolution.

Under the state constitution, the Catholics of Maryland were admitted to a political equality with the Protestants; but the idea of full freedom of opinion, on religious matters, was very slowly recognized. It is a curious fact, that although the Constitution of the United States expressly prohibits religious tests, yet that, under an old law of Maryland, still in force in the District of Columbia, though repealed as to Maryland itself, no person is admitted to practice as an attorney or counselor in any of the courts of law of the District, who does not first profess his faith, under oath, in the Christian religion.

Having thus sketched the history of religious toleration in Maryland, we turn now to the colony of Rhode Island.

The history of Roger Williams, the father and founder of Providence Plantations, is pretty familiarly known. Born in Wales, and, as well as Calvert, educated at the university of Oxford, he took orders in the English Church; but his Puritan and nonconformist opinions drove him, at the age of thirty-two, to seek refuge in the then newly-planted colony of Massachusetts, where he arrived early in 1631. The church at Salem wished to receive him as successor to one of their teachers, who had died: but, ardent and vehement, and a decided separatist, not hesitating to stigmatize the church of England as anti-Christ, he was too bold and outspoken to suit the founders of the Massachusetts colony, who had not yet quite made up their minds as to the Christian or anti-Christian character of the church of England and their own relation to it. The magistrates having interfered to prevent his reception by the Salem church, as a teacher, Williams retired to the colony of Plymouth, where no such doubts prevailed, and where he "exercised by way of prophecy," that is, as a lay exhorter in contradistinction to an ordained teacher. Two years after, in 1633, he returned again to Salem, and the minister of that church having died, by a sort of surprise upon the magistrates and the other churches, he was elected its sole teacher and pastor. But Williams was too strongly inclined to entertain opinions of his own, and to express

them, too, to live peaceably in Massachusetts—a very different place then from what it is now. Already before his election as pastor of the Salem church, he had got himself into trouble. A law having been enacted, to compel attendance upon public worship according to the forms and doctrines approved by the Massachusetts churches—the only ones, indeed, allowed in the colony—Williams had avowed his opposition to it. This was the occasion upon which he first announced, or, at least, distinctly proclaimed, his famous doctrine of "soul-liberty," afterwards ingrafted into the policy of the commonwealth of which he became the father and founder. This doctrine of "soul-liberty" went the entire length of the modern doctrine of religious freedom—indeed, considerably further than most of the modern American advocates of that doctrine are inclined to go—for Williams held to the perfect right of every man to entertain and to express his own opinions on religious subjects, however diverse from those of his neighbors, while he denied the authority of governments to legislate at all touching "breaches of the first table," that is, on questions of religious belief and worship. This was an idea, at that time, novel, and especially distasteful in Massachusetts, the whole social system of which was founded on the theocratic idea of making the state entirely subservient to the interests of a particular church-organization. As Williams, in spite of all efforts, refused to retract, he was finally banished; and the rumor spreading, that he intended to found an independent colony of his own, he only escaped transportation to England by flying to the woods in the depth of winter. After fourteen weeks' wanderings, without a guide, with no fixed lodging, and with scanty food, he found refuge and hospitality with Massasoit, the chief of the Wampanoags, whom he had known while at Plymouth. Not long after, under a grant from Canonicus, the chief of the Narragansetts, he commenced, with five companions, the settlement of Providence, at the head of Narragansett bay, and out of the jurisdiction of either Massachusetts or Plymouth. By the resort of many from Massachusetts, particularly those inclined to anabaptist opinions, this settlement rapidly increased; and two years after, in 1638, a mutual "covenant" was entered into by the settlers, to submit, but "only in civil things," to the decision of the majority—the full exercise of "soul-liberty" being thus reserved to the citizens individually.

About the same time, the second of the germs, from which the present state of Rhode Island grew, was planted, at the northern end of that island which now gives a name to the whole state. This settlement was called Portsmouth; and from it, at the southern end of the island, an offset soon sprung, the better known and still famous and much frequented town of Newport. These settlers consisted of persons driven from Massachusetts, in consequence of their adhesion to the views set forth by the famous Mrs. Hutchinson. But, though inclined to insist upon a certain degree of religious liberty, at least, for themselves, they do not appear to have been, at this time, quite inclined to go the full length of Williams's doctrine. Some, even, of the settlers at Providence, unwilling to allow to others what they claimed for themselves, and seized with a longing for the flesh-pots of Egypt, opened a correspondence with Massachusetts, and acknowledged a sort of allegiance to it, which proved very embarrassing to the friends of entire religious freedom.

The third of the independent settlements, from the union of which sprang the state of Rhode Island, was founded some years later, at Warwick, on the west shore of Narragansett bay, by Samuel Gorton, a great enthusiast, who, as he exercised it himself, seems to have been willing to extend to others the full right of soul-liberty.

These three settlements of religious libertines were regarded with great jealousy by the magistrates of Massachusetts, who made repeated efforts, some of them quite unsurpassed by any of our modern attempts at "extending the area of liberty," to bring them within her jurisdiction and under the light of her gospel.

Alarmed at this encroaching disposition, and at the pretensions set up by Massachusetts to a part of this territory, as belonging to her, and to another part, as under the jurisdiction of Plymouth, then a separate colony, Roger Williams proceeded to England, by way of New Amsterdam* (as he did not

* At the time of this visit, our good city of New York, then New Amsterdam, was filled with

dare to attempt to sail from Boston), to solicit, from the parliamentary leaders now at the head of affairs, a charter, which might secure to his settlement, as well as the others, the right of self-government, and afford a safeguard against the pretensions to jurisdiction set up by Massachusetts and Plymouth. Nor was his departure any too early. Very shortly afterwards, Massachusetts, under color of an Indian title, proceeded to extend her jurisdiction over Warwick by force, and to arrest and sentence Gorton and several of his companions to heavy punishments, upon the charge of being "blasphemous enemies of true religion and civil government." A majority of the magistrates, seconded by the ministers, wished to put them to death; but the deputies, or representatives of the towns, would not agree to that, and hard labor in chains was substituted for it. During Williams's stay in England, he published, besides his "Key to the Language of America," "The Bloody Tenent of Persecution for the Cause of Conscience"—an exposition of his doctrine of soul-liberty—a doctrine which found good acceptance in England with the growing sect of Independents, of which Sir Henry Vane, late governor of Massachusetts, and now high in office under the parliaments, was a distinguished leader. To this treatise, which was an answer to a letter of the famous Cotton, one of the ministers of the Boston church, on the power of the magistrate in matters of religion, Cotton replied in "The Bloody Tenent washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb," to which Williams, on a subsequent visit to England, rejoined, in a second treatise, entitled "The Bloody Tenent yet more Bloody from Mr. Cotton's attempts to wash it white." From the commissioners appointed by the parliament, now engaged in war with the king, to superintend the affairs of the colonies, Williams obtained a charter, dated March 14, 1644, under which were included the shores and islands of Narragansett bay, extending from the boundaries of Massachusetts and Plymouth, on the north and east, to the Pequod country on the south and west, to be known as Providence Plantations, with authority to the inhabitants to "rule themselves" as they should find most suitable. This charter, unlike all former instruments of the sort, made no allusion to religion, but authorized a civil government only.

With this charter Williams returned to Providence, landing at Boston under cover of a letter of safe-conduct from several influential members of Parliament. But though received by his fellow-colonists of Rhode Island with great rejoicings, and escorted from Seconk to Providence by fourteen boats, the organization of a government under the charter did not prove so easy a matter. Massachusetts still claimed the territory of Warwick, while pretensions were put forward, on the part of Plymouth, to Providence and the islands. There was also some lack of cordiality between the settlers at Newport and those at Portsmouth and Providence. At length, however, these obstacles were overcome, and, in the spring of 1647—at the very moment, as it happened, that Massachusetts was engaged in very high-handed measures for the suppression of civil and religious freedom—a government was organized, embracing all the settled districts of the present state of Rhode Island; and no sooner was this done than a body of laws was enacted—the basis of the existing code of that state. In this code, of two years' earlier date than the famous act of Maryland concerning religion, Williams's doctrine of soul-liberty was adopted, without any limitation. No mention was made, in the code, of religion, nor was any jurisdiction attempted to be exercised respecting religious belief or worship—the first formal and legal establishment of full religious liberty ever promulgated, and exceeding that which exists at this moment under the laws of any state of this Union. It may be noted, as a curious coincidence, that, by the same code, the government of the newly-instituted colony was declared to be "democratical."

The magistrates, ministers, and church members of Massachusetts—and only church members could vote there—though obliged to pay a certain respect to the parliamentary char-

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fugitives from the country around, compelled to seek refuge from the Indians, with whom a war had been unadvisedly provoked. "Mine eyes," wrote Roger Williams, "saw the flames of their towns, the frights and harries of men, women, and children, and the present removal of all that could, to Holland."

ter which Williams had obtained, were no better satisfied than before with the doctrine of soul-liberty, and no pains were spared to distract and break up the newly-constituted commonwealth. The Indians were instigated against it —so, at least, the Rhode Islanders alleged — and domestic discords and jealousies were so successfully fomented, that a temporary disruption took place between the island-settlers and those on the main-land. Coddington, a principal man at Portsmouth, obtained from the English council of state—though without the privity, it would seem, at all events, without the consent, of a considerable number of his compatriots—a commission, by which he was appointed governor for life of the island-settlements. To procure the revocation of this commission and further protection against the hostile machinations of Massachusetts, Williams again proceeded to England, accompanied, this time, by John Clarke, also a refugee from Massachusetts—a physician by profession—one of the founders and principal inhabitants of Newport. Not allowed to embark at Boston, where Clarke had recently received some very harsh treatment—being fined and imprisoned for having presumed to give an exhortation, on a Sunday, in a private house, within the jurisdiction of Massachusetts—they sailed from New Amsterdam, as Williams had done on his former voyage. Coddington's commission was vacated, and Williams, returning in 1653, succeeded, though not without much ado, in reconciling all differences, and in reuniting the several settlements under the charter—he himself being chosen the governor.

It was not long before the faithfulness of Williams's colony to the principle of religious liberty was put to a new and severe trial, their adherence to it, under which, in spite of the remonstrances of the other New England colonies, exposed them to new threats and new dangers.

The arrival, in 1656, of Quaker preachers in America, produced no little alarm there; hardly less, indeed, in Virginia and Maryland than in the New England colonies. Special laws for their restraint and punishment were enacted, as well in Virginia as in Massachusetts, Plymouth, and the two Connecticut jurisdictions. Even in New Netherland, which, scarcely less than Rhode Island itself, had been a place of refuge for Baptists and other religious refugees from New England, no favor was extended to the Quakers; and the same, as we have already mentioned, was the case even in Maryland, notwithstanding the reëstablishment there of the old proprietary system of toleration. To Rhode Island belongs the exclusive honor of not having joined, either by word or deed, in this persecution; and that, too, notwithstanding some pretty stringent attempts to oblige her to come into it. There existed, at that time, a union of the other four New England colonies, for common defense, sustentation, and succor—a union to which Rhode Island, on account of her adherence to the heretical and licentious doctrine, as it was then esteemed, of soul-liberty, had been refused admittance. The commissioners, two from each colony, to whom were intrusted the management and administration of the affairs of the union, addressed an urgent letter to the authorities of Rhode Island, protesting against the toleration allowed, in that colony, to Quakers, and intimating that persistence in it would be resented by a total non-intercourse. At a subsequent period, the Quakers made a good many converts in Rhode Island, including Coddington and other leading men; but, as yet, little sympathy was felt there, or, at least, avowed, for Quaker opinions. Williams always remained warmly opposed to their pretensions of superior religious enlightenment; but he, and those who thought with him, adhered, nevertheless, with admirable consistency, to their great principle of religious liberty. We say admirable, because, however ready men are to claim this sort of liberty for themselves, they are, even to this day, very little disposed to extend a like liberty to those who advocate what seem to them false and pernicious doctrines.

A second and still more urgent and threatening application, from the commissioners for the United Colonies of New England, drew out, by way of reply, from the Rhode Island authorities, some sensible observations, which experience, in all such cases, serves abundantly to confirm. "To those places," so they wrote, "where these people (the Quakers) are most of all suffered to declare themselves freely, and are openly opposed by arguments in discourse, they least desire to come. Surely

they delighted to be persecuted, and are like to gain more adherents by the conceit of their patient sufferings than by consent to their pernicious sayings." But these judicious reflections had no weight with those to whom they were addressed. The Quaker persecution, as is well known, was pushed, in Massachusetts, even to the extremity of capital punishment. The restoration of Charles II. checked the violence of these proceedings, and, at the same time, it put Rhode Island in a position to set at defiance the threats and intimidations of her sister colonies.

When Williams last returned from England, he had left Clarke behind him, as a sort of agent, to watch after the interests of the colony, and to be on the spot to counteract any machinations that might be attempted against it. After the restoration, Clarke continued to act in the same capacity; and, by dint of much solicitation, he succeeded at last, by the favor of Clarendon, in obtaining from Charles II. a new charter, in which the principle, not of toleration, merely, but of religious freedom and equality, was distinctly embodied. This charter, which bears date the 8th of July, 1663, provides, in one of its clauses, "that no person within the said colony shall be molested, punished, disquieted, or called in question, for any differences of opinion in matters of religion, who does not actually disturb the public peace"—a clause inserted, as the charter recites, at the express request of the inhabitants, who had declared, in their humble address to the king, "that it was much in their hearts (if they might be permitted) to hold forth a lively experiment, that a most flourishing civil state may stand and best be maintained, and that among English subjects, with a full liberty of religious concernments." This charter of Charles II., thus granted at the special request of the colonists, and confirming their original policy, remained the fundamental law of Rhode Island, till the adoption of a state constitution in 1843; which constitution embodies and repeats the provisions of the charter on the subject of religious liberty.

But, although Rhode Island, by the adoption, as one of its earliest fundamental laws, of the doctrine of soul-liberty, and by its adherence to that law, from that day to this, becomes entitled to a degree of merit far beyond anything to which Maryland can lay claim, yet even the northern commonwealth—so much easier is it to promulgate great principles than to carry them thoroughly into practice—has not wholly escaped the charge of religious persecution.

The laws of that colony, as first printed, subsequent to the commencement of the eighteenth century, excluded, from the privileges of freemen, Roman Catholics and all persons not professing Christianity—Jews, of course, included. When this exclusion was first introduced, it is impossible to tell. It was repealed during the revolutionary war, shortly after the landing at Newport of the French auxiliary army. Its inconsistency with the charter is palpable enough; but whatever speculative falling away it may evince from the original doctrine of soul-liberty, it never could have had any practical operation, except as to a very limited number of individuals.

Such is a brief but comprehensive statement of the parts taken, respectively by the colonies of Maryland and Rhode Island, in the inauguration and practical carrying out of the great American idea of freedom of religious opinion.

With these facts before him, the reader will be able to decide on the justice and truth of some of the assertions, by the recent Maryland work, referred to at the commencement of this article—a book, by the way, which, though very profuse and even superfluous in range of speculation and displays of antiquarian knowledge, going back even to Mahomet, as a man greatly to be admired, makes not the slightest reference to the existence of such a person as Roger Williams, or of such a colony as Providence Plantations and Rhode Island. Of the assertions to which we refer, we cite the following as a specimen:

"To the legislators of 1649 (meaning the Maryland Assembly of that year) was it given to discharge a much higher task—to execute a much nobler mission—*to inaugurate a much greater idea* (i. e., the idea of religious freedom)."—p. 52.

"The earliest policy of Maryland *was in striking contrast with that of every other colony.* The toleration, which prevailed from the first, and fifteen years later was formally ratified by the voice of the people, must, therefore, be regarded as the living embodiment of a great idea; the introduction of a new element into the civilization of Anglo-American humanity; the beginning of another movement in the progress of the human mind."—p. 64.

"Let not the Protestant historian of Ameri-

ca give grudgingly. (The author whom we quote boasts himself, by the way, as inheriting 'a pure Protestant blood—an unbroken Protestant faith, throught eight generations, from the age of Elizabeth,' p. 208.) Let him testify with a warm heart, and pay, with gladness, the tribute so richly due to the memory of our early forefathers. Let their deeds be enshrined in our hearts, and their names be repeated in our households. Let them be canonized in the grateful regards of the American, and handed down, through the lips of a living tradition, to his most remote posterity. In an age of cruelty, like true men with heroic hearts, they fought the *first* great battle of religious liberty, and their fame, without reference to their faith, is now the inheritance, not only of Maryland, but also of America."

We desire to do all justice to Cecilius Lord Baltimore, and to the Catholics of Maryland; but we demand also equal justice for Roger Williams and the men of Rhode Island. A sectional spirit in politics is bad enough, but the attempt to carry it into literature and history—and that, too, under cover of sentimental liberality and a special regard for justice—deserves to be at once exposed and rebuked.

TO THE REV. MR. ———.

[*Lines composed in Sermon-time.*]

OFT, beneath thy gentle preaching,
Visions from the dream-land come,
Of pardoned sinners touched and weeping,
Of saints no longer dead and dumb.
My own many sins confound me,
I begin to fear and quake;
But the sinners, sleeping round me,
Snore so loud that I awake.

Thou art not a son of thunder,
But thou bringest rest to all;
Soon again I sink in slumber—
Fainter still thy accents fall.
To the weary, heavy-laden,
Fall thy words like drops of balm—
Sleepy youth and nodding maiden
Bless thy accents soft and calm.

Upper church! I dearly love thee,
Though uncushioned is my seat—
Holy quiet hovers o'er thee,
Shall I e'er thy equal meet!
Chasing pleasure's glittering bubble,
Turns to thee my aching breast—
Here the wicked cease to trouble,
Here the weary are at rest.

HOW I COURTED LULU.

IN SEVEN TABLEAUX.

I.

I ARRIVE AT BELLEAIR.

WHEN I went to see aunt Wimple—not Lulu—at Belleair, in the good year eighteen hundred and blank, I was nineteen, had my pockets full of money, and was called Tom. I am Thomas ——, Esquire, now; but, looking back through the mists of many years, and making due allowance for the partiality of the judge, I think the fine young fellow I was then, a far more enviable personage than my eminently respectable self, now. But I am not much changed; my mustache contains but two or three white hairs, as yet—and those who know me, say I'm a gay young fellow still, in which opinion I agree with them.

Lulu, aunt Wimple's only daughter, had staid in town with us, the winter before, and I had met the fate of nearly every one who had the temerity to encounter the bright light of her dazzling eyes. I was not long in pleading for leave of absence from old Borem & Company—in whose commission house I lived—and in following this permission up, by graciously accepting my invitation to Belleair. I arrived at the old hall, one evening, when all the birds of August were singing; and when the beautiful stream, at the foot of the hill, was dancing in the red sunset, which it threw back from its broad expanse magnificently. I was warmly welcomed, of course, by kind old aunt Wimple, and, more enthusiastically still by Jack, Lulu's brother, and, consequently, my most intimate friend. As for Lulu, she came forward, rather demurely, and quietly extended her hand, struggling to suppress her laughter—of which commodity this fascinating young lady always seemed to have an unlimited supply.

"By your leave, mistress!" I observed; and, before the damsel could defend herself, I had impressed upon two of the reddest lips in the world a "salute"—as said our honest ancestors—far warmer than our relationship made necessary. You see, I was nineteen then, and the heart of nineteen beats warmly in the bosom.

Jack laughed heartily; aunt Wimple's countenance relaxed; and even Lulu, muttering "Impudence!" burst into laughter; and so we entered the old antler-decorated hall, and the great sitting-room, where all the portraits of my venerable forefathers, in pearls and powder, ruffled breasts and laces, seemed to extend to me a serene and courteously smiling welcome.

There were two visitors at Belleair, who soon made their appearance—Rose Walton, a demure little, quiet friend of Lulu, also a hopeless flame of Jack; and Mr. Fitzarthur, "from town." Did you know Fitzarthur, in those days? To make a negative reply, will argue that you yourself were wholly unknown. How shall I describe the serene effulgence of the noble knight—what do I say, the king, the emperor—of fashion! He wore the tightest kid gloves, the smallest boots, the most elegant and *recherché* coats and waistcoats; and his watch-chain, with its bundle of seals and "charms," then coming into fashion, was the admiration of every beholder. To know Fitzarthur was, if not to love, at least to admire and wonder at him. Fitzarthur patronized everybody in the most good-natured way—aunt Wimple, Jack, Rose, the Honorable Josiah Muggins, M.C., who sometimes came to Belleair—even Lulu herself, whom he had met at the Springs that year, and to whom he was paying his addresses.

As I look back on you now, my dear Fitzarthur, and recollect how you shone, and how I feared you would not recognize me in the country, and how you went through life at Belleair and in town, with changeless smiles and never-shaken self-esteem and admiration, I bow to you, as the prince of dandies, erect an imaginary tablet to record your graces, and declare that you were more than mortal almost—almost the paragon of fops.

As I have intimated, Fitzarthur accorded me a serene recognition, giving me, for that purpose, the end of his kid glove; and so, with Jack's arm round me—I wished it had been Lulu's—we were ushered into the great supper-room,

where a thousand merry jests went round, and where was eaten, perhaps, the merriest supper of the century. Afterwards, we had the pleasantest lounge upon the portico, looking out upon the noble chase, with its century oaks, and the broad stream, glittering, through the dipping foliage, with the last red fires of sunset; and, in good time, I threw myself joyously into one of those old, honest, tall-posted, league-wide country-beds, which are scarcely ever seen now, in our miserable generation. Jack was with me, of course, and we talked for hours—you see, I liked him, and he was the brother of somebody—and then I dropped asleep, and all the scene slipped from me in Elysian dreams: Elysian! for I dreamed that I was married to Lulu, and that Fitzarthur was my first groom's man.

I have dedicated these paragraphs to the evening of my arrival at Belleair, because the beautiful sunshine of that August evening shines in my memory still, and ever will live there for me, fair and dreamy, and instinct with the radiance of romance and youth.

The month of August flew by like a dream, and I find no difficulty in recalling—as I could relate in detail, were it necessary—every incident of that glorious time, when my heart beat warm and free, with the blood of nineteen. The rides; the games; the fishing parties, in the boat on the stream; the rambles in the woods; the apple-gathering in the orchard, when the "bell-flowers" were ripe, and all the thousand scenes, and jests, and merry utterances—all these are as real in my memory, to-day, as in my real life then.

I need scarcely say that my love for Lulu did not diminish, thus thrown with her, as I was, day after day, and week after week. I found, every hour almost, something new in her character, which, more and more, deprived me of the small quantity of free will which I possessed. The loving circle, of which she was the life and pride, at that time, will bear me out, when I say, that there are few such natures in this prosy world, to-day. She was literally the life and joy of every scene—she had the rarest and most singular combination of maidenly delicacy and extravagant mirthfulness. Her dark, brilliant eyes had a "charming archness" in them, and her quick movements and ever-changing attitudes, were the perfection of wild grace and daring abandon. What a poor thing language is! I try to trace some outline of Lulu at seventeen, and I am reduced to the most unhappy plight by my inability: I don't think any one would be more successful. I had seen many girls, of all styles of beauty, at town parties; and, while I had employed much of my spare time in the genteel and satisfactory occupation of flirting, I never so much as thought of loving any of them. After being ten days at Belleair, I was past praying for. Truth to say, I think my dreadful rival, Fitzarthur, was as nearly in the same condition as was possible for one who had so absorbing an admiration and regard for himself. He loved Lulu, however, I have no doubt—rightly supposing that, to receive such a wife, would be the crowning feather in his cap; to secure aunt Wimple's broad acres, or a portion of them, to be Lulu's some day, not a disagreeable plum in his pocket. As for myself, I can honestly say, upon my honor, that I seldom or ever thought of Lulu, in connection with such things; for I never knew the want of money, and my father was wealthy, and had no other child but myself. I own such reckless imprudence and disregard of "material affairs" was shocking; but I was very much in love, you see, and only nineteen. (Now, at nineteen, the heart rules the intellect)—a disgraceful despotism, shaken off in after life.

The month of September, like that of August, fled along on downy pinions, and the Belleair circle was the same. Fitzarthur had paid one or two visits to friends of his in the neighborhood; but he always so arranged these visits that they should not take him out of "hitting distance," so to speak, of Lulu. At last he returned to aunt's, where Rose Walton still was staying, avowing his design to tarry only a few days, and then return to town, from which, it was a wonder to the whole family, how any consideration could have kept this star of fashion absent so long.

I mention these little incidents of the summer months, you see, to afford, as it were, some frame and coloring to the deeply-absorbing and highly-interesting adventures of the real period of my courtship, which occurred in the bright month of October. To say that every day I had grown more and more hopelessly a captive, would be only repeti-

tion. I had long since come to the "desperate" point; and had vainly cudgeled my unfortunate brains for a means of impressing on Lulu, orally, the fact, that I was her slave. I revolved the propriety of requesting a private interview in the sitting-room; but the idea of solemnly entering that great apartment with Lulu following me wonderingly, and, in the presence of my grave old ancestors, proposing for her hand and heart—the very thought disarmed me, made me a coward, and I relinquished the idea instantly, like the poor poltroon I was. Then I thought of asking Lulu to ride with me—to take a stroll in the woods—to ramble through the grove. From all these propositions my cowardly heart recoiled, and retreated ignominiously. I never got any further than taking her hand, and holding it lingeringly, one evening at twilight, as we returned toward the hall, and striving in vain to speak. Lulu was an intelligent girl, and she, no doubt, perfectly understood my meaning; for she quickly withdrew her hand, and, blushing slightly, said, with a laugh, and somewhat hurriedly, "Come, cousin, let us go in, the dew is falling!" —and so she flitted up the broad staircase and disappeared.

When Lulu came down that evening she was in brilliant spirits, as usual; and, with her arm leaning on Miss Rose's shoulder, presented the most joyous and entrancing vision I had ever looked upon; Fitzarthur made her the most elegant compliment imaginable, and, of course, I had not the least desire to cut his throat, and so make an end of him.

But we'll get on to October. It was on a beautiful morning of that fine month that the first scene of real dramatic interest occurred between myself and Lulu, and the purpose of this little introduction has been, to convey, as rapidly and clearly as possible, some idea of the relative position of the parties.

Fitzarthur, you see, was in love with Lulu, and I was in love with Lulu: and the mutual desire of myself and Fitz. was, to reduce into possession the heart of this young lady. I saw that my rival was going to propose very soon, and I intended to frustrate him, having, at last, conceived a brilliant and encouraging idea, of which I shall proceed, at once, to speak.

II.

LULU AND MYSELF FALL OUT.

It was the brightest day of the whole month of October, and never have I seen the forest present a more gorgeous picture of splendid and imperial beauty.

We were all out upon the portico, and had been conversing for some time, my friend Fitzarthur "leading" the company, and making everybody laugh with his amusing stories. Fitzarthur, you see, was an admirable general; and, a long experience in the ways of women had led him to the conclusion, that these charming creatures like an entertaining fellow. But Fitz. had another axiom equally impressed upon his mind—namely, that a gentleman who wishes to produce the best effect upon a young lady, should never make his presence *stale*. I think he was right, and more than once have I known a fine young fellow to be ruined by a too exclusive devotion to the presence of his mistress.

In consequence of Fitz.'s views upon this subject, he rose at the end of a most entertaining story, and, gently caressing his "imperial," observed that he had too long neglected a fair friend of his, whose three last letters remained unanswered. He must positively write to her by the mail that evening—announcing his immediate return. Having made this communication with the most odious and graceful elegance, he kissed his hand, and retired into the hall.

Lulu pouted beautifully. Then there was somebody whose society Mr. Fitzarthur preferred to their own; even communication with her by mail. Well, Mr. Fitzarthur was the best judge of his own affairs: and, having clearly indicated these reflections in her eyes, Miss Lulu proceeded to pout again. As she did so, her eyes fell upon myself—I was smiling. Lulu looked at me for a moment, saw that I was watching her expression, and burst out laughing.

"Well, sir," she said, "why are you staring me out of countenance?"

"A cat may look at a king," I replied, "and, doubtless, the same applies to a queen."

"A queen! so you are laughing at me! Well, sir, laugh on!"

And Miss Lulu set me the example, by herself bursting into the merriest fit imaginable. She then heaved a mock sigh, and said:

"How in the world shall we pass our

morning? I thought Mr. Fitzarthur was going to give me a row on the stream—heigho!"

And Miss Lulu pretended to be broken-hearted.

"Won't I do?" I said instantly; for this very idea had occurred to me on the evening before: "I have the largest and most serviceable hands, you see, my dear cousin ——."

"Now you are laughing at Mr. Fitzarthur, sir! He has the most beautiful hands I ever saw; they are as soft and white as satin."

"Then you have experimented upon their softness, have you?" I said, laughing.

"No, sir! I never saw anything as unamiable as you gentlemen, in speaking of each other."

"Very well: but you have not answered."

"Answered what, sir?"

"Will you go and have a sail?"

Lulu hesitated: she wished to pique Mr. Fitzarthur; she wished to make the excursion; but she wished to take revenge on me.

"Ask Rose," she said; "the boat will hold only two."

"I can't go," said little Rose; "I have a cold, and am afraid of the air on the stream."

Lulu was thus forced to say yes, or no; and while she was debating, I improved the time by painting such a richly-colored picture of the delights of the excursion, that she could not resist the temptation. Lulu knew very well that I was in love with her, and that I was seeking for an opportunity to tell her so. But either my tone of laughing carelessness disarmed her suspicions, or she yielded to the exciting temptation which so frequently assails young ladies under the same circumstances; and so she consented, and ran and got her bonnet, and in ten minutes we were in the boat.

It was one of those frail little canoes, which lie upon the water like a leaf of autumn; and had only seats for two—one in the middle, where Lulu sat, and the other at the stern, which I now occupied. Obedient to the single paddle, the skiff plunged her cutwater into the stream; and, ascending the lazy current thus, we glided past the "Lover's Rock," raising its tall granite peak straight up from the bed of the stream, to the top, almost, of the fir-clad heights; along by the belt of richly-variegated oaks and chestnuts which skirted the stream, and so, into the primitive forest, as it were, through which the current wound and sparkled.

Lulu's brilliant eyes seemed to gather fresh light from the blue skies and the golden forest; and the splendid tints of autumn communicated to her face, it appeared to me, a new and more dazzling beauty. We scarcely spoke, and nothing was heard but the dip of the paddle, as I drove on the little boat; the musical, fairy-bell-like chime of the crystal drops which fell from its edges into the water, as I raised it for a moment into the air; or, perhaps, now and then a snipe or plover's cry, or the partridge's whistle from the uplands, beyond the belt of forest. We ascended the stream thus, until we came nearly to the fish-baskets, on the Grassland estate; and there, in the midst of a scene of wild and picturesque beauty, of thick-woven foliage, brilliant with October, and clear-running water, mirroring the tall trees, I threw the paddle into the bottom of the boat, and permitted the craft to take its own way back toward Belleair.

We talked about the beauty of the scene, and a thousand things, but I think my cowardly voice trembled slightly. It's an old story: I suppose young fellows will go on being cowards to the end of the world, and will never come to understand, that frequently the young damsel has no fonder desire than that they should take courage, and ask for the willing prize. I hereby recommend to my dear grandchildren the adoption of the venerable motto, "Faint heart never won fair lady yet," assuring those dear boys, upon my honor, that bright birds very often wish to have themselves caged. Perhaps this advice may seem strange in connection with what follows; I nevertheless communicate it. But I will proceed.

As the little boat drifted down the stream, I sat with my eyes fixed upon the lovely face, shaking and trembling to my inmost heart, with the thought of what I designed. As yet, I could only try and tell her with my eyes, that life, without her, would be a miserable farce to me; and to this occupation I assiduously addressed myself.

Lulu did not seem to be aware of my presence; a dreamy influence seemed to have stolen over her, and, pensively

leaning her head upon her hand, she gazed at the tints of the autumn forest, and murmured, "Beautiful! beautiful!"

As she sat thus, supporting her fair brow with her white hand, with her dark curls falling upon her classic neck, I was plunged into such a sea of love, that I could not speak at first, my words fainting at the portal of the lips. At last I mustered courage to echo her observation, and murmur, "Yes, very beautiful."

There must have been something in the tone of my voice which sounded strangely, for Lulu waked up, as it were, from her revery, and fixed her startled eyes upon my countenance. It told the whole tale fully, without a chance of misunderstanding; and a sudden flush covered her cheeks, and even invaded her neck. The ice was broken, the signal of the assault given, the cat released from the bag. Any of these figures of speech may be taken as a description of the sudden change in the face of affairs. In a moment, I was in possession of Lulu's unappropriated hand, with whose assistance I performed a foolish ceremony, common to lovers in all ages, and in the most rapturous manner.

The following were the terms in which I then proceeded to address my companion:

"How can I conceal it any longer? Oh! Lulu! if you only knew how much I love you! Without you, I feel that life to me will be a wretched burden, and unless you love me, I will kill myself, and my blood will be upon your hands! Oh, Lulu! answer me!—tell me that you love me, and will marry me! Unless you do, I will be ruined and broken-hearted, and I will leave my native land, and never more return!"

I paused, nearly out of breath, and only saw a blush suffuse Lulu's face, and her frame shake with emotion, as she covered her eyes with her handkerchief.

"Without you," I continued, "life will be nothing but a thunder-cloud to me, and all hope will depart! Do you, can you, doubt my love? If you doubt it, tell me what I shall do to prove it, and if it be to accomplish greater labors than those of Hercules, I will accomplish them; for I feel that the thought of winning you will give me a giant's strength. Speak, Lulu! tell me that you love me!—tell me that you will be my wife, and make me happy! I know I am not worthy of you, but your love will make me so. If you are not mine, I care not what may happen to me; and you will have upon your conscience a ruined life. The thought of having refused such love as mine will prey upon your spirits; you will waste away, and perhaps fill an untimely grave, beside my mouldering remains. Avoid this dreadful future; love me in return, and the world will never see a happier pair. Oh, Lulu! answer me, and tell me I am blest!"

I stopped, this time wholly out of breath, and waited for a reply. Lulu's emotion seemed to have overwhelmed her; her face was covered, and she shook with emotion.

"Don't let your feelings overcome you, dearest Lulu," I cried, trying to draw away her hands, "your emotion, under the circumstances, is very natural, and I can understand it."

The hands fell down; a more violent convulsion shook Lulu's frame; she was overcome with laughter!

I have passed through some disagreeable scenes in the course of my life, but I don't think I ever experienced an emotion of such profound *meanness*. That is the word. Lulu's reception of my addresses had the effect of freezing water thrown on a naked and trembling wretch—I was completely speechless.

Lulu laughed for five minutes without intermission, and then, wiping the tears from her eyes, said, trying to speak gravely:

"Oh cousin Tom! How could you talk in that way? How could you say such horrid, dreadful things?"

And again Miss Lulu seemed to be about to lapse into laughter; but she restrained herself. By a powerful effort she grew calmer, and said with gradually increasing seriousness:

"I am very sorry—very, very sorry, cousin, that you—that we have had this conversation. I love you very much; but it would not be honest for me to make you think that I have any warmer feeling than that of a cousin. You fancy that your feeling for me is stronger than it is; but I think you are led away by your fancy. Let us forget this whole scene, and remain as good friends as ever: and, more than all, you must not think of going away, as I know you gentlemen think you ought to, at such times. Indeed, you must not,

cousin! It would distress me very much to think that you were unhappy; for I have great affection for you. I am very, very sorry, that my thoughtlessness should have carried me away just now: it was heartless to laugh so; but you will forgive me, won't you? You won't be angry with me—will you cousin?"

And she leaned her white arm on my shoulder; and, looking with the kindest expression in her tearful eyes, into my own, repeated: "You won't be angry with me, will you, cousin?"

(There are times, I think, when the human heart experiences a delicious agony—a bitter delight.) At least, such was my emotion on the present occasion. I did not know whether I ought to groan with anguish, or thank heaven for the chance which drew from Lulu such assurances of affection. A groan of unmistakable sincerity, however, indicated my conclusion; and I sat down in the stern of the boat, and covering my face, resigned myself to perfect misery.

I was aroused from my reverie of despair, by a sudden shock. The boat, left to itself, had taken the direction of a powerful current, which branched off from the stream, just under the willows; its side had struck heavily against an upright timber in the water; and, before I was conscious of the state of affairs, I was hurled out—my head striking the jagged timber, and the skiff overturned. As I rose to the surface, my hand caught in Lulu's dress, and I had just strength and consciousness enough to encircle her with my arm, and feebly direct my way to the shore.

I saw some frightened men running toward us; I looked, as in a dream, upon the figure of what seemed to me some Undine of the stream, with the tenderest and kindest eyes; and then I lost consciousness. I fainted from loss of blood—a curious termination of a love affair.

III.

"YOU WON'T BE ANGRY, COUSIN?"

I was confined to my bed for a week, and to my chamber for another, during which time I saw the tender-hearted Lulu often, but never except when the doctor or the nurse was in the room. She was as kind as a human being could be, and made me a dozen little delicacies which she brought with her own hands, looking at me kindly and compassionately, and sometimes, when our eyes met, with a sort of blush. (You see, when a young lady of good feeling has discarded one whom she likes, and who loves her sincerely, she experiences a sort of regret and compassion, which prompts her to bestow upon him any favor in her power—herself excepted.)

I say I was confined to my bed and my chamber, with the wound on my head, for two weeks. At the end of that time I quietly proceeded down stairs, expressly against the doctor's commands, and, burying myself in one of the huge old chairs in the drawing-room, began to amuse myself by gazing at the portraits high up on the wainscoted wall.

I felt not the least pain, as I reflected upon the scene at the stream; it appeared rather amusing. Somehow, I had grown older, and a sort of carelessness had taken possession of me.

"The fact is," I said, smiling, "a young gentleman's education is not finished until he has made himself ridiculous with a young lady, and been promptly discarded for his pains. How ridiculously I *did* act down there in the boat! It's a pity some romance-writer can't get my speech: it would make a capital paragraph. But I suppose it's the fate of humanity, and I feel that I'm growing wiser. At any rate, I won't put on a long face, and groan, and make Lulu unhappy with my obtrusive unhappiness. I won't go away, either, as I determined. I'll stay here and see the fun out. What have I to complain of? I suppose it's always so. No doubt grandmamma up there, that venerable lady in lace and powder, was called upon to do as Lulu has done: and grandpapa, respected gentleman, was probably quite as much disappointed as myself, at some period of his life. I'm sure great aunt Helen yonder, who seems to have been a pretty girl of seventeen, was frequently called upon to say 'No, I thank you,' and the emotions of the suitor were much the same as my own. Well, I won't sigh and groan. I'll laugh, and leave the rest to hope and happier times."

Having come to this philosophical conclusion, with a rapidity which, for a youth of nineteen, was very creditable, I think, I took up "Quentin Durward," and began to interest myself in his love affair with the countess. As I raised my eyes, in turning over a leaf, I saw Lulu approaching through the grove with Fitzarthur and Rose—Jack having de-

serted his sweetheart, temporarily, in view of the superior attractions of a partridge-hunt.

Lulu clapped her white hands, and ran, enthusiastically, toward my arm-chair, declaring, as she ran, that she was once more in good spirits at seeing me down again. Miss Lulu then repeated the ceremony with her hands; and, with a slight blush which astonished me, appealed to Mr. Fitzarthur to know if my paleness did not improve me.

Fitzarthur scanned my physiognomy with smiling attention; and then, caressing his elegant imperial, uttered, in an exquisite drawl, which I have never known surpassed, the expressive words: "Aw!—well, aw!—rather!" And then the elegant fellow—hang him!—smiled significantly, and asked if I had recovered from the consequences of my misadventure wholly? It was perfectly plain to what Mr. Fitzarthur's wicked smile alluded, and Miss Lulu pouted beautifully. Plainly, the whole thing had transpired, and, to this day, I am puzzled to account for it. I had Lulu's solemn assurance that she had never breathed it to a living human being, and her word was worth a thousand oaths. I can only account for it upon the ground that a discarded individual has something about him indicative, at first sight, of his condition:—else why the invariable discovery of the state of things? Wrap your secret in the triple brazen armor of reserve—it will be pierced; bind mademoiselle by the most imposing oaths—you are no safer; climb into a tree to have your interview, like Monsieur Jacques and Miss Bellebouche, in the novel—a bird of the air will carry the matter.

Fitzarthur had evidently discovered everything, as I have said, and Lulu did not relish his sarcastic allusions, careless and elegant as they were. The great Fitzarthur saw that he was for the moment beneath a cloud—he collected his knowledge of military tactics—he retired to his favorite occupation on such occasions, of corresponding with the young lady whose last three letters had remained unanswered. Wily Fitzarthur! who could conquer your supreme self-possession and knowledge of the weakness of the enemy?

Fitzarthur having departed, it soon seemed to occur to Miss Rose that such a proceeding upon her part, too, would not be at all amiss. Who can fathom the tact of young ladies under such circumstances, and who but admires the easy sang-froid with which they perform their obvious duty? Jenny always retires when William and Mary are thrown together, and reveal, by their tell-tale eyes, their desire to utter to each other confidential nothings. Much more does Jenny suddenly recollect something up stairs, when her dear friend, Phillida, is thrown with him she has "flouted"—and neither by beseeching glance, nor private telegraph, nor curving brow, can Phillida retain, in the apartment, the *third person*, who proverbially neutralizes similar interviews, and silences the lover. It thus suddenly occurred to demure little Rose, into whose good graces, I may here say, I had insinuated myself, that, perhaps, aunt Wimple wished her to aid in cutting out a new dress they had been discussing: and so, the little damsel glided quietly from the room, and disappeared.

If, however, Rose thought that a private and confidential interview was desired or expected by Mr. Tom Corydon, she was very much mistaken. That gentleman, as the reader has perceived, had come to take the most philosophical view imaginable of matters and things connected with Miss Lulu. Filled and penetrated with the recollection of his extreme folly upon the stream, he had no intention of proceeding to reënact that comedy, or, rather, farce—and he waited to be addressed by Miss Lulu, with great equanimity and cheerfulness.

Lulu sat down, and playing with the second volume of "Quentin Durward," said, smiling:

"I am very glad to see you down again, cousin; but, indeed now, is it not imprudent?"

"Not at all," I replied, returning her smile with much good feeling. "I'm getting as hearty as a buck, again."

"It was a frightful danger!"

"Dreadful, Lulu—you might have been drowned, and, in that event, I need not tell you, I never should have returned to aunt Wimple."

"Oh! I don't speak of myself," she said, "I had only a slight wetting, which a change of dress cured at once. But, just think!—had that blow killed you!——"

And Lulu, with her impulsive imagination, embraced the whole scene again

in her mind's eye, and turned pale at the thought. For a moment, this solicitude about myself sent a glow through my frame; but a voice, as suddenly, seemed to whisper in my ear, "Take care! don't make a fool of yourself again!" It was, therefore, with a careless smile, that I replied:

"Killed me? I'm sure I should have been very sorry! But, you see, I am not quite dead yet—and so, we may recollect the little scene down there in a perfectly pleasant way—regard it only as a comedy of 'All's Well that Ends Well,' in which comedy we were the sole performers, and reaped all the glory and honor!"

I uttered the word with the most natural and well-executed laugh—and considering the fact that I was dead in love with Lulu—actually worse than at any previous period—I think too much praise cannot be awarded to my histrionic abilities.

Lulu was an excellent girl—she was true and kind—and she sincerely regretted my disappointment, and was grieved at the pain I had suffered. Nevertheless, I don't think she was pleased with my easy unconcern, and smiling good humor, under the circumstances. Lulu, I think, would have preferred a few groans; a moderate quantity of protestations of eternal misery; for such is woman, and she was one of the best of them. She, therefore, pouted when I laughed, and tossed her head when I uttered my jest.

But, suddenly, her mood changed; her brilliant eye was fixed upon my face, as though to read me through and through. I don't know what she saw there—whether she penetrated my mask of assumed carelessness, and saw my real pain—or, as I am inclined to think, suspected that my laughter hid a sentiment of disdain and anger at *her* laughter on the stream. However this may have been, Lulu did not, at least, resent my nonchalance. The pout disappeared; a slight color came into her cheek; and, rising from her seat, she threw aside the volume of "Quentin Durward," and suddenly stood beside my chair. Then, leaning her white arm upon my shoulder, her delicate hand touching my hair, she said, with the softest and kindest look, as she had said before. "You won't be angry with me!—will you, cousin?"

Her beauty, as she looked at me thus, fairly made my heart ache, and I was, for a moment, deprived of the power of speaking. I have never seen any human countenance half so lovely; and still she stands there, leaning on the back of the old carved chair, smiling forever, in my memory and my heart. If I had followed the bent of my feelings, I would have fallen at her feet, and pressed the hem of her dress to my lips, and burst forth into the most passionate oration upon the insanity of the idea that I could be angry with such an angel. But, you see, I had made an oration of this description upon a previous occasion, and I naturally feared that any repetition of it would meet with a similar reception. I heard my good genius, too, whispering, as before, "Remember! and don't make a fool of yourself!"—so, instead of kissing Lulu's skirt, I performed that ceremony, in the most friendly and cousinly way, with her white hand, and replied, with an engaging smile:

"Angry with you, Lulu? Impossible, my lovely cousin! Indeed, I am nothing of the sort; and I think my speech down there deserved the reception it received. Not that I have recovered entirely, Lulu," I added, with a smile and a look which brought the old tell-tale blush to her cheek, "I'm afraid my attack is chronic, and time, only, will cure it, though I doubt even the power of that respectable old medical gentleman. Angry! No, indeed, again! And I hope we will never be angry with each other, but remain good friends and affectionate cousins to the end of the chapter!"

"A thousand times!" cried Lulu, recovering all her gayety, and giving me, as she spoke, the brightest and most dangerous look, "I'm more delighted than I can tell you!"

And I believe Lulu was. You see I had acted with admirable adroitness; for I had persuaded her that my good spirits did not arise from any diminution of my passion for her, but only from a rational view of the present impossibility of being successful. I will here observe, again, for the benefit of my above-mentioned dear grandchildren—of the male sex—that young ladies, of good feeling, do not enjoy the suffering of one who sincerely loves them; and if such a young gentleman takes a cheerful view of the affair, and, after the eventful "No, I thank you,"

still continues to esteem and love them, without hope, but equally without obtrusive agony—(in such cases, I say, I have never yet known the young lady who was not touched and pleased, and even much affected by the disinterested admiration of her friend.)

Lulu was thus a better friend to me than ever; and when I observed, with great good humor, that I thought of remaining at least two weeks longer, she was quite duped by my sang-froid, and cried out that she was delighted, and would "dance the minuet with me when they had the tableaux."

I requested information on the subject of the minuet and tableaux, and received in reply, the astonished question, Didn't I know? I certainly didn't—having been in retirement lately, on account of wounds received in a naval engagement. Miss Lulu thereupon burst out laughing, and explained herself to the effect, that on the next Thursday evening she was going to collect together a dozen girls and young gentlemen from the neighborhood; and, for the amusement of her guests, designed to have some beautiful tableaux in the new, foreign fashion, and, also, that a veritable *minuet de la cour* would be a part of the evening's entertainment. Miss Lulu concluded, by asking:

"Will monsieur dance the minuet with me?"

"With pleasure, mademoiselle—provided you teach me."

"Oh! I must first learn from mamma, and we'll have, at least, three rehearsals! Besides, old Joe must be taught the tune——'Ta—a—a—a! Ta—a—a—a! Ta—a—a—a!'" And Miss Lulu, in the most charming way, began to chant the old *minuet de la cour*, raising her head, and swaying her beautiful figure in the most grave and stately manner; after which she descended to real life again, and burst into laughter.

"What divine melody was that?" said the soft voice of the elegant Fitzarthur, who entered as Lulu finished her chant.

"Was it my humming?" asked the young lady, mischievously.

"Doubtless it was, my dear Miss Lulu. What air enjoyed the exquisite privilege of ——?"

"Being murdered by my voice? It was the old *minuet de la cour*, which we shall dance, you know, next Thursday."

"May I hope for the happiness of being selected as your partner?"

"I am engaged to my cousin ——, but, maybe, we can have two."

Fitzarthur looked at me with good-humored condescension, and with a smile, which seemed to say, in his elegant, drawling way—"Yes—aw—yes. I understand. Etiquette requires you to commence with this youngster—aw—certainly!" And then the conversation became general. Two or three mildly rational allusions, on the part of Fitzarthur, convinced everybody, including Rose, who soon came in with Jack, that the result of the scene between Lulu and myself, upon the stream, had come to that gentleman's ears; and, at one of these allusions, more smiling and pointed than the rest, I had the satisfaction of seeing Lulu's pretty brow suddenly cloud up, and her manner to the gay Fitzarthur become stately, and freezing in the extreme. It did not change throughout the day, and everybody perceived it, except the subject of it—the gay lover.

I have never yet, in all my travels, peregrinations, and experiences, my dear grandchildren, had the pleasure of meeting with the young lady who liked a favorite cousin to be laughed at for the crime of loving her. The fact is, that Fitzarthur had, for once, been guilty of what Rochefoucauld declares far worse than any fault. He had committed a blunder.

IV.

THE HAUNTED CHAMBER.

"It certainly is haunted," said Jack, with a look of genuine horror, "and you couldn't get me to sleep in it, I can tell you."

We were all sitting round the pleasant fire of sticks, which the cool October evening made far from unpleasant, and the conversation had turned upon the subject of ghosts—from which it glided naturally to the "haunted chamber," belonging to Belleair, as to all old country houses.

"It certainly is—there's no doubt about it," repeated Jack; "for aunt Louisa said she had seen strange sights there—more than she would talk about."

"Nonsense!" said aunt Wimple, knitting busily, and, ever and anon, smiling at the chatter of the young people.

"I certainly have heard it before, aunt," said Rose, demurely.

"I wish some kinds of ghosts haunted it," said Jack, directing a killing ogle toward Rose, "I wouldn't be afraid of it, then."

This sally occasioned much amusement; but, very soon, the conversation grew grave again, and returned, as by a sort of fascination, to the haunted chamber.

"Of course, I do not believe in ghosts," said Lulu, "but, certainly, strange things have been told about our ancestors appearing there again, at dead of night. I trust I shall never see them—I like them much better in their frames."

"So do I," said Jack, "and I'm going to keep away from your room, Mr. Fitzarthur. You know that is the chamber."

For the first time in my life, I observed a disconcerted expression upon Fitzarthur's eloquently serene countenance, and the "Aw!—now—really?" with which he received Jack's observation, was not so blandly indifferent as usual. The fact was, as I had afterwards reason to know, Fitzarthur's single weak point was a fear of ghosts. Whether his nurse had instilled it into his mind—for, strange as it may seem, even the noble Fitzarthur had been a baby—or whether it was a natural idiosyncrasy, I do not know. But, certainly, Fitzarthur's peculiarity was a fear of ghosts. You know the great Doctor Johnson believed in them, and Lord Lyttleton saw one in the shape of a pigeon; so Fitzarthur had agreeable society in his peculiar views. To his "Aw!—really?" Jack replied:

"Yes, *sir!* It's your chamber, Mr. Fitzarthur, and there's no doubt that grandma and the old fellows up there have haunted that chamber. I don't say they do, now, though aunt Louisa says so; but they *have* walked there. Aunt Louisa says, one night, about twelve o'clock, when everybody had gone to bed, and the house was quiet, she went in there to get some towels for next morning—and what do you think she saw?"

Fitzarthur's wide-extended eyes were fixed upon the boy's face.

"She saw grandpa, dressed in his old-time clothes, just as he looks yonder—with his cocked hat and powder, and long waistcoat, and ruffles—she saw him standing before the fire-place, with his hand in his breast—see up there!—and looking her through and through, as she stared at him. She had no power to move, and the figure advanced toward her without making any noise in walking, though he had on fair-top boots—advanced straight toward her, frowning, as if he intended to run her through with his short sword!"

"And—aw—what happened?" faltered Fitzarthur, losing all self-possession.

"Why, a cold sort of air, which came from him, blew out her candle, and she had just strength enough left to close the door and totter away. She did not get over it for a year, and you can't get her to enter that room again, to save your life."

The company, somehow, did not seem disposed to laugh; the boy's face, as he related the story, was too scared and solemn not to infect the rest with his own fright.

"Then, grandma has been seen there, too," continued Jack, in a low tone, addressing himself to the affrighted Fitzarthur. "She came in, gliding along, one night when somebody slept there, dressed in her old dress yonder, all lace and satin, and with her curls piled up in that very same way. It was about twelve o'clock, and the person who saw her, says she looked as pale as death, and brought a cold air with her, as if she came from the grave. She sat down at the table, on which there was a quire of paper, and pen and ink, and seemed to be writing. Then she rose again, looked round, heaved a deep sigh, and slowly glided from the room. The person that saw her went away next day, and didn't tell about it for a year. It was thought there was something left out in her will, that made her uneasy in her grave."

The company remained, for ten minutes, profoundly silent, after this narration, and then all began to talk at once, and laugh heartily, as though to prove how slight an impression such absurd nonsense had produced upon them. But, in some way, this merriment sounded false. There is something in a pale face, and nervous voice, in connection with a ghost story, which has its effect upon every one. The conversation changed to other topics very soon, and the haunted chamber no longer absorbed attention, and, soon,

every one retired. But no one forgot Mr. Fitzarthur's face, and there was a rumor, on the next morning, that his bed had not been slept in.

V.

THE PARTNERS IN THE MINUET.

The conversation I have just related occurred on Wednesday night. The following evening was dedicated to the minuet and the tableaux.

Toward noon, levies of young ladies, accompanied by their beaux, gallantly prancing on noble steeds, began to arrive; and by sunset, every invited guest had made his or her appearance, and the party was complete. The fact is that Lulu was desperately popular—as well with the girls as the young men. Numerous chivalric young fellows had, throughout the summer, disputed with Fitzarthur and myself the fascinating attention of Miss Lulu; and looking back now with historic and philosophic calmness, I wonder not more than I wondered then, at the favor in which Lulu was held. There was in her manner that delightful frankness and merriment which puts every one at his ease in an instant. The roughest and gawkiest youngster that ever blundered into a sitting-room, or emulated the combined glories of the bass-viol and the Guinea pig with his voice, found in Lulu the most pleasant companion, and went away praising her, and being desperate. She laughed at many persons, but, in some way, this young lady's mirth did not seem to wound; and from the school-girl to the matron, from the boy to the finished man of the world, all had a good word for Lulu, and chanted her praises and her beauty.

I don't think I ever saw anything merrier than the scene of that evening. As night drew on, the great sitting-room was illuminated by a flood of light; and—thanks to Lulu, whose genius had devised the idea of fixing tapers, even on the tops of the frames of grandma, grandpa, and grand aunts and uncles, shining in lace and powder—this light showered down, as it were, upon the heads of the company, in a silver stream of radiant and flashing splendor.

The ample ante-supper having been discussed with the most honorable ardor, the tableaux were prepared, and the various actors retired to arrange their costumes. For these costumes the family wardrobe, for three generations, was put in requisition, and the amount of laces, jewels, satin dresses, and broad-skirted coats discovered in the course of this ransacking process, was really astounding. It really did seem as if our respected grandpapas and grandmas had never parted with their old clothes, but left them solemnly to their descendants. With the help of these costumes, and the floating drapery of the frames, arranged in the great door-way, many a striking picture was produced, which, were it necessary, I might take up much time in describing.

It is unnecessary, for the purposes of my story or history. It is enough to say that one half of the guests delighted themselves, and the other half, for at least two hours; and then, having washed the burnt cork from their faces, and changed the costumes of *Waverley* and *Rebecca*, then very popular characters, for the ordinary dress worn in the present century, the actors made their appearance again—the frames were taken down—and the buzz of voices and the sound of laughter followed the silence which had reigned during the progress of the picture-gallery.

I am mistaken in saying that everybody changed his and her costume—returning to their every-day dress. Neither Lulu nor myself made any such alteration, and that at the urgent request of our brother and sister comedians and comediennes. You see, we were to dance the minuet to old Joe's fiddle, and everybody cried out at the idea of laying aside our dresses. Would you like to know what we wore in the last tableau, and in the minuet? Behold the description: Miss Lulu wears a splendid satin of grandma's, blue as the sky in August, and so stiff, that it will stand erect without the assistance of a young lady's figure within it. The waist is just under the arms, and it is distressingly "low necked," with which portion of the person, the neck, it seems to have no sort of connection indeed—and possesses no sleeves of any description whatsoever. A little band of blue satin only runs round each of Miss Lulu's dimpled shoulders, and her dazzling arms are bare to the dimples. The antique fashion being somewhat opposed to the young lady's ideas, she has enveloped her neck in a cloud of saffron-colored lace, of the richest qua-

lity, also the property, formerly, of grandma, whose bracelets and breast-pins Lulu has appropriated with as little ceremony as the dress. Add a pile of powdered curls, a rustling train like a blue cloud, and a fan made of pearl, ivory, and enameled paper, covered with shepherds and shepherdesses, making love by murmuring streams, in the most picturesque dresses, and you have a faint idea of Lulu's costume. To add, that her dazzling loveliness and fresh, laughing grace, more than ever enslaved a certain young man, is wholly unnecessary. Let me pass on, and only in passing, say that the young man in question, or rather myself, to drop the third person, wore a complete suit of the last century, broad-flapped coat, covered with embroidery, long, flowery waistcoat, silk knee-breeches, and white stockings, with buckled shoes. To these shoes Lulu had affixed rosettes; as to my hair, she had applied powder, first gathering it into a queue behind; and tying it with a great bow of ribbon.

These were the two young persons who made their entrée into the apartment, now cleared for dancing, in the midst of unanimous applause.

Well, well! Why regret it? I had my May-day merriment in May, and I won't groan at the absence of that sunlight of youth, or the presence of these snow-flakes in my still black mustache. I look back on that fair spectacle of youth, and joy, and beauty, through two generations almost, and salute the queen of it, and live again, in memory, through the brilliant hours which are immortal for me in their bloom and glory. Yes, Lulu! The gray-mustachioed bows to you at seventeen, that fall, that evening!—and says that the world no longer has within it such a paragon! You rise before me now as clearly as then; I see your white hand holding up with delicate grace the ample folds of your blue satin, which more than once came near tripping up the white-satin-slippered feet which moved beneath it; I see you bending slowly in the profound curtsey, touching—it must have been—how could I know?—the oaken floor, with your knee; I see the round chin resting on your breast, the dark curls rippling around your cheeks; I take your extended hand, as the grave, lordly music floats on in its splendid stateliness, and mince my steps, and smile with rapture as we glide; and, as you bend again, in a last queenly curtsey, as the noble strain dies into silence, I, too, press my cocked hat to my rich left waistcoat, and bow to you lowly with my very heart—as I bow now, O Lulu! fairest and sweetest image of my memory!

So it ended, amid immense applause from the friendly voices of these friendly companions. We had afterwards the grand supper, with its uproarious merriment, and the reel, with its flashing, glittering, exuberant delight. But of these I will not now speak. We have a reel every day—we may have a supper every night—but when do we see a veritable minuet; above all, when do I see a minuet in which Lulu curtseys to the stately music?

The festivities were kept up until nearly one o'clock; and then the ladies retired. You see, in the good old days, nobody went home to sleep, and the gentlemen soon followed the ladies.

I was going to my bed, with Jack, when, on the stair-case, I felt a hand upon my arm. I turned round and saw Fitzarthur opposite me.

"Would you object to having a portion of my bed to-night, Mr. Tom?" said Fitzarthur easily, and smiling as he spoke. "You may be crowded yonder."

"Oh, no!" I replied. "They have not turned Jack and myself out."

"But I would like to have you to-night; the fact is—aw—I did not sleep quietly last night; and I fancy that a companion—really, now, I shall take it as a favor."

And Fitzarthur added a good deal about being accustomed to sleep with his friend, my namesake, Tom. A glance at his face, however, told me the real origin of his request. The great Fitzarthur was actually afraid to sleep alone in the haunted chamber, and had descended to the humiliating point of requesting his rival to protect him.

I consented—why, I scarcely know. I thought I should like to try the haunted chamber rather; and we were soon safely housed there—Jack having bid us good night, and gone.

Fitzarthur was soon ensconced in the great bed,, and I sat down on the old sofa before the slight fire, to feast my thoughts with Lulu's image. I blew out the candle, preferring the flame of the twigs for my brief revery.

I leaned back on the sofa, I thought more and more tenderly of Lulu. I thought I was a gentleman of the eighteenth century, and that she was my wife. You see, I was asleep and dreaming.

VI.

THE GHOST AND THE RESULT.

I might have slept thus for nearly an hour, half stretched upon the old sofa, before the wood-fire, which gradually crumbled into gloom, when all at once, by a common phenomenon, my eyes opened suddenly, and in an instant, without moving a muscle, I had passed from sound sleep to the most perfect wakefulness.

I had been waked by some sound—what, I knew not.

I turned my head slightly toward the bed, and I was about to rise and seek that much more rational couch, when I descried, by the last flash of flame, the figure of Fitzarthur, raised up half from the bed, and motionless as stone. Fitzarthur presented so comical a spectacle, with his flower-decorated night-cap, and rigid features, that I was near laughing; but the thought suddenly flashed upon me, that, doubtless, there was some cause, other than night-mare or dreams, for this attitude in the sleeper.

A second glance proved to me that Fitzarthur's eyes were fixed with a horrified expression upon some object which, from my position, I could not see.

I did not rise—I only turned my head—and I saw what made my blood run cold.

It was a white figure, gliding toward the bed noiselessly; and as it seemed to me, with great white wings issuing from its shoulders.

I followed the movements of the figure with a gaze of the profoundest horror; and the recollection of aunt Louisa's superstition suddenly flashed upon me, and chilled the very blood of my heart.

The figure paused at the foot of the bed, and the wings all at once descended. I saw that they were only human arms, from which drooped the full white drapery of the figure. I had scarcely time to make this mental reflection, when the white thing turned noiselessly toward the table—and seemed to sit and write for a moment—and then rose again, and once more approached the bed.

When I saw it write, I was more than ever convinced that I was in the presence of a spirit; and, with the hair standing up upon my head, I scanned the figure. It was a moving image, over whose person—even over its head—a snowy veil seemed to have been thrown. But a silken train which issued from the veil, proved that the spirit had other vestments beside.

I know not how it was, but suddenly my mind seemed to undergo a revulsion from horror to astonishment—from the grave, I seemed to enter life again. The train of the figure was of *blue satin*—suddenly I heard it rustle—at the same moment I heard a titter without the door.

I don't know how it was, but I knew at once, you see, the whole affair. I sprung from my seat with a loud laugh—the figure half screamed, and retreated quickly to the door—and in an instant, with a single bound, I had reached the side of the ghost, and encircled her with my arms.

The white veil was torn off, in the presence of a dozen young ladies *en déshabillé*, who retreated, screaming, to their apartments, and I found that I had in my arms no less a person than Miss Lulu, in her minuet costume, and with a face full of blushes and laughter.

But the laughter suddenly disappeared, and, with an angry pout, the young girl cried:

"Take away your arms, sir! how dare you hold me!"

"Take away your veil, madam!" I replied, laughing, "how dare you enter our apartment!"

"It was a joke!" she cried, struggling to extricate herself from my embrace.

"It's only a joke," I replied, trying—I am sorry and ashamed to say—trying to kiss Lulu.

"I will raise the house, sir!"

"The house is already up."

"Sir!"

"I mean those charming young ghosts, all dressed in white, who scampered just now like a dozen white rabbits."

Lulu's head drooped, and she ceased struggling, murmuring:

"Tom!—I shall—cry!—if you hold me, sir!"

This was more than I could endure. The murmur went straight to my heart, and I unlocked my arms. No sooner had I done so, than Lulu disappeared, like a shadow, into her apartment, the door of which she locked and bolted, laughing at her triumph.

I returned quietly to my chamber, and went to bed. Fitzarthur gave no sign of having been even for a moment awake: on the next day, too, no allusion even betrayed any knowledge, upon his part, of the events of the night. I have but one more fact to record, concerning the elegant and good-humored Fitz. In forty-eight hours he departed from Belleair, and never returned.

VII.

A YOUNG LADY'S CONFESSION.

I did not leave quite so soon. In fact, I am now residing at Belleair, being a married man, and quite a patriarch, with every prospect of benefitting my real grandchildren, by this history.

It was toward the end of our honeymoon that I said to Lulu one day:

"Do you remember the ghost, Lu?"

I laughed as I spoke; but Lulu did not laugh—she looked grave.

"Very well, indeed, I shall never forget it," she said, "and I shall not cease to reproach myself for it."

"Reproach yourself?"

"I must. I do not think it was delicate in a young lady, and I never should have ventured to do it, had not the girls spurred me on, and played upon my girlish wildness. From what I have since heard of Mr. Fitzarthur, I do not regret the result of the jest—his departure—but I do regret having been led to sacrifice so much to a practical joke."

"Pshaw! it's nothing."

"Yes, indeed, it was."

"Well," I said, smiling slily, "since I come to think of it, Lu, it certainly was reprehensible in a young lady, in fact, a most improper proceeding!"

"Hum!"

And Lulu pouted; for, you see, the sex don't like us to be convinced, when they abuse themselves.

"You needn't regret it, sir," she said laughing.

"I! why not, Lu?"

"Because, sir—"

"Well, because—?"

"Because—because—I thought."

And Lulu laughed again, and leaned her arm upon my shoulder, looking down into my eyes, which were raised, from the book I was reading, to her face.

"You thought,——well, madam Sphynx?"

"Because I thought that any one who held me so tightly as you did that night, sir—and very improperly, sir—must—love me very much, indeed!"

And with the most bewitching and fascinating glance, madam Lulu burst into laughter.

"Horrible!" I cried, "What a confession for a young lady!—that she was actually won by an audacious embrace!"

Lulu looked penitent and sad.

"Was it wrong to say it?" she murmured with downcast eyes.

"Very wrong, madam!"

"Was it?" she repeated.

"Yes."

"But you won't be angry with me, will you, cousin?" she said, which words were followed by a shock of laughter, such as I have seldom heard. You see, I have the loveliest wife in the world, and I have related the manner in which I courted her.

THE SKY IS A DRINKING CUP.

THE sky is a drinking cup,
That was overturned of old,
And it pours in the eyes of men
Its wine of airy gold.

We drink that wine all day,
Till the last drop is drained up,
And are lighted off to bed
By the jewels in the cup.

HAVE ANIMALS SOULS?

THERE are two verses in holy writ, speaking of what we haughtily call the brute creation, that have ever seemed to us full of secret meaning and great import. When the Almighty had destroyed all flesh upon earth, save Noah and those in his ark, he made a new covenant, and as a token of it he set a bow in the clouds. "A covenant with you and with your seed," he said to Noah; adding, however, "and with every living creature that is with you, of the fowl, of the cattle, and of every beast of the earth." The inspired author himself calls it, therefore, "an everlasting covenant between God and every living creature of all flesh that is upon earth." The rainbow on high is, then, a sign for the lowly animal, as well as for proud man. What matters it, whether the gentle dove, with the olive branch, or the gigantic whale in the ocean know, or do not know, that such a bond exists between them and Him, whom we ought to call, in a much wider sense, Our Father who is in heaven?

One and the same covenant, then, binds animals and us to our Maker. Surely they must be more than a mere brute creation; and well may we ask, with many an ancient and modern philosopher: What is the animal's inner life?

A pity it is, that the word animal itself has become a term of contempt and disgrace; like all other borrowed words, it has taken the place of a better Saxon word (feoh), and now is commonly misapplied. We speak of precious stones and fertile plants with respect, and yet is not even the royal palm, in all its graceful splendor, and the brilliant diamond, with its floods of light, far below the humblest of worms, that creeps on the earth? The Romans knew much better the sense that bound the word to its owner; with them, animal only signified the *anima*, the breath of life—that high distinction among all created beings. And what a variety of terms they employed besides, for tame or wild, for clean or unclean animals! We have, at best, only the vile word beast, still lower in sense, and more reproachful in meaning than animal, and, to design the last and most loathsome, the term vermin, which corresponds to weeds among plants.

Still, it is not with us only, that men have found it difficult to say what distinguishes animals from other created beings. The sages of antiquity had their various theories; the philosophers of later days have established their systems, one after another. To the one, all animals were gods; and, even now, the gentle children of East India venture not to kill any being that has the breath of life; for do not the gods love to assume the forms of creatures, and do not their holy books teach, that the dying man, who seizes the tail of a cow, passes through her without hindrance, at once into heaven? The Spanish physician Pereira went to the other extreme. He first taught that animals neither thought nor felt; they had neither senses nor sensations; they were beautiful mechanisms, moving in the manner of a watch, which shows time more accurately than all reasoning could do. A little later, the great Descartes also gave to men, only, souls, and regarded animals as machines. He denied them even hunger and thirst, much more all desire or will—what could a mere automaton know or intend? Joy and pain, he said, were there only in appearance; their motions were the result of unconscious instinct; of course, when the dog barked, the machine was merely grating and creaking. His work was received with respect and applause; it was read even in the nunneries of France. Fortunately, gentlemen cannot be made cruel, but Cartesians are still found, in far too large numbers, among wagoners and physicians, butchers and naturalists. Did Descartes really fancy that a living pigeon was nothing more than the wooden bird, that clapped its wings and flew about, thanks to the skill of Archytas? Or would he have wished to compare his own head with that made by the great Archbishop of Ratisbon, Albertus Magnus? Another savant of that fanciful nation was taught, by an amusing occurrence, the folly of his cherished convictions. Traveling through the southern provinces, he was once impatiently waiting for his dinner. It never appeared; for the unfortunate landlord declared, upon his honor, that the dog, "whose duty it was to turn the spit, could not be found." Thereupon a great search was undertaken by all the

cooks and scullions, with the hungry philosopher among them. It appeared, that the inn-keeper had two dogs, who performed their work on alternate days; he whose turn it was on that day, being sick, the other animal, or rather the other machine, could not be induced to serve. He stood upon his rights: he knew it was not his day, and neither flattery nor threats could induce him to submit to such crying wrong! The savant lost his roast; but he insisted no longer that "animals were but machines."

Even in our day, great are the doubts, and many the battles fought, to settle the boundary lines between the great kingdoms of nature. It is easy to say that the pebble is a stone, the oak a plant, and the lion an animal. But the lines are not always so broad, nor the signs so conclusive. How nearly even minerals often resemble the work of man's skill and most exquisite art! Who ever found, for the first time, a beauteous rock-crystal, and doubted for a moment that its smooth, bright sides and its well-pointed pyramid were the result of the jeweler's careful labor? For centuries men thought that the lofty ranges of basaltic columns, as they are found here and there, standing in thousands, like gallant soldiers, in close ranks, all smooth and bright as if just from the polisher's hand, and their six sides as carefully measured as if to show how completely our mother nature is master of her mathematics, were the work of Titans, belonging to ages of fabulous antiquity. Other minerals, especially those we call talc, perfectly resemble plants. One variety looks like the bark of a tree, another like leather, and the finest amianth of Corsica can hardly be distinguished from the silky hair attached to the seed of the Syrian asclepias.

So difficult is it to draw the line between the two lower realms; and yet there is an impassable chasm between them, not less than the gulf that parted Dives from the beggar, who had starved at his gate, and was now in Abraham's bosom. Minerals exist, and they assume form and shape; but they do not live. Surely, man's lofty mind ought to be able to distinguish between death and life. He has, however, not been more successful as yet, in the two higher kingdoms. Not even the form enables us to distinguish the plant from the animal. For ages the polypi were considered as plants; and even now the sponge is claimed by both great divisions. Certain crickets, like the familiar devil's riding-horse, resemble dead sticks, and the "religious mantis" is for all the world like a withered leaf. A South American lady's slipper appears, in form, size, and color, like a huge spider, whilst many an orchis assumes the shape of an insect. Plants, it has been said, cannot change place, and animals only have motion. But vegetables also move; not merely mechanically, as the mimosa, but freely and independent of all outward irritation. The common water-lentil rises to the surface, at the time of blooming, and descends when its purpose is fulfilled. The hungry ivy sends its shoots to the tempting chalk, the passion flower extends its roots to distant water, and the prosy potato, kept in a cellar, pushes its pale, sickly shoots many feet to the lighted window.

Certain tiny confervæ, observed but of late, are ever found waving to and fro; the larger leaves of the hedysarum gyrans rise and fall in gentle alternation, one after another, whilst the smaller perform a circular motion; and barberries, like a thousand similar plants, move certain parts of their flowers, with great and independent activity. The pistil of the collinsonia even touches first one and then the other anther, in regular change, during the short time of love! It is, in like manner, no longer believed that plants do not sleep. We all know now, that most plants, from the humblest herb to the giant oak, sleep during the winter. Others sleep at given times; the "lazy girl" wakes latest in the field, even long after the common clover, that waits for the warm rays of the sun; a few sleep only in the day, and wake all night, as the hesperis, or dame's violet. Nor can we now claim for animals an exclusive right to internal heat, as was formerly firmly believed. So far from it, we find that many plants have, at a certain age, a fever heat that rises and falls at stated intervals, and varies by many degrees, whilst the lowest classes of animals have no heat of their own, but only share that of the medium in which they are living.

Even feeling and instinct are no longer looked upon as attributes of any one

realm of nature. We can scarce believe that the polypi feel, which, after having been pounded in a mortar for a whole day, are seen to stretch out their arms, as soon as they are put into water, and to grow, and feed, and live as before. Oysters are proverbially unfeeling creatures. The little water-snake, naïs, about an inch and a half long, may be cut into twenty-six pieces, and each one puts out a new head and a new tail, and becomes a new snake. How many plants would show more feeling and die, if they were so treated! If instinct be no more than an innate impulse, shown in some outward action, it may be found even in minerals. They assume ever like forms, regular, beautiful, and admirably adapted to their special nature. With plants this instinct becomes still more evident; we may place the grain in the ground, in what manner we choose, it will always send its tiny roots downward, and the gentle, graceful plumule upward, to greet the light of day.

Hence the growing conviction, that there must be an inner life in animals. Formerly, learned men claimed for them a soul, and not a soul of their own, but the same as that given to man. This was a pregnant error. We have no microscope for souls, and the subtlest anatomist and the boldest physiologist are left at a loss here. If man were really the highest in creation, and animals only the lower, they would present to us nothing but defective organizations, whilst all that has come from our Maker's hand is, in itself, perfect. Man is not the same being as the animal, only in a higher power—he is something entirely different. He is what Goethe calls a macrocosm, uniting in himself all the various bodily and psychical parts of animals, and superadding to them qualities peculiarly his own. The very act and mode of creation exhibits the difference. Animals were made by intermediate agents. God said: "Let the water bring forth, abundantly, the moving creature that hath life, and the fowl that may fly above the earth in the open firmament of heaven;" and later: "Let the earth bring forth the living creature after his kind, the cattle and creeping thing, and the beast of the earth." But when the higher beings were to be added, he said: "Let us make man in our image, after our likeness." So God himself made man, not intrusting the duty to the earth or the water.

What was the "breath of life" given to animals, to the "moving creature that hath life?" This only we know, that it is not the soul of man, and hence the injustice of measuring the inner life of animals by the spirit given to the former. Modern investigations generally agree in granting to animals two distinct and peculiar qualities. They possess, it is said, instinct, or a number of certain ideas, that are born with them, reproduced in all times, under all circumstances, and incapable of change. The young chick, hatched in the Egyptian's oven, breaks through its shell and at once runs after the spider by instinct; the sea-turtle, born far inland, on a high and dry mountain, hastens at the moment of birth, with irresistible eagerness, to the sea-shore, by instinct. By it, the bee, the bird, and the beaver build their marvelous houses. But animals also possess intelligence—a power of acting freely under the influence of memory or training. The horse obeys, because he fears or loves his master; the dog, after having carefully examined two out of three roads, that meet at a common crossing, takes the third without further examination: his intelligence supersedes his instinct. Both qualities meet in the power of discernment, and this we believe to be the most characteristic feature of the inner life of animals. If the minerals possessed this power, they would surely show it at the moment of crystallization, when they blossom; for then they exhibit their highest powers, their greatest internal activity. But we find here no trace of discernment: they never yield to circumstances, nor change their immutable laws. Plants have a faint gift of discernment only in their powers of adaptation. Plants, that in our green-houses press their leaves against the window-panes, and flowers, that follow the sun from east to west, must be able to discern light. But in animals, alone, this power becomes clear, distinct, and even varied, improving visibly from the lowest upward. The universe is there for all; but it is not opened to all alike. Where the outer organs of perception are wanting, there, of course, the inner knowledge also is wanting. The worm discerns only his food or a want of food; the butterfly knows colors; the eagle discerns men, ani-

mals, and sounds; man himself discerns even the invisible, the past, the present, and the future. Who knows but there are, in like manner, beings above us who discern still more, even as we perceive a thousand things, which the beetle and the bird, the lion and the eagle, can never learn to distinguish?

The very fact, that this power of discernment is thus seen ever improving and extending, as animals become more perfect, shows the importance it has for their inner life. Hardly perceptible in the lowest of the race—in the intestinal worm—it becomes almost human in the elephant and the dog. It differs, however, not only in strength and acuteness, but also in the direction it takes, and here we can judge and measure it fairly.

Animals discern their food, as the first condition of their existence. The tree, also, it is true, uses all that nature has placed within its reach for self-preservation, as if it were created solely for its own purposes; but it does so mechanically, constantly, and without choice. The animal, on the contrary, knows its food from afar, seizes it with all the eagerness of instinct, and disposes of it in the most useful manner. In order to distinguish food, it must have been placed by the Creator in a preëstablished harmony with its food; it must have apertures to seize it, and a space within to hold it. These, however, are not given to all; for some, that dwell in the water, are mere ribbons or threads, balls or cylinders. How they absorb, we know not. The infusoria, however, have each a stomach and often several; they even begin to fight for their food. Others are endowed with cilia—tiny hairs, that whirl in restless motion around the mouth, and fill it with invisible victims. How different from the grim medusa, that sends out eighty thousand arms, a whole army, eager with insatiable hunger. The shark swallows men, horses, and oiled powder-casks; the whale entire hosts of sea-animals. Other cunning creatures are more fastidious than the most experienced gourmet. The silk-worm eats only mulberry leaves, and a suspicion of dampness deprives him of his appetite.

There is a large wasp that lives in sand-burrows and indulges in eccentricities like few other beings: the only animal, save the horse, that sleeps standing, and so it dies. You see its lean, lank body, stand prim and prudish near its former dwelling—you touch it and it falls into dust. It proudly refuses to lie down, like other poor insects, and decently to fold up its limbs. But its pride is still greater in its choice of food. It catches spiders, butterflies, and caterpillars; but, instead of killing them at once, it only bites them in the neck, paralyzes them, and drags them into its little hole. Who taught it to deprive large insects of wings and legs, and to leave the smaller unharmed? It rejects all alms and gifts. You may choose its choicest morsel and place it before the hungry wasp, it will not touch it; if you put it, during the owner's absence, into his house, he indignantly ejects it on his return.

If the animal has once distinguished its food, it is bent upon obtaining it, by foul means or fair. The lion seizes it readily with unsurpassed strength; but what cunning, what dexterity is shown by the weak and the helpless! The vilest of bugs (reduvida) approaches human wickedness, solemn hypocrisy, in its proceedings. It carefully covers itself with dust and ashes, walks and stalks solemnly about, placing, slowly, one foot before the other, and gravely pausing at each step—you never saw more heavenly peace, sublimer grandeur. But lo, and behold! it has perceived an insect, and like a flash of lightning it falls upon the luckless victim. Not less amusing is the sharpshooter among fishes. Naturalists call him cæthodon, because he has a long syringe, out of which he shoots a few drops of water at flies and gnats, that sit peacefully on the green verdure of the shore. How quickly he loads his tiny rifle, how fiercely he shoots at the poor little insects; but, above all, how irresistibly ludicrous is his shame, when he has missed his aim, and, mortified, hides his face in the mud of his river.

The higher animals show, as we might expect, still greater powers of such discernment. The cunning ants keep cows in their stables. Almost every anthill, belonging to one variety, has a beetle in it, who lives, rears a family, and dies among them a welcome and honored companion. When the ants meet him they stroke and caress him with their antennæ; in return he offers them a sweet liquid that oozes

out under his wings, and of which the little topers are passionately fond. So great is their attachment to the odd confectioner, that they seize him, in times of danger, and carry him off to a place of safety; the conquerors of an invaded nation spare the sweet beetle, and, what is perhaps more surprising, his maggot, and his chrysalis, though themselves utterly useless, are as safe among their wise hosts as if they also possessed the luscious honey. Other ants, again, keep countless aphides, that sit on the tender green leaves of juicy plants, as on green meadows, and suck away so lustily that their delicate little bodies swell like the udders of cows on rich spring pasture. At that season, the ants have to feed their young with more delicate food than their own; they stroke and caress their tiny milch cows, gather the nutritious liquid that pours forth under their sagacious treatment, and carry it, drop by drop, to their nurseries.

Animals discern their domiciles, even with the lowest capacities. The tiny globe-animal among the infusoria moves on the glass-plate, on which he was born, from the place where the water has evaporated, to a moister location. The same fond attachment to home, it is true, may be found in all kingdoms of nature: all creation wishes to remain permanently in its assigned or chosen place. Even the stone defends his home with pertinacity, and yields only to force; the tree must be conquered by steel or fire, and the elements themselves have to war against it for hundreds of years. But here it is mere vis inertiæ; in animals it depends on their will. Even the fish of the water know and cherish their special dwelling; some in sweet and some in salt water, some a few feet below the surface, others many fathoms below it. To many, liberty is indispensable; some become blind in prison; carps and gold-fish, kept in captivity, produce monsters. The sluggish tortoise loves her home. A huge creature of the kind was caught by English sailors near the island of Ascension, and they burnt a name and a date into its upper shell. On their way to England it fell sick, and, from sheer pity, was thrown overboard in the channel. Two years later the same tortoise was captured once more, now quite well, near its old home, Ascension. What strange and inexplicable home-sickness carried the slow, heartless creature four thousand miles back through "the ocean, where there is no track and no high-road?" It must be more than a mere dull submission to habit, that attaches even animals to their childhood's home. The swallow revels for a season in the glare of distant Africa, and then returns to the north, where she finds the little village, the humble house, and the snug little corner under the eaves. What man, endowed with almost perfect powers of perception and faithful memory, would not often and often lose his way, and have to inquire here and there? But the bird flies, straight as an arrow, to the little spot where it first tried its wings.

How carefully, moreover, do they choose their dwellings. The bird weaves his nest with surpassing skill; the fish has his home in the reeds, and the hydracluse dwells forever in a diving bell. The fox perfumes, with vilest smell, the badger's cozy lodging, and makes it his own; the hermit-crab drops the worn-out shell and chooses, among thousands, another that is newer and brighter. Another crab has, like the children of the Alps, three dwellings for as many seasons, and, at stated times, the parent is seen with his numerous family gravely leaving the summer house on the sea-shore, for the cooler cottage further inland, and in winter climbing up to his quiet home in the mountains. Some love to live in the midst of the din and turmoil of large cities, as the stork that, in Juvenal's days, made his nest on the temple of Concordia, in the very centre of the tumult of great Rome. Hadrian caused a medal to be struck in honor of the "man-loving bird." Others prefer company in their houses; ants keep their aphides or beetles: the pigeon and the castrel, the owl and the prairie-dog, love to dwell in gentle friendship together. The cherry-finch is even a socialist, and lives in Fourierite phalansteries: they make a common roof, impervious to rain, and better able to resist the fiercest thunder-storm than the tents and huts of the Crimea. Under this, each pair has its own nest, and separate entrance, and over three hundred pairs have thus been found living in peaceful communion.

The power of discerning an enemy is given to almost all animals, though not

in equal degree. It seems to stand in precise relation to their love of life, and hence is but faintly developed in the inferior classes, where the continuation of the species is amply secured. Infusoria do not distinguish man, the common enemy of all that lives; the aphides see not and know not their most formidable foe, a huge maggot, that sits right in the midst of them and sucks their life's blood from one after another. Flies and other insects begin with efforts to escape; even the caterpillar, when threatened, tries to save himself by letting himself drop to the ground with the aid of a slender thread. He thus uses the material given him for one purpose, that of forming his cocoon, for another, the saving of his life. No mere blind instinct would employ the same means for two distinct ends. Birds know all their enemies, even the subtlest. "Surely, in vain the net is spread in the sight of any bird," says Solomon, and how well they know the hated owl and all its foibles. Birds and beasts, without end, persecute the poor little songsters, and they fear them; but they hate only the owl. With true, unmistakable contempt they pursue their day-blind, awkward tyrant; they fly above it, below it, all around it, and peck and pinch with all their might. Other animals are taught cunning and deceit by their fear of the enemy. The stupid, gluttonous carp learns to know the net, and when he sees it above him he thrusts his head into the soft mud, so that it may pass over him; if there be no soft bottom to his river or pond, after he has once or twice felt the hard resistance, he jumps high above the net, by striking the water with his powerful tail, and thus throwing himself often to a height of six feet. The cunning beetle feigns death because crows do not touch dead beetles; and there is one of the kind so stubborn, that you may tear out his legs and his antennæ, you may hold him in a spoon over a fire, and roast him, or cut him to pieces, without his showing a sign of life. Like Epictetus, he seems to say: Pain, thou art no ill! and yet he feels; for he will move if you touch him gently, and when released from his torture, he hastens away with very natural speed.

Much later, only and among more perfect animals, we meet with the power of discerning their fellow-beings—a power so much rarer and higher, as it affects not the food nor the life of the species. To distinguish food, home, and enemies, are lowest gifts; but to distinguish, in love or in hatred, others of the same kind as such, shows already a certain self-consciousness—an individual existence. Probably the first sign of such intercourse is found among the medusæ: they are forever shutting and opening their shells, and thus producing a sound: they hear each other, and love to do so. Below them, all is silent: they are the first who possess sound in their little universe. Much higher perfection, however, is required before mere knowledge of fellow-beings ripens into love. Even the spider, that "siezes with the hand," that measures time, and loves man, passes from one passion to another; the hydracluse seeks out his wife, woos and wins her; but hardly is the short honeymoon over, when the cannibal-wife falls upon the husband, conquers him and eats him without remorse. Wonderful and well deserving a special chapter, is that knowledge of fellow-beings, that develops itself at certain seasons and times among animals, and brightens their intelligence with the light of Hymen's torch.

What strange and startling intelligence do they show, in the selection of proper material for their varied dwellings. How skillful and choice the higher animals are in such matters, is known to all; but even the humblest exhibit mysterious powers. The very lowest, it is true, build no houses as yet, as the very highest build them no more; but all who do make a home, know marvelously well what materials answer their purposes best. Even the vilest worms often surprise us, both by their skill and their careful selection. The simplest of all architects are worms, that make themselves a covering of slime and mud; but already the gold-haired amphitrite fashions for herself a firm, conical shelter, built up of finest grains of sand, and well cemented. Who has ever watched a caterpillar and failed to wonder at its incomprehensible powers? He chooses his grass and his fibres, his saw-dust and clay, with grave circumspection; he chews them, and mixes and pounds them, until they are neither too soft nor too hard. He cuts off the hair of his own body, and, needing only short fragments, he bites it into pieces of equal length. Place him in

a jar, covered with paper, and he will make journey after journey to the top, tearing off tiny pieces and shreds, and making them serve his great purpose. Give him red and blue cloth in his prison, and he will weave it so skillfully, that the chrysalis dress will show you a regular pattern, in which the two colors are blended. If you destroy their work, the young will prefer light pieces to mend the rent, whilst the old rather choose dark cloth—have they, then, a sense of color? What they discern by the eye, the moth does by smell. It must smell the fur, in which it has to lay its eggs, or it will search in vain. Hence we protect furs by camphor, and other strong-smelling substances, whose odor alone protects them, by overpowering the original smell.

It sounds strangely, at first, to be told that philosophers gravely doubt whether all animals know both hunger and thirst. It is well known, of course, that they all must take food to continue their existence; but the sensation itself has, in the lower classes, at least, not yet been established. Animals whose whole surface acts as mouth, and imbibes the medium in which they live, can hardly be thought ever to be hungry. Many more perfect insects have, in certain stages, no mouth at all; they die of starvation, but without pain: almost all chrysalises take no food, and yet are never hungry. Even among the higher animals, all possible varieties seem to exist, and here nature appears as if she had shown her oddest whims and caprices. To some animals, nature gives sleep instead of food, as Pliny long ago observed. Bears and marmots, in the Polish forests, and amid the snow and ice of Switzerland, eat nothing during the whole winter, and so do almost all insects. Others, that might be troublesome and clamorous, if too hungry, are changed for a time into lumps of ice and hard stones. Spiders can go for months without food, and yet lose no strength. They roll themselves up in dark corners, and shrivel and shrink into mere phantoms; but, if attacked, they resist and fight better than ever, as if hunger but changed their courage into despair. Beetles may be kept fasting for a whole season, and even a fat dog can live several months on his fat; he becomes lean and weak, but he does not die. Others, again, suffer severely from hunger: "How do the beasts groan! The herds of cattle are perplexed, because they have no pasture; yea, the flocks of sheep are made desolate."

In like manner, it may well be doubted if fish, dwelling forever in water, can be said to be thirsty. Grasshoppers are the first creatures that are known to satisfy thirst by drinking: they are passionately fond of sipping the dew of the morning. Generally, it may be said, that animals which live on liquid food do not drink, whilst birds, which eat dry seeds, are ever thirsty. Hence, it has often been asked, why drinking and singing should ever be found so closely bound to each other? Cruel experiments have been made to test the powers of endurance respecting the two sensations of hunger and thirst. A dog fed upon water alone, receiving no solid food at all, lived thirty-three days; fed upon salt meat, and no water, he did not survive the fourth day; if he received nothing at all, the savants had the satisfaction of finding that he died on the twenty-fifth day, of hunger and thirst combined.

The lowest animals feed on a single dish: caterpillars are known to die if they have not the only leaf they will deign to touch; others keep a princely table, with countless courses, and the dog and the elephant even sit down with man to his all-comprising table. They also drink everything that is nutritious—water and wine, milk, coffee, and brandy. Horses love oats steeped in wine, and in the days of the Maccabees, the Syrian elephants drank mulberry-juice and sweet wine, before a great battle, as they may, in our day, be bribed to do anything by a bottle of arrack. God has given to animals free access to all that may be eaten on earth—only man, their master, is excepted. To Moses he said: "Surely your blood of your lives will I require: at the hand of every beast will I require it, and at the hand of man;" and these words have all the more weight because they were spoken at the very time when God made his covenant with Noah and his sons, "and with every living creature, with every beast of the earth." Hence it has ever been deemed the greatest disgrace for man to be eaten by animals. Goliah tries to intimidate David by saying: "Come to me, and I will give thy flesh unto the fowls of the air, and to the beasts of the field," and David

retorts at once: "And I will give the carcasses of the host of the Philistines this day unto the fowls of the air, and to the wild beasts of the earth." Terrible and still ever-repeated are the threats of the Lord. Jezebel is torn by dogs under the wall of Jezreel, and Jeremiah is told: "I will appoint over them four kinds, saith the Lord—the sword to slay, and the dogs to tear, and the fowls of heaven, and the beasts of the earth to devour and destroy." But with the exception of this restriction, animals know no difference between clean and unclean. They have, however, their tastes, as well as we ourselves. Bitter things are not very popular. A caterpillar that loves a peculiar euphorbia, is almost the only undoubted example of a lover of bitter juices. Sour dishes are less generally shunned, but all the world seems to like sweetmeats. Gourmands are as frequent as gourmets. Gigantic snakes fill themselves, it is well known, until they are gorged, and so unable to move for weeks and months, that they are not rarely eaten up by hosts of ants while fully alive. Even by mere force of habit, some are led to eat more than is wholesome; hence our asthmatic birds and wheezing poodles. Others are true Sybarites, and require their food to be carefully dressed. Agur already tells us, in a much misunderstood sentence, that "The ants are a people not strong, yet they prepare their meat in summer." Fishes are very choice, and thus have led us to invent such a variety of baits for their destruction. What food the tiny dog preferred, whom Henry IV. used to carry in a basket slung around his neck, we are not told in history; nor are we better informed as to the pet dog of the great Doria, doge of Genoa, who had two body servants, and ate only off silver, as the holy elephants of Siam are fed in gold troughs. The greatest bon vivant, curiously enough, is a toad, which actually shuts his eyes with delight, whilst he swallows a luscious morsel; like other worshipers of the god of good dinners, he also pays dearly for his enjoyment. He cannot digest ants, and still he eats them in numbers, knowing full well that they will cause him much pain, and often long sickness. Who would call him a machine, or his taste a mere instinct?

How suggestive is also the increasing self-control in hungry animals. The lowest cannot restrain their appetite; birds and quadrupeds only are here also masters of themselves. The hamster still prefers death to the surrender of the morsel he has once seized with his teeth; but the dog and the horse can wait, to suit the wishes of others and the comforts of man. The horse suffers the oats he has already begun to munch to be swept out of the crib, and even the savory bone may be taken from the dog's mouth. Hungry, and sorely tempted, he still carries faithfully his basket filled with roast meat to his master's house; if other dogs pursue him, he puts his burden down and defends it; if they are too strong and fall upon his precious treasure, it is true, he cannot resist, and joins them at once. Perhaps he thinks that, as the meat being lost, the enemy ought at least not to enjoy it alone. On the other hand, instances also abound, of an improper indulgence in drinking as well as in eating. Not only horses are fond of oats soaked in wine, and cats of literal drunken bouts, but even insects are not free from the vice of intemperance. Ants drink sweet honey, until they are royally drunk. Bees, also, sip honey mixed with brandy, until they begin to roll and to rollick about: they fly in zig-zag lines to and fro; they cannot find their home nor the entrance-gate to their hive; they are genuine topers. Gradually they become more and more fond of the dangerous drink, and as the habit grows upon them, they cease to labor, and finally change into robber bees, living upon the wealth of others. Thus, even animals may be demoralized by strong drink—soulless machines, forsooth!

Heat and cold, also, are clearly discerned by all living creatures. They love warmth, without distinction, and flee from extreme cold. Each animal, however, has its own peculiar temperature, and when the ice-bear suffers from almost intolerable heat, the elephant shivers with frost. Both extremes, fire and frost, are equally fatal to all life, and no animal can live in either. The fish, who have the temperature of the water in which they dwell, feel the declining vitality in winter, and often succumb; even the sleeping marmot can die of excessive cold. A few fish only, and the chrysalis of some butterflies, it is said, may actually freeze without hurt. Frogs also retire to their dark holes, and, needing neither air nor food, are changed

into lumps of ice; their souls must in like manner fall asleep, as if they had drunk from the waters of Lethe. As spring comes, they arise, like new creatures, once more, and thus they divide their life for twenty years between summer joy and winter sleep. How exquisitely even insects discern cold and heat, we see in locusts and spiders. The former crowd together in cold nights to keep each other warm; hence, Nahum could say: "Thy crowned are as the locusts, and thy captains as great grasshoppers, which camp in the hedges in the cold day, but when the sun ariseth, they flee away, and the place is not known where they are." Spiders, we all know, are true weather prophets, and perceive the most delicate changes, often hours and days in advance. Hence, Quatremère's famous advice to his countrymen, when he told them from the depth of his dark prison, that in a few days the marshes of Holland would be firmly frozen, and able to bear the French army. His pet spider had prophesied well: the frost came, and with it liberty for the kind-hearted patriot.

A power to discern the necessity, and the material of clothing, is naturally confined to but few animals. The majority either live in a medium that requires no such protection, or they are amply provided by nature with horn and scale, with hair and with feathers. The few cases as yet known are, however, both interesting and instructive. Some humble insects already cover their whole tiny body with foam, to protect it against the rays of the sun. The oft-mentioned enemy of the aphides, throws, like another Hercules, the skins of the tiny lions he has slain over his shoulder. But the motto of most animals, as to their clothing in winter and summer, is the consoling legend on the old gold coins of the republic of Berne: Deus providebit. Even those which periodically change their costume, as snakes and caterpillars, have the new garment all ready under the old. They only shuffle off the coil. Still, to do it, costs no little labor, and often great pain. The caterpillars are luckiest; they drop the old garment with greatest ease, though it is tightly fitting, and better made than human tailors could boast of. Grasshoppers change their green coat repeatedly, and often wear out their old clothes too soon, long before the new underneath are ready, in which case they suffer severely. The water-newt seizes its tiny tail, and pulls its own skin off; the process is slow and fatiguing. Frogs and some toads wear such light summer-dress, that it looks like a mere shadow on paper: it must be curiously made, for they eat it as soon as they have stripped. Of all turn-coats, however, lobsters and crawfish undergo the severest trial, as they change the whole skeleton which they quaintly choose to wear outside, and insist upon renewing even their stomachs. The process is painful indeed: the armor cracks first on the back like the bark of a tree; through this opening appears slowly the thick, pulpy body of the animal, to which the limbs are attached like so many branches. The tail is then pulled out from behind, the claws from in front, and the legs below follow, one by one, leaving the oddly-shaped house standing empty. The whole change lasts generally three days, and the hardest part is the passage of the claws, as the whole broad hand and the opposite smaller part have both to be drawn through the narrow joint of the arm. Fortunately the flesh becomes, at this season, as soft and elastic as India rubber. Still, not unfrequently one claw at least is lost in the torture, and the remaining one has to serve then as anchor, and as weapon. Only in their older days, the poor creatures are left to enjoy the comfort of their old, loose-fitting clothes. Hence, we find them occasionally a yard long, with feelers like enormous rods, their feet covered with long hairy appendages, and thick moss growing in a miniature forest on their backs, amid which mushrooms are seen raising their delicate, flowering branches, and snails slowly wending their way.

All animals, high or low, discern rest, and motion, and love, if not the latter exclusively, at least the change from the one to the other. None, however, are incessantly moving, as none are permanently at rest. The difference, nevertheless, is almost incredible between the most active animal, and the most quiet. Parasites are probably the most sedentary; for their dwelling itself is their food. Infusoria, on the other hand, belong to the most restless, whether they whirl in unceasing motion around and around, or move as the paradox does, like a Roman phalanx, now in squares, and now in rhombs. The most active

of all are the children of the air, from the slow beetle, drowsily humming homeward, to the swift swallow and the light-winged hornet, that flies amost as fast as light itself. And who has not seen the merry dance of tiny gnats, who hover like faint clouds of mist, over hedges and fences, and, in the golden light of the setting sun, forget how near death is to birth. They seemingly move lawlessly up and down, enjoying the mere pleasure of motion. But an attentive observer will soon notice that they each know full well their appointed place: they move now on this side up and down, and now on that; they dash diagonally through the crowd and resume their position, so that in reality the confused maze is a beautiful, though mysterious dance. Surely it is not without higher meaning, that even the tiny insect should thus show both will and enjoyment in regular motion.

After motion follows rest; for among animals also the law prevails, that rest is production, but motion consumption. Hence the most active of all live shortest, whilst tortoises, water-snakes and crocodiles live almost forever, like the ever-resting trees of the forest. The more regularly divided rest and motion are, the higher the animal's powers—although we must not forget that the necessity for rest itself is a sign of inferiority, and hence the Eternal alone "never resteth." Hence we find animals to differ in few points more radically than in their sleep. The lowest classes exhibit no signs of such alternation—as their whole life is, perhaps, only a state between waking or sleeping. Closed eyes are no evidence; for many animals, even fishes and insects, have no eye-lids, and cannot shut their eyes. Others, and those of the most perfect, sleep with open eyes, their upper lids being too short, or their eyes themselves being so constructed. Stranger still it is, that the lower animals are affected only by the great changes of the seasons; so that they are lively in the summer sun, but fast asleep in cold winter. Only the higher organizations are affected by the slighter changes of day and night. The torpor of hybernating animals is no true rest, but merely a measure of self-preservation. The frozen frog and the ice-bound eggs of the caterpillar can hardly be said to be living. The marmot of Mont Blanc, which sleeps for ten months of the year, does not wake under the surgeon's knife; his blood is stagnant, and his heart has ceased beating. Quite mysterious is as yet the periodical sleep of some insects. Deep under ground, some locusts sleep an unbroken sleep of seventeen years. All of a sudden they awake—who calls them? They feel an invincible impulse to rise to the surface, to greet the sweet light of day, to join the great chorus above with merry voice, to live and to enjoy.

The first discernment of night and day is found in the spotted crawfish, which sleeps in the day, and lives only at night. In the dark hours he catches small fishes, knocks them down, and then cuts them up into nice little bits, as with a knife. When sleep once commences among certain classes, it is lost no more; for it belongs necessarily to the economy of the more perfect animals. Hence, also, the strange effects of a privation of sleep among some of the most gifted. The wild are thus tamed, the docile taught to sing. The noble falcon of Iceland—that land of wonders which, amidst ice and fire, has given to the world some of the most useful animals, and some of the greatest warriors and thinkers—was, when first captured, placed on a hoop, and kept without sleep. After some days and nights passed in such cruel torture, his memory was so obscured that he forgot his old liberty, and became humbly subject to his new master!

Need we finally add, that animals discern, and show both pain and joy? They all avoid the former, and seek after pleasure. Various classes possess, of course, very different capacities, and what gives joy to some, is pain to others. Here, also, the law prevails, that the least perfect enjoy and suffer least; their nerves, through which, mainly, both sensations are felt, being too generally diffused. Hence some animals may be cut into pieces, and each piece grow into a perfect whole; the head of snails may be removed, and another will appear in its place. Grasshoppers have had cotton stuffed into the place of their bowels, and they have lived for weeks; turtles deprived of the brain, and even the heart, have lived for a month! The emperor Commodus beheaded ostriches, whilst they were racing at full speed, and they still ran to the end of the course; Boerhaave offered food to a hungry cock, and cut off his head whilst he was running towards the grain; the

bird ran twenty yards to his food, and, when there, bent over to pick up the grains. Hence also the common superstition that snakes will not die before sunset; their tenacity of life is so great that the severed head of a viper bit the famous Charas, several days after its decapitation, fiercely enough to expose him to serious danger. How strongly this apparent insensibility contrasts with the tenderness of the elephant, which uses unceasing diligence in driving off flies, or the sensitiveness of the dog that trembles at the mere sight of the rod.

Still, pain ever quickly passes away, and joy is, with animals at least, the permanent purpose of life. They all enjoy rest or motion, heat or cold, food and warmth. The melancholy bat loves its kindred, and revels in its nightly wanderings, and the jubilant lark rises on high, singing loud anthems of joy and thanksgiving. Merry bees seize each other, and whirl round in merry dance, and ants play and gambol in the bright sunshine, and wrestle like men with each other. The fish in the water sport and gambol in their limpid home, chasing and beating each other with flexible tails, in merry joy and gladness. The herons of Numidia even come into the villages, and dance in a circle with widely-spread wings. Thus, too, there is joy among men, as God has said: "Let the heavens rejoice, and let the earth be glad; let the field be joyful, and all that therein is, the world, and all that dwell therein!"

THE RAIN.

I.

DUSTY lies the village turnpike, and the upland-fields are dry,
While the river, inly sighing, creeps in stealthy marches by;
And the clouds, like spectral Druids, in their garments old and gray,
Sweeping through the saddened silence, fold their sainted palms and pray.
As their tears of tender pity, soft and chrismal, trance the plain,
All the birds, like sweet-mouthed minstrels, blend their tuneful notes again,
With the tinkling and the sprinkling
Of the gentle summer rain.

II.

Tangled in the dreamy meshes of the soft and slumbrous haze,
How the rain-drops thrill the spirit in the mild September days;
Pouring on the golden-tinted autumn splendor of the leaves,
Rustling through the yellow grain-fields and the reapers' standing sheaves—
How they swell the silver streamlets, how they brim the land with glee!
So our lives shall brim with pleasure, pulsing like a living sea,
At the clattering and the pattering
Of the joyous autumn rain.

III.

Sadly as when harp-strings quiver, wildly as a wail of doom,
Unappeased the night-wind surges through the elemental gloom.
All the inner light is winsome, though the outer dark be chill,
And my passing thoughts are fancies of a balm-entranced will—
I will charm the fleet-winged hours, they shall fold their pinions fair,
While I sit and weirdly listen, reading legends old and rare,
To the roaring and the pouring
Of the noisy winter rain.

ROBERT BROWNING.*

ROBERT BROWNING'S poetry is certainly very hard reading, like Cowley's and Dr. Donne's. But the difference between him and such obscurists is, that with the earlier poets, both the style and the sentiment were equally conceits—while Browning's style is the naturally quaint form of a subtle or sinewy thought. In any general classification of English poetry, Browning must be ranked with the modern school for his profound reality and humanity and faithful reliance upon nature. In any classification of poetry in general, he is strictly a dramatist—the most purely dramatic genius in English literature since the great dramatic days.

A great deal of the difficulty in reading his poetry arises from its purely dramatic conception and form. The man Browning is not to be found in his poems, except inferentially, like Shakespeare in his dramas. The various play of profound passion is his favorite realm. He loves the South, and southern character, as Byron loved the East. But Byron's passion, however fiery and intense, is a passion of the senses—Browning's is the passion of the soul, including and deepening the other. In other great English poets there is more daring indecency; but in none such startling audacity of passionate expression. It is the emotional nature of man with which he deals, and of man everywhere, and under all circumstances. Thus, while the quaint structure of his mind, and his rare and curious reading, show, for instance, his natural abstract sympathy with the fantastic horrors of the middle ages, springing, as they did, out of a kind of cold, religious logic; yet he dashes in the scene with a living picturesqueness, which invests it with a lurid but appropriate splendor. So absolute is his dramatic form, that the "Heretic's Tragedy," in his last volume, "Men and Women," is as entirely mediæval as a fragment of an old cathedral. The intense satire and prodigious jeer of the poem arise from the reader's knowledge that it was written at the present time. By some inexplicable power, which is entirely peculiar to Browning, without the faintest indication or expression of his personality, he seems to be present as a critic of all the scenes his various poems describe. But this consciousness on the part of the reader, never destroys, for a moment, the dramatic variety and completeness. The most exquisite illustration of this is "My Last Duchess." There is no prelude, no key—but not only is the story perfectly told, so that you feel yourself to be in mediæval Italy, hearing an Italian talk, but without a word said, you have the whole thing impressed upon your mind as utterly iniquitous. We subjoin the two poems. The first is from his last volume, "Men and Women;" the second from the Dramatic Lyrics, in the second volume of his earlier works:

"THE HERETIC'S TRAGEDY.

"A MIDDLE-AGE INTERLUDE.

"(*In the Original*) ROSA MUNDI; SEU, FULCITE ME FLORIBUS. A CONCEIT OF MASTER GYSBRECHT, CANON REGULAR OF SAINT JODOCUS-BY-THE-BAR, YPRES CITY. CANTUQUE, *Virgilius*. AND HATH OFTEN BEEN SUNG AT HOCK-TIDE AND FESTIVALS. GAVISUS ERAM, *Jessides*.

"(It would seem to be a glimpse from the burning of Jacques du Bourg-Molay, at Paris, A.D. 1314; as distorted by the refraction from Flemish brain to brain, during the course of a couple of centuries.—R.B.)

1.

"PREADMONISHETH THE ABBOT DEODATT.

"The Lord, we look to once for all,
Is the Lord we should look at, all at once;
He knows not to vary, saith St. Paul,
Nor the shadow of turning, for the nonce.
See Him no other than as he is;
Give both the Infinites their due—
Infinite mercy, but, I wis,
As infinite a justice too.
[*Organ: plagal-cadence.*
As infinite a justice too.

2.

"ONE SINGETH.

"John, Master of the Temple of God,
Falling to sin the Unknown Sin,
What he bought of Emperor Aldabrod,
He sold it to Sultan Saladin—

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* *Browning's Poems.* 2 vols. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1848.
Men and Women. By ROBERT BROWNING. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1856.
Sordello. By ROBERT BROWNING. Chapman & Hall, London. 1840.
Christmas Eve, and Easter Day. By ROBERT BROWNING. Chapman & Hall, London.
Strafford, an Historical Tragedy. By ROBERT BROWNING. London.

Till, caught by Pope Clement, a-buzzing there,
Hornet-prince of the mad wasps' hive,
And clipt of his wings in Paris square,
They bring him now to be burned alive.
[*And wanteth there grace of lute or clavicithern, ye shall say to confirm him who singeth—*
We bring John now to be burned alive.

3.

"In the midst is a goodly gallows built;
'Twixt fork and fork a stake is stuck;
But first they set divers tumbrils a-tilt,
Make a trench all round with the city muck:
Inside they pile log upon log, good store,
Fagots not few, blocks great and small,
Reach a man's mid-thigh, no less, no more,—
For they mean he should roast in the sight of all.

"CHORUS.

"We mean he should roast in the sight of all.

4.

"Good sappy savins that kindle forthwith;
Billets that blaze substantial and slow;
Pine-stump split deftly, dry as pith;
Larch-heart that chars to a chalk-white glow;
Then up they hoist me John in a chafe,
Sling him fast like a hog to scorch,
Spit in his face, then leap back safe,
Sing 'Laudes' and bid clap-to the torch.

"CHORUS.

"*Laus Deo*—who bids clap-to the torch.

5.

"John of the Temple, whose fame so bragged,
Is burning alive in Paris square!
How can he curse, if his mouth is gagged?
Or wriggle his neck, with a collar there?
Or heave his chest, while a band goes round?
Or threat with his fist, since his arms are spliced?
Or kick with his feet, now his legs are bound?
—Thinks John—I will call upon Jesus Christ.

[*Here one crosseth himself.*

6.

"Jesus Christ—John had bought and sold,
Jesus Christ—John had eaten and drunk;
To him, the Flesh meant silver and gold.
(*Salvâ reverentiâ.*)
Now it was, 'Saviour, bountiful lamb,
I have roasted thee Turks, though men roast me.
See thy servant, the plight wherein I am!
Art thou a Saviour? Save thou me!'

"CHORUS.

"'Tis John the mocker cries, Save thou me!

7.

"Who maketh God's menace an idle word?
—Saith, it no more means what it proclaims,
Than a damsel's threat to her wanton bird?—
For she too prattles of ugly names.
—Saith, he knoweth but one thing,—what he knows?
That God is good and the rest is breath;
Why else is the same styled, Sharon's rose?
Once a rose, ever a rose, he saith.

"CHORUS.

"O, John shall yet find a rose, he saith!

8.

"Alack, there be roses and roses, John!
Some honied of taste like your leman's tongue;
Some, bitter—for why? (roast gaily on!)
Their tree struck root in devil's dung!
When Paul once reasoned of righteousness
And of temperance and of judgment to come,
Good Felix trembled, he could no less
John, snickering, crook'd his wicked thumb!

"CHORUS.

"What cometh to John of the wicked thumb?

9.

"Ha ha, John plucks now at his rose
To rid himself of a sorrow at heart!
Lo,—petal on petal, fierce rays unclose;
Anther on anther, sharp spikes outstart;
And with blood for dew, the bosom boils;
And a gust of sulphur is all its smell;
And lo, he is horribly in the toils
Of a coal-black giant flower of Hell!

"CHORUS.

"What maketh Heaven, that maketh Hell.

10.

"So, as John called now, through the fire amain,
On the Name, he had cursed with, all his life—
To the Person he had bought and sold again—
For the Face, with his daily buffets rife—
Feature by feature it took its place!
And his voice like a mad dog's choking bark
At the steady Whole of the Judge's Face—
Died. Forth John's soul flared into the dark.

"SUBJOINETH THE ABBOT DEODATE.

"God help all poor souls lost in the dark!"

The terrible diablerie of this poem is quite unmatched in English literature. It is as morally effective as a whole volley of sermons, or strings of resolutions of an anti-papal league. The stanzas strike home like the blows of a trip-hammer. The poem is as simple in drift as any amiable verse of Mrs. Barbauld. But the resemblance ends there. The conception, the method, the treatment, the moral, are peculiarly Browning's. It is the sinewy Saxon mind of the nineteenth century, sitting in judgment upon the spirit of the fourteenth. In rhythm, it is as melodious to the ear as a love-song of Moore's, with a deep, inward music, that haunts the heart, as all Browning's music does.

Here is "My Last Duchess," which, as a work of mere art, is no less composed and polished than Pope; but with such a pregnant meaning in every line, that you seem to have read a tragedy, or an old Italian romance, and not a mere sketch:

"MY LAST DUCHESS.

"FERRARA.

"That's my last duchess painted on the wall,
Looking as if she were alive; I call
That piece a wonder, now; Frà Pandolf's hands
Worked busily a day, and there she stands.
Will't please you sit and look at her? I said,
'Frà Pandolf' by design, for never read
Strangers, like you, that pictured countenance,
The depth and passion of its earnest glance,
But to myself they turned (since none puts by
The curtain I have drawn for you, but I),
And seemed as they would ask me, if they durst,
How such a glance came there; so, not the first
Are you to turn and ask me. Sir, 'twas not
Her husband's presence, only, called that spot
Of joy into the Duchess' cheek; perhaps
Frà Pandolf chanced to say, 'Her mantle laps
Over my lady's wrist too much,' or, 'Paint
Must never hope to reproduce the faint
Half blush that dies along her throat;' such stuff
'Twas courtesy, she thought, and cause enough
For calling up that spot of joy. She had
A heart—how shall I say?—too soon made glad,
Too easily impressed; she liked whate'er
She looked on, and her looks went everywhere.
Sir, 'twas all one! My favor at her breast,
The dropping of the daylight in the west,
The bough of cherries some official tool
Broke in the orchard for her, the white mule
She rode with round the terrace—all and each
Would draw from her alike the approving speech,
Or blush, at least. She thanked men—good; but thanked
Somehow—I know not how—as if she ranked
My gift of a nine hundred years old name
With anybody's gift. Who'd stoop to blame
This sort of trifling? Even had you skill
In speech—(which I have not)—to make your will
Quite clear to such an one, and say, 'Just this
Or that in you disgusts me; here you miss,
Or there exceed the mark;' and if she let
Herself be lessened so, nor plainly set
Her wits to yours, forsooth, and made excuse,
E'en then would be some stooping, and I chuse
Never to stoop. Oh! sir, she smiled, no doubt,
Whene'er I passed her; but who passed without
Much the same smile? This grew; I gave commands;
Then all smiles stopped together. There she stands
As if alive. Will 't please you rise? We'll meet
The company below, then. I repeat
The Count your master's known munificence
Is ample warrant that no just pretence
Of mine for dowry will be disallow'd;
Though his fair daughter's self, as I avowed
At starting, is my object. Nay, we'll go
Together down, sir! Notice, Neptune, tho'
Taming a sea-horse, thought a rarity,
Which Claus of Innsbruck cast in bronze for me."

There is all Italy in that poem. Nothing could be simpler and more intelligible—nothing more various, subtle, intense, and tragical. The concentrated meaning of the last few lines; the sly, complaisant, cold-blooded, jealous selfishness, the mock refusal of the proffered honor of going first, which only his unreal words, and not his real manner, present—for the reader sees that the count's ambassador was holding back to let the duke advance; the self-possession which will not lose the chance of flattering itself by an affected contempt for the treasures of art; the hard, haughty, iron-willed, remorseless, sensitive, suspicious, smooth, gracious, and pitiless Italian noble, are as perfectly delineated in this sketch as in a portrait of Giorgione's. Then the love-tale with which they are enlivened, and the duke's contemptuous jealousy of appearing to have been jealous; the artist-monk who loves the lovely lady—her sweet, wasted nature, and lost life; her flower-like spirit, slowly sickening and withering in stately desolation—all these, with their wild changes in the fierce struggle, like the jangled strains of bells in a tempest, are so firmly and fully impressed, in much fewer words than they can be paraphrased, that we are disposed to rank this sketch with the best specimens of dramatic description.

Do you not observe in this, also, the presence of the poet as a kind of abstract moral and historical critic? Nothing is said or implied of him. But, as you read, you shudder—and that shudder is the protest of the moral nature, and seals the triumph of the poet's art.

The secret sympathy of Browning's genius with everything Italian, is one of the most remarkable peculiarities of his poetry. It is the key, also, to the character of his genius. Many of the recent English poets have had the same fondness for Italy. Byron was never so much Byron as in Italy; Shelley lived there; Keats died there. But none of them has so completely and dramatically reproduced the romance and trage-

dy of the Italian nature as Browning. His poem of "Sordello," which nobody reads, because few have the patience to understand it, is a prodigious work, in this respect. Even if you do not fully grasp its drift and scope, yet, as a northerner, a Saxon, an Englishman, or an American, you are conscious of being, in a manner, denatured. You are taken up and into an absolutely different style of being and life. It is like walking in a dim twilight, through intricate ranges of grotesque Lombard art. There is a bewilderment of fascination, and an occasional gleam of such grace and happy beauty, that the darkest ages seem only ancestors of our brightest modern days.

This occasional obscurity is the grand impediment to the popularity of Browning—and yet it is surprising that the affluence of poetic meaning and beauty in the poems, which are entirely intelligible, should not suggest that the tougher ones are quite worth undertaking. Considering the enthusiasm which hailed Alexander Smith, who is a striking, but, in the strictest sense, a spasmodic writer, it is curious that so pure a poet as Browning should be so little read and comprehended.

The fact of occasional obscurity is not to be denied. Upon the whole, Browning's poetry is harder to follow than that of any other great English poet. But the chief reason is, that he boldly aims to express what is, in its nature, so evanescent and shadowy—to put into words processes of thought and feeling, so delicately inwrought and fluctuating, that only sharp self-observers and students of human character can pursue them. For instance, "Luria," and "A Soul's Tragedy," are like transverse sections of human life and human souls. As in the wax physiological models every exquisite detail is preserved, so the finest fibres of feeling, so to speak—the most intricate, and, at the same time, delicate convolutions of impulse, policy, and principle—are laid open in this poetry. The poet shrinks from expressing nothing, and there is, therefore, a variety of the profoundest passionate experience in Browning's poetry, not to be surpassed out of Shakespeare.

Critics complain that they find no difficulty in understanding Pope and Thomson, and Cowper and Dryden, and Goldsmith and Byron; but the modern school, Keats, Shelley, Coleridge, Tennyson, and Browning, they declare to be beyond them. They find, in the modern men, a tendency to euphuism, a dazzling range of splendid and voluptuous words, but nothing else. It is contended, that the modern men mistake obscurity for profundity, and a glittering epithet for a beautiful thought. Now that Pope and the other poets are, in a certain sense, easier reading than the others, is true enough. But it is easier reading, because it is easier thinking. Shakespeare is no primer, nor so shallowly intelligible. The greatest things are simplest, certainly; but ease is not necessarily simplicity. Tom Moore never perplexes us about his meaning; but then, Tom Moore never has much meaning. To insist that, if a man has anything to say, he must say it so that everybody can understand it, is merely idle; for only experience can understand what experience inspires. To complain of Browning, because he is not so intelligible, at a glance, as Pope, is like complaining that Plato is not so easy as Steele. It is as impossible that Browning should write as Pope wrote, as it is that Pope should have written like Byron. The truth is, that no poet's style is more profoundly individual and appropriate than Browning's. The very form of his expression helps us often to the significance of the thought; and when we bear in mind what the character of his mental action is, how sudden, and unexpected, and vigorous, and subtle, and romantic; that he is peculiarly a psychologist; it may be better, instead of calling him turgid and blind, and asking him to say what he means, to reflect, that he has as much to say as any recent poet, and says it as perfectly, although entirely in his own way. The following poem, for instance, says just as completely what it means to say, as the most polished of Pope's satires. But it is so intensely dramatic, that it is not necessarily understood, nor all its force felt by a reader who has not reflected upon the venom of jealousy, forever feeding upon itself, in the mind of an ignorant monk in a cloister.

"SOLILOQUY OF THE SPANISH CLOISTER.

1.

"Gr-r-r--there go; my heart's abhorrence!
Water your damned flower-pots, do!
If hate killed men, Brother Lawrence,
God's blood, would not mine kill you?

What? Your myrtle bush wants trimming?
Oh! that rose has prior claims—
Needs its leaden vase filled brimming?
Hell dry you up with its flames.

2.

"At the meal we sit together:
Salvetibi! I must hear
Wise talk of the kind of weather,
Sort of season, time of year;
'*Not a plenteous cork-crop: scarcely*
Dare we hope oak galls, I doubt:
What's the Latin name for parsley?'
What's the Greek name for swine's snout?

3.

"Whew! we'll have our platter burnished,
Laid with care on our own shelf;
With a fire-new spoon we're furnished,
And a goblet for ourself,
Rinsed like something sacrificial,
Ere 'tis fit to touch our chaps—
Marked with L. for our initial!
(He, he! there his lily snaps!)

4.

"*Saint*, forsooth! While brown Dolores
Squats outside the convent bank,
With Sanchicha, telling stories,
Steeping tresses in the tank,
Blue-black, lustrous, thick like horse-hairs,
Can't I see his dead eye glow
Bright, as 'twere a Barbary corsair's?
(That is, if he'd let it show.)

5.

"When he finishes refection,
Knife and fork he never lays
Cross-wise, to my recollection,
As I do, in Jesu's praise.
I, the Trinity illustrate,
Drinking watered orange-pulp—
In three sips the Arian frustrate;
While he drains his at one gulp.

6.

"Oh, those melons! If he's able,
We're to have a feast; so nice!
One goes to the Abbot's table,
All of us get each a slice;
How go on your flowers? None double?
Not one fruit-sort can you spy?
Strange! And I, too, at such trouble,
Keep 'em close-nipped on the sly!

7.

"There is a great text in Galatians,
Once you trip on it, entails
Twenty-nine distinct damnations,
One sure, if another fails.
If I trip him just a-dying,
Sure of heaven as sure can be,
Spin him round and send him flying
Off to hell, a Manichee!

8.

"Or my scrofulous French novel,
On grey paper with blunt type!
Simply glance at it, you grovel
Hand and foot in Belial's gripe:
If I double down its pages
At the woeful sixteenth print,
When he gathers his green gages
Ope a sieve and slip it in't?

9.

"Or, there's Satan—one might venture
Pledge one's soul to him, yet leave
Such a flaw in the indenture
As he'd miss till, past retrieve,
Blasted lay that rose-acacia
We're so proud of! *Hy, Zy, Hine,*
'St, there's vespers! *Plena gratiâ*
Ave Virgo! Gr-r-r, you swine!"

Nothing could be more complete and dramatic than that poem. How perfectly the enraged contempt and taunting sneer, coupled with pharisaical complacency, groveling superstition, and ill-repressed sensuality, are expressed! The locality and circumstance are inwrought with the whole, by a few vivid touches, and the entire poem shows the easy mastery of a consummate artist. The same things could scarcely be said in a more concentrated, effective, and suggestive manner.

But the power which appears in the quaint and horrible poems of our author, which is a power working to most legitimate ends—for what a prodigious moral in human history and development is thundered from each of the poems we have quoted—is no less evident through all his dramas, dramatic lyrics, and pure love poems. Love is peculiarly his inspiration. Not the love of girls, or sick striplings, but the terrible love of great, strong, passionate natures. Of all modern poets, Browning is the most subtle analyst of the passion, and yet, singularly enough, his poetry is full of its finest fire; for his knowledge does not come from philosophical investigation, but from the acutest perception. Akin to this is his remarkable appreciation of the passion, as it appears in women. No other English poet, but Shakespeare, has given expression to so many and different moods of love. He is sternly true to nature and experience. The slight influences that so strongly affect deep feeling, the inconsistencies, caprices, irrationalities, and surprises of human love, are shown by the poet in their most delicate and evanescent forms and relations. As a pure love-song, as a lyric of the profoundest passion, tenderness, and tragedy, can there be anything better than the following, from the "Men and Women:"

"IN A YEAR.

1.

"Never any more
While I live,
Need I hope to see his face
As before.

Once his love grown chill,
Mine may strive—
Bitterly we re-embrace,
Single still.

2.

"Was it something said,
Something done,
Vexed him? was it touch of hand,
Turn of head?
Strange! that very way
Love begun.
I as little understand
Love's decay.

3.

"When I sewed or drew,
I recall
How he looked as if I sang,
—Sweetly too.
If I spoke a word,
First of all
Up his cheek the color sprang,
Then he heard.

4.

"Sitting by my side,
At my feet,
So he breathed the air I breathed,
Satisfied!
I, too, at love's brim
Touched the sweet;
I would die if death bequeathed
Sweet to him.

5.

"'Speak, I love thee best!
He exclaimed.
'Let thy love my own foretell,'—
I confessed;
'Clasp my heart on thine
Now unblamed,
Since upon thy soul as well
Hangeth mine!'

6.

"Was it wrong to own,
Being truth?
Why should all the giving prove
His alone?
I had wealth and ease,
Beauty, youth—
Since my lover gave me love,
I gave these.

7.

"That was all I meant,
—To be just,
And the passion I had raised
To content.
Since he chose to change
Gold for dust,
If I gave him what he praised
Was it strange?

8.

"Would he love me yet,
On and on,
While I found some way undreamed
—Paid my debt!
Gave more life and more,
Till, all gone,
He should smile 'She never seemed
Mine before.

9.

"'What—she felt the while,
Must I think?
Love's so different with us men,'
He should smile.
'Dying for my sake—
White and pink?
Can't we touch these bubbles then
But they break?'

10.

"Dear, the pang is brief.
Do thy part,
Have thy pleasure. How perplext
Grows belief!
Well, this cold clay clod
Was man's heart.
Crumble it—and what comes next?
Is it God?"

This is the intensest romance, and yet it is the fact of every-day experience. Browning shows his right to stand among the poets and his sympathy with his own time, by nothing more than his close adhesion to reality. This little song might have been sung in a hundred American and English drawing-rooms. The great artist is he who has such absolute confidence in nature, that he knows art is best served by obeying nature. The English literature of this epoch is fully charged with this spirit. Tennyson's "Maud" is a story of England of the nineteenth century; so is Hood's "Song of the Shirt;" so is Mrs. Browning's "Bertha in the Lane," and "Lady Geraldine's Courtship." This is at once their excellence and their power. Study a little the song we have just quoted; mark, first of all, the sensitive propriety which chose the measure, then the wail of the music—a rapid movement, as if of intense musing, broken occasionally, as if by involuntary sobs. Then mark the exquisite gradations of feeling and description. They are akin to the wonderful gradations of color, that the painters love in Titian's pictures. The first stanza accepts the heavy fact of fickleness and desertion. The first word is "Never;" then comes the musing wonder and questioning—the sad, detailed recall of the past, the sorrow wrung, pang by pang, from remembrance. The quick woman's heart knows how slight the first cause of swerving may be—knows also, that the slightest deflection is the end, because love is the blending of the two parallel lines of life. The third stanza is a delicious truth of love, which no other poet has trusted the delicacy of his art enough to dare. Then follows the

doubt, the half self-crimination. There is no reproach of the lover, only a misgiving of herself. Then breaks out the deep, wild yearning to be loved again, that all the untold resources of her woman's love may be revealed; and finally that victorious submission and perfect, although broken-hearted and half hopeless, renunciation, of which the love of woman is capable. This is the tragedy in the midst of which we live, which hides itself under smiles, and is so well concealed that we hardly dare suspect it; for "Love is love for evermore."

This poem reveals, also, another of the distinguishing traits of Browning—his singular apprehension of womanly experience, and his consequent justice to the dignity and worth of womanly nature. It is safe to say, that Browning and Tennyson have either a finer sense, of the real character of woman, or a greater gift of expressing that sense than any modern English poet. "In a Balcony," in the last volume, a very long dramatic lyric, is, perhaps, the most noticeable single illustration of this gift in all Browning's poems, although illustrations abound everywhere. In the earlier volumes, "In a Gondola" shows an entirely different play of the same sentiment. This latter poem is purely Venetian. The whimsical, wanton play of deep love was never more truly expressed, and the feeling, the wild sport and fantastic singing, the utter abandonment to the delicious caprices of love, all partake of the dark tragedy of the place, the climate, and the time.

More than any contemporary poet, Browning touches "the tender stops of various quills," and, in continuation of our illustration of his dramatic affluence, we quote a Cavalier tune, which is as thoroughly England and the seventeenth century as the "Villa and City" of his last volume are Italy and the nineteenth.

"MARCHING ALONG.

1.

"Kentish Sir Byng stood for his king,
Bidding the crop-headed Parliament swing;
And pressing a troop unable to stoop,
And let the rogues flourish, and honest folk droop,
Marched them along, fifty score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen singing this song.

2.

"God for King Charles! Pym and such carles,
To the devil that prompts 'em their treasonous parles!
Cavaliers up! Lips from the cup,
Hands from the pasty, nor bite take, nor sup,
Till you're (*chorus*) *marching along fifty score strong,*
Great-hearted gentlemen singing this song.

3.

"Hampden to hell and his obsequies knell,
Serve Hazelrig, Fiennes, and young Harry as well!
England, good cheer! Rupert is near!
Kentish and loyalists, keep we not here,
(*Chorus*) *Marching along, fifty score strong,*
Great-hearted gentlemen singing this song?

4.

"Then, God for King Charles! Pym and his snarls
To the devil that pricks on such pestilent carles!
Hold by the right, double your might;
So, onward to Nottingham, fresh for the fight.
(*Chorus*) *March we along, fifty score strong,*
Great-hearted gentlemen singing this song."

This little poem, one of a series of three, is one of the finest specimens of the union of sound with sense. The vigorous, steady tramp, the solid advance of the verse, is like the march of the great-hearted gentlemen. They tread all together, pealing their chivalric chorus. It rings with enthusiasm—a lyric of loyalty.

It also shows the exquisite sense of melody which distinguishes Browning. He is a musician not only by the ear, but by study. It is a favorite science as well as instinct with him. Hence in his poetry, which is so often dismissed as rough and uncouth, there is the most pervasive music. Look at any of the poems already quoted, to feel this. "A Toccata of Galuppi's," in the "Men and Women," is a poem which only a sensitive musician could write. The musical composition which the poet hears, becomes history, and painting, and poetry to him, and, as he listens to the tripping measure, all Venice comes dancing to him—true Venice with the intrigue, the mystery, the frivolity and fire.

* * * *

"What? Those lesser thirds so plaintive, sixths diminished, sigh on sigh,
Told them something? Those suspensions, those solutions—'Must we die?'
Those commiserating sevenths—'Life might last! we can but try!'

"'Were you happy?'—'Yes.'—'And are you still as happy?' 'Yes—And you?'
—'Then more kisses'—'Did I stop them, when a million seemed so few?'
Hark—the dominant's persistence, till it must be answered to!

"So an octave struck the answer. Oh, they
praised you, I dare say!
'Brave Galuppi! that was music! good alike
at grave and gay!
I can always leave off talking when I hear a
master play.'

"Then they left you for their pleasure: till in
due time, one by one,
Some with lives that came to nothing, some
with deeds as well undone,
Death came tacitly and took them where they
never see the sun."

This is the verse of a man who feels the poetry of a science, to whom its technical rules are not whims, nor accidents, but replete with significance. Of the same general kind is "Master Hugues of Saxe-Gotha." Master Hugues is a famous old church-composer and contrapuntist; and the organist of some dim, dingy German church, left in the loft alone, settles himself to a colloquy with the old composer, to make him deliver the secret of some knotty fugue. He describes the scientific course of the composition, with a rollicking exuberance of language which is quite startling, and then plunges on to discover the spiritual meaning, in the midst of which effort he sees that his candle has burnt out, and halloos lustily, to the sacristan, not to leave him in the lurch.

"While in the roof if I'm right there—
... Lo, you, the wick in the socket!
Hallo, you, sacristan, show us a light there,
Down it dips, gone like a rocket!
What, you want, do you, to come unawares,
Sweeping the church up for first morning
prayers,
And find a poor devil, at end of his cares—
At the foot of your rotten-planked, rat-riddled
stairs?
Do I carry the moon in my pocket?"

We have quoted copiously from the volumes of our author, because there is so much general misconception as to the character and intelligibility of his poetry. We have also spoken of the shorter poems, both as more easily quoted, and rarely beyond the immediate comprehension of a thoughtful reader. By comprehension we do not mean exhaustion. Few poets more absolutely require, or more copiously repay study and repeated reading. The longer poems, especially "Paracelsus" and "Sordello," are not to be grasped without the closest attention. "Sordello" is as hard reading as anything we know. It is a dramatical, metaphysical poem; but not of the "Life-Drama" school. Sordello is a Lombard troubadour, a forerunner of Dante.

"Sordello, thy forerunner, Florentine!
A herald-star I know thou did'st absorb,
Relentless into the consummate orb,
That scared it from its right to roll along
A sempiternal path with dance and song,
Fulfilling its allotted period.
Serenest of the progeny of God,
Who yet resigns it not; his darling stoops
With no quenched lights, desponds with no
blank troops
Of disenfranchised brilliances, for, blent
Utterly with thee, its shy element,
Like thine, upturneth prosperous and clear.
Still, what if I approach the august sphere,
Named now with only one name, disentwine
That under-current, soft and argentine,
From its fierce mate in the majestic Mars,
Leavened as the sea whose fire was mixt
with glass,
In John's transcendant vision, launch once
more
That lustre? Dante, pacer of the shore
Where glutted hell disgorgeth filthiest
gloom,
Unbitten by its whining sulphur spume,—
Or whence the grieved and obscure waters
slope
Into a darkness quieted by hope—
Plucker of amaranths grown beneath God's
eye,
In gracious twilights where his chosen lie,
I would do this! If I should falter now—"

The poem is the story of his life—a romantic, mediæval life, in which the singer tries to "weave his chaos into cosmos." We will quote one other passage from "Sordello," admirably illustrating Browning's power of natural description, which we cannot further criticize than to say that the peculiarity of this excellence in the poet is the personal consciousness which he attributes to nature. The same thing is observable in Tennyson, and in others of the modern poets; but in none is it more absolute than in Browning.

"Apollo? That shall be the name, nor bid
Me rag by rag expose how patchwork hid
The man—what thefts of every clime and
day
Contributed to humble the array
He climbs with (June's at deep) some close
ravine,
'Mid clatter of its million pebbles' sheen,
Over which singing soft the runnel slipt,
Elate with rains; into whose streamlet dipt
He foot, yet trod, you thought, with unwet
sock—
Though really on the stubs of living rock.
Ages ago it crumbled; vines for roof,
Lindens for wall; before him, aye aloof,
Flittered in the cool some azure damsel-fly,
Child of the simmering quiet, there to die;
Emerging whence, Apollo still, he spied
Mighty descents of forest; multiplied
Tuft on tuft; here the frolic myrtle-trees;
There gendered the grave maple-stocks at
ease;

And proud of its observer, strait the wood
Tried old surprises on him: black it stood,
A sudden barrier ('twas a cloud passed o'er),
So dead and dense the tiniest brute no more
Must pass; yet presently (the cloud dispatched)
Each clump, forsooth, was glistening, detached,
A shrub; oak-boles shrunk into ilex-stems!
Yet could not he denounce the stratagems
He saw thro', till, hours thence, aloft would hang
White summer-lightnings; as it sank and sprang
In measure, that whole palpitating breast
Of Heaven, 'twas Apollo nature prest
At eve to worship."

"Paracelsus" is the history of the inner life of the middle-age scholar and searcher for the philosopher's stone. It is his life, told from the point of view of thought, not of action; and Browning represents him as an enthusiast rather than a quack. It is a noble poem, which, with "Sordello," better illustrates the quaint, curious, intellectual processes of which Browning is fond, than any other of his works.

Of the dramas, we have no room to say more than what we have incidentally hinted. As acting plays, they would hardly succeed, although "Strafford" and "Colombe's Birth-Day" have had their career upon the stage. Browning is rather a dramatic lyrist in the completest sense, than a playwright —and of these dramatic lyrics, the "Pippa Passes" is the most remarkable. The story is simply that a young Italian girl, from the silk-mills at Asolo, walks through the town on New-Year's morning, singing as she "passes" along. Her song floats into the windows of different houses, and into the hearts of the people there, and by its appositeness affects them profoundly. The poem proceeds in its description of the *dramatis personæ* and their situation, and the varying strains and sentiments of the singing mingle with the rest like a criticizing chorus. The conceit is natural and beautiful, and its elaboration in the work gives us one of the most striking poems in the language. The first hearers of the song to whom we are introduced, are Ottima and Sebald, the wife of an old man and her paramour. They have just murdered the husband, and the day breaks upon them together. It is a magnificent and terrible picture of the most imperial and voluptuous passion. The nature of Ottima is strong in sin. It sways and tosses her lover, who is appalled at the enormity of his crime and the audacious supremacy of his mistress's love and lust. They lie in the hot morning, which seems to the quaking Sebald "a night with a sun added," and recount their crime and the details of their passion, during which Sebald is gradually swept away and sustained in evil by Ottima. We quote the crisis of this scene, as a passage unequaled for its perfect expression of absolute passion, and that the reader may see and know that with this masterly and, in a sense, tremendous power, the poet is true to God, and not, as so many poets have been with similar power, to the devil:

"*Ottima.* Then our crowning night—
"*Sebald.* The July night?
"*Otti.* The day of it, too, Sebald!
When the Heaven's pillars seemed o'erbowed with heat,
Its black-blue canopy seemed let descend
Close on us both, to weigh down each to each,
And smother up all life except our life.
So lay we till the storm came.
"*Seb.* How it came!
"*Otti.* Buried in woods we lay, you recollect;
Swift ran the scorching tempest overhead;
And ever and anon some bright white shaft
Burnt thro' the pine-tree roof—here burnt and there,
As if God's messenger thro' the close wood-screen
Plunged and replunged his weapon at a venture,
Feeling for guilty thee and me: then broke
The thunder like a whole sea overhead—
"*Seb.* Yes!
"*Otti.* While I stretched myself upon you, hands
To hands, my mouth to your hot mouth, and shook
All my locks loose, and covered you with them—
You, Sebald, the same you—
"*Seb.* Slower, Ottima!—
"*Otti.* And as we lay
"*Seb.* Less vehemently! Love me—
Forgive me—take not words—mere words—to heart—
Your breath is worse than wine! Breathe slow, speak slow—
Do not lean on me—
"*Otti.* Sebald, as we lay,
Rising and falling only with our pants,
Who said, 'Let death come now—'tis right to die!
Right to be punished—nought completes such bliss
But woe!' Who said that?
"*Seb.* How did we ever rise?
Was't that we slept? Why did it end?
"*Otti.* I felt you,
Fresh tapering to a point the ruffled ends
Of my loose locks 'twixt both your humid lips—
(My hair is fallen now—knot it again!)
"*Seb.* I kiss you now, dear Ottima, now, and now!

This way? Will you forgive me—be once more
My great queen?

"*Otti.* Bind it thrice about my brow;
Crown me your queen, your spirit's arbitress,
Magnificent in sin. Say that!

"*Seb.* I crown you
My great, white queen, my spirit's arbitress,
Magnificent—

"(*From without is heard the voice of Pippa, singing.*)

"*The year's at the spring,*
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in his heaven
All's right with the world!
(*Pippa passes.*)"

The song is the lightning flash, that cleaves, with avenging purity, the sultriness of passion. Remorse for his crime, hatred of his paramour, aggravate each other in Sebald's bosom. The spell is broken, and he wakes to conscious despair. We cannot follow the rest of the poem. We believe, after this taste, our readers will do so for themselves.

This is the poet who is called obscure, because he is not particularly easy reading; and immoral, because he recognizes every great fact of human development, but is never for a moment warped from the true vision of what is essentially true.

Browning's dramas would amply supply material for another article. Our present object has been rather to show the general character and affluent variety of the poet's genius; and to remind the reader that if there is much of his verse which will demand close study to understand, there is very much which is really as simple and original and beautiful as any poetry. Browning is an objective poet in an age of subjective poetry. His heart beats strongly for the noblest truths. With all his profound sympathy with the spirit of many countries and times, he is never, for a moment, recreant to the loftiest spirit of his own age and country. Yet this sympathy never appears directly; never, by any chance, in the way of preaching. He holds the mirror to mediæval Germany, Italy, France, and England, and so firmly that the picture is perfect, and is its own criticism. He holds the mirror to his own day as truly, and the reflection is a profound commentary upon the time, as in "The Italian in England." The proof of the genuineness of his dramatic power, in the Shakesperian sense, in such lyrics as "Pippa Passes," Frà Lippo Lippi," "Andrea Del Sarto," and the like. These, also, have the final evidence of their genuineness in the marvelous fidelity of his transcripts from external nature. A remarkable study in this direction is, "The Englishman in Italy," which is full of a purely pre-Raphaelite accuracy.

A poet's poet, he has been called. But if a poet's poet, then how much a poet! We beg the reader not to judge this man unheard, nor to believe him only a phrase-monger, because some critics cannot slip along his verses as smoothly as they do upon some others. Browning is not less a poet because he is not like other good and true poets. He *would* be less a poet if he were more like them; for he would then be less original and individual. His individuality is not a spasmodic use of words for thoughts; but it is the exquisite perception of a strong and rich mind, using words with a delicate skill, and an inward music.

In the valedictory of "Men and Women," his last volume, Browning lays aside his dramatic variety of character, and speaks before all the world to his wife, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, in "One word more." Shelley, in the introduction to "The Revolt of Islam," had paid a similar homage of the heart to his wife, in lines which he rarely surpassed. In both instances, it is the devotion of a loyal mind and a loving heart to the power which the true man and the true poet prove their truth by acknowledging. The singular thoughtful beauty and grace of Browning's valedictory we can only mention, and we gladly seal our article with a few lines from it, showing how the poet and the man are one:

"I shall never, in the years remaining,
Paint your pictures, no, nor carve your statues,
Make you music that should all-express me;
So it seems: I stand on my attainment.
This of verse alone, one life allows me;
Verse and nothing else have I to give you.
Other heights in other lives, God willing—
All the gifts from all the heights, your own,
Love!"

SCAMPAVIAS.

PART II.—GIBEL TAREK.

"Safely in harbor
——————— in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vex'd Bermoothes, there's she's hid,
The mariners all under hatches stowed;
Whom, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labor,
I have left asleep; and for the rest of the fleet,
Which I dispersed, they have all met again,
And are upon the Mediterranean flote."

IT was on the seventh of June, that the frigate was flying over the water, going on her course like a belle to a ball. We had sailed past the Azores, the ocean smooth as a carpet, the sky at times a little trade-cloudy, with the light, white fleece occasionally skimming, like gauze, through the heavens, and darkening the water beneath; the lovely, mellow moon, too, gleaming large, full, and soft, putting most of the stars to shame, and glowing like silver, over the rippling waters; then the stately frigate, all alone in this magnificent scene, flooded with white sails upon her lofty masts, up, up, then, to those little trucks, which almost touch that pale, twinkling planet, while her broad wings spread far out on either side the darkened hull, as the sea rolls back in sparkling bubbles from her bow, and opens a path before her resistless power.

The lower cables had been bent; for we scented the land afar off. As the sun colored the eastern sky, the mountains of Spain and Africa developed their high outlines, and, with the advancing light, we found ourselves at the entrance of the strait of Gibraltar. In a few hours, aided by breeze and current, we sailed rapidly past cape Spartel and Tangier, on the one side, and Trafalgar and Tarifa on the other, and soon after meridian, the frigate, heeling over to the strong puffs that swept through the gorges of Andalusia, reached the anchorage, and let run the chains, with the Devil's tower just open with Gibel Tarek, or the rock of Gibraltar.

A health-boat, with a boarding officer, was soon alongside. "Where were we from? and were we contagious?" was the pith of the information he cared to elicit; and, being assured of our general salubrity and freedom from infection, he snapped up a blank bill of health with a pair of sheet-iron tongs, which, being properly filled out by the surgeons, was received again by the tongs. After an arm's length inspection, we were informed that we might communicate with the shore, and thus we received what is called "pratique."

In a few minutes those jolly souls, the bumboat people, came bobbing about the frigate; their pipes, bread, tobacco, fruits, straw hats, fried fish, oranges, eggs, and onions, piled in promiscuous heaps in their boats, while the venders were clamorously profuse in offers of sand and holy-stones to the first lieutenant, for the privilege of supplying the crew.

The bumboats were soon followed by other vessels, filled with soldiers' wives and maidens generally, each provided with letters of recommendation, as washerwomen, which they held above their heads to attract some sympathizing officer's eye, who might, perchance, be afflicted with soiled linen.

Presently our young consul came on board, looking a smaller edition of his patriotic father before him, and then the thunder of twenty-one guns officially informed the governor of the fortress of our arrival, to which the water-battery, at the ragged staff, replied in similar tones, when, with nine more by us to the consul, the powder was locked up in the magazine.

I went on shore, and landed at the old mole, amid the crowd of quaint lateen-rigged luggers, with their picturesque sails and hulls shading the quay.

I touched my hat to the same scarlet-coated soldier, or guard, at the pier-head; pushed my way through the same throng of Moors, in their petticoat breeches; a thorough cluster of chibouque-sucking Turks; Jews, with pointed beards and eyes; Andalusians, all a-jingle with silver buttons and velvet jackets; through smugglers, boatmen, porters, and vagabonds that I had seen, or others, may be, just like them, years and years before. Then over the moat, under the portcullis, through ponderous

gates and strong pickets—all the while touching the point of my cocked-hat, right and left, to the sentinels on post—until, at last, I gained a little street-room in the main avenue of the town. Here the crowd thinned a little; but yet there was no lack. Plenty of Moors still, with tawny legs and full, snowy turbans; hosts of Levites, with hawk-bill noses, and usurious eyes; lots of guides to the excavations and batteries; droves of small *buros*, with their drivers and water-butts; groups of bustling, florid-faced Englishmen, dark-skinned Spaniards, and merchant-skippers; then an interval of healthy-looking English women, or mantilla-robed brunettas, from San Roque or Algeziras—all these moving throngs dotted about with the soldiers of the garrison. There they are, at the corners, on the pavé, in the streets, craning out of every window of that great range of barracks, fatigue-parties moving backwards and forwards, guard-houses filled with them, everywhere, save in the wine shops; then officers, too, brilliant in red and blue, lace, bullion, and swords, greeting one at all times and in every quarter. To one fond of military display, there is no better place for this enjoyment than in Gibraltar. English troops, though more rigid and stiff in movement than the French, still fill the eye very pleasantly; for with scarcely an exception, they are picked men, of fine stature, and, so far as cleanliness of dress and elegance of equipment go, they are unexceptionable.

At the time of our visit, the garrison was composed of four regiments of foot, five companies of artillery, and one of sappers. It was one of these regiments, the 44th, that had the opportunity of distinguishing themselves at the memorable Bladensburg races, and to this day carry that name on their colors.

After a visit to the consul, I strolled to the Alemada—a flat esplanade, beveled from the face of the rock, and where, even now, the monkeys sometimes descend from their subterranean retreats, to watch how the world wags, and to note, perhaps, how well the pretty groves of orange trees and shrubbery thrive in their former haunts. Even in this promenade, there are everywhere seen great pyramidal stocks of cannon-balls and ranges of grim cannon staring out upon the bay.

As all the world knows, Gibraltar is an isolated rock, about fourteen hundred feet high, with a ridge as sharp as a wedge; narrow for its length of three miles; which may once have been standing by itself, nearly midway of the strait between Africa and Europe. It has not, however, changed its relative position in that respect; but the low sand-link, which connects it by the "neutral ground" to Spain, has probably been formed by the meeting currents of the Atlantic and Mediterranean. On the side of the Mediterranean, it is precipitous, but it shelves less abruptly on the western face, towards the bay, where the town is built.

The renowned excavations are on the northern point, where the sheer, red rock rises almost perpendicularly, overlooking, as from the eyrie of an eagle, the green slopes of the hills of Andalusia, in the distance.

The galleries and batteries constructed there, were the result of a happy accident in war, during the assault of the Spanish and French forces, in 1782. Previously, a small battery had been planted on the northernmost peak of the rock; but, to reach this spot, many lives of the garrison were lost in carrying supplies by an exposed path, under the fire of the allies, the muzzles of whose guns were elevated by bags filled with sand.

To remove this necessity of exposure, the English engineers began to cut a means of ascent by a channel within the shell of the mountain. In executing this work, and when about half-way up, while blasting in the gallery, a fragment of rock was blown clean out towards the isthmus, which, upon being discovered by the allies, was welcomed by shouts of derision.

The besiegers were not left many hours to exult over this accident; for, in the natural embrasure caused by the explosion, a heavy piece of ordnance was pointed, and the nearest batteries below were obliged to abandon their positions.

In all the sieges for which Gibraltar has become historical, the most desperate, determined, and prolonged, were those repulsed by General Eliot, afterwards Lord Heathfield. He married a descendant of Sir Francis Drake, who was, himself, one of the boldest old viking freebooters that ever "scuttled ship;" and should their descend-

ants be imbued with the blood of that union, Britannia will never lack, in that family, sailors to rule the main, or soldiers to lead her armies.

There is a club-house for strangers, in the town, whither I betook myself, and swallowed an imperial pint of ale; for, of all things,

> "———my soul sentimentally craves
> British beer!"

and a free English port is the place to drink it in perfection. Then, buckling my sword about, I bent my steps to the mole again. As the sunset-gun, from the summit of the rock at St. Michael's, poured forth its report, I passed through the sombre archways; the gates rolled together, the portcullis came down, the draw-bridge went up, and all the Gibraltar world were made sensible that the fortress was locked up, and, at the same time, I knew myself to be locked out for the night. Thus being left to my own devices, I got into one of the frigate's boats, and pulled to my floating home on board.

On the following day, in virtue of mine office as one of the staff, I went on a visit of ceremony to the governor of the fortress, Lieutenant-general Sir Robert Gardner, K.C.B. The official residence is at a former convent, near the centre of the old town. We were received at the gateway by a brace of aids-de-camp, who at once ushered us up a cool, spacious stairway, to the second story. Then traversing a broad corridor, which overlooked a gem of a garden and lemon grove, and where, no doubt, in times past, many an old friar or imprisoned nun regaled themselves, while telling over their aromatic beads, we reached the end of the hall, and were, in a moment, in presence of General Gardner. He was a tall, elderly gentleman, on the advanced posts of life, with silvery hair, fine eyes, and a cordial, pleasant expression of visage. He wore an artillery uniform, and on his breast a Waterloo medal. He received us very graciously, but apologized for being deprived of the pleasure of granting more than a momoment's interview, since he had been commanded to attend the Archduke Maximilian of Austria to the "ragged staff," prior to the embarkation of that illustrious personage for Cadiz.

This young brother of the emperor of Austria, by the way, was serving as a lieutenant on board a steamer of war, lying, at the time of our arrival, in the bay. Contrary, however, to the usual naval etiquette, the commander of the steamer did not send a boat on board the American frigate, to inquire after our well-being. The omission was possibly attributable to the bad name M. Kossuth had given us in the dominions of the House of Hapsburgh. Our grief, however, at this slight, was not of a permanent nature; and we hoped, at some future day, to teach the subjects of that house better manners.

We took leave of the governor, returned to the mole, and rowing through a fleet of felucca-smugglers, watching a chance to evade the Spanish gun-boats, we reached the frigate.

On getting on board, the wind was blowing too fresh from the westward to get under way, from the position the ship lay; and it was only when the sun fell behind the mountains of Spain that the wind lulled sufficiently to make sail.

Ships I have always believed to have been the invention of the foul fiend himself; for it matters not how great care or forethought be exercised in their peculiar management, there is, at the most inopportune moment, a screw loose, or something to go wrong, that our arch enemy, the inventor, delights in.

The trouble this evening with us was, the refusal of the rope messenger, used to draw in the chain-cable, to clasp the capstan tight enough to heave up the anchor. It would keep slipping around the oaken barrel, and no skill or contrivance would make it hold.

At last, however, the anchor was dragged just clear of the bottom, but when canvas was spread upon the ship, she fell off into shoaler water; so that the infernal grapnel would take to the ground again, and then we went waltzing about the bay. Vessels, too, were all around us; but by the mere force of good luck, we avoided them very cleverly, and, notwithstanding our perplexities, we passed clear out in a style which would have called forth the utmost admiration from the British fleet, had they beheld our lucky manœuvrings. As we got into deep water, the obstinate anchors were brought to the bows, and we steered for the open strait.

The giant fortress reposed like a lion couchant in silent security, just as it did, no doubt, when the Moors in 712 built their castles on it; when Barbarossa's Algerine corsairs pillaged it in

1540; when John Bull planted his paws upon it at the storming in 1704; or afterwards, when the brave Eliot, in 1782, withstood the terrible siege of the allies for three years. In short, from the remotest ages, this Rock of Gibraltar—this pillar of Hercules—is still the same.

In all the strifes and changes in which Gibraltar has borne so prominent a part, there may have been seen more monkeys clambering about the rocky heights, more ships in the bay, more soldiers on the land, more murderous, fiery missiles flying through the air,

"The bursting shell, the gateway rent asunder,
The rattling musketry, the clashing blade,
And, ever and anon, in tones of thunder,
The diapason of the cannonade,"

with, perhaps, less to eat and drink than in these peaceful times; but yet, without the aid of any grand convulsion of nature, it does not seem improbable, that this hoary, sturdy monarch of rocks may, again and again, be an indifferent witness to bloodier and more terrible scenes than these.

As the frigate slowly sailed along the base of the rock, thousands of lights sparkled in the town; the nine o'clock gun pealed out its nightly warning, while the drums, flutes, and bugles echoed from point to point. Soon, however, we rounded Europa, and then, as we stood fairly into the Mediterranean, the clusters of lights were shut from our sight, the music was lost in the distance, and at midnight the dim, red gleam of the light-house only marked where Gibraltar lay, in its pride and power.

The following morning we were running, with a free wind, along the Spanish coast. We were too far off to catch more than an unclouded view of the back-ground; but that was in itself magnificent. The topmost peaks of the Sierra Nevada were clearly cut against the far-distant sky, shining cold and white with the winter snows.

Passing out of sight of Malaga, Almeria, and lesser ports, by evening we were abreast Cape de Gott.

The breeze held fair during the night; and the next day, after passing Cape Palos, from which Columbus sailed on his first voyage to America, we descried the English fleet. It was composed of five ships of the line, and two frigates. Four of the majestic two-deckers stood in shore, by the wind, while the rearmost vessel held towards the Cumberland. As she approached, we beat to quarters, cast loose the guns, and cleared for action, merely by way of friendly precaution, and the practice with men-of-war upon meeting one another on the high seas.

After a mutual exhibition of pennants and ensigns, the Englishman put his helm down, and slowly went around towards the land, while at the same time he triced up his lower gun-deck ports to show his teeth, and to let us know, that he, too, was ready with the black-mouthed cannon, to belch forth red flame and destruction, should the necessity arise.

Fortunately the necessity did not arise, and we thought, with the Spaniards, it were better to have

"*Con todo el mundo guerra*
Y paz con Inglaterra,"

and so we both departed on our several missions; he to inform his admiral that he had shown his ensign to an American frigate, and we to keep on our course to the southward of the Balearic Isles.

Passing Tormentera, Majorca, and Minorca, our progress, somewhat hastened by a clear, cool snap of a *mistral* out of the gulf of Lyons, the lofty, bold mountains of Corsica and Sardinia loomed up before us. Then, heaving about, we worked up towards the Italian coast, and a month from the day we sailed from Boston saw us overshadowed by the grand Apennines, whose high, shining summits of glacier and snow broke out clear and sharp above our heads.

With the early morn we entered the gulf of Spezzia, and dropped anchor near the Lazaretto.

THE OCEAN DEPTHS.

A DIVER'S TALE.

THE life of one who explores the mysteries of the sea, is not more perilous than fascinating. The charm of terror hangs around it, and the interminable succession of exciting events renders it dear to its professor. Not to the common diver of the East, who can remain but for a fraction of time beneath the wave, and grope fearfully among rugged ocean-mounds, but to the adept in the civilized mode of diving, who, in his protective armor, may remain submerged for hours, and wander, with impunity, for miles along those unknown regions far below the sea. To him are laid open the horrors of the watery creation, and he may gaze upon such scenes as Arabian story tells us were presented to the fearful eyes of Abdallah. To him the most thrilling occurrences of the upper world seem frivolous; for, in his memory, he retains thoughts that may well chill the soul with dread.

I am a diver—a diver from choice—and I am proud of my profession. Where is such courage required as is needed here? It is nothing to be a soldier: a diver, however—but I forbear. I will tell my story, and leave others to judge concerning it.

An appalling shipwreck occurred, not long ago, upon the wildest part of the coast of Newfoundland. The tidings of this calamity reached the ears of thousands; but, amid the crowd of accidents which followed in quick succession, it was soon forgotten. Not by us, however. We found that the vessel had sunk upon a spot where the water's depth was by no means great, and that a daring man might easily reach her.

She was a steamer called the Marmion, and had been seen going suddenly down, without an instant's warning, by some fishermen near by. She had, undoubtedly, struck a hidden rock, and had thus been, in one moment, destroyed.

I spoke to my associates of the plan, and they approved it. No time was lost in making the necessary preparations, and a short time beheld us embarked in our small schooner for the sunken ship. There were six of us, and we anticipated extraordinary success.

I was the leader, and generally ventured upon any exploit in which there was uncommon danger. Not that the others were cowards; on the contrary, they were all brave men, but I was gifted with a coolness and a presence of mind of which the others were destitute. As two persons were needed, in order to explore the Marmion, I had selected as my companion a young fellow, whose steadiness and dauntless courage had several times before been fearfully tested.

It was a calm and pleasant day, but the southern and eastern horizon looked deceitful. Small, suspicious clouds were gathered there, ill of aspect, and "sneaking fellows, regular hang-dog fellows," as my comrade, Rimmer, remarked to me. Nevertheless, we were not to be put off by a little cloudiness in the sky, but boldly prepared to venture.

So deep was the water, that no vestige of a ship's mast remained above the surface, to point out the resting place of the Marmion. We were compelled, therefore, to select the scene of operations according to the best of our ability. Down went the sails of our schooner, and Rimmer and I put on our diving armor. We fixed on our helmets tightly, and screwed on the hose. One by one each clumsy article was adjusted. The weights were hung, and we were ready.

"It looks terrible blackish, Berton," said Rimmer to me.

"Oh," I replied, gaily, "it's only a little mist—all right!"

"Ah!" He uttered a low exclamation, which sounded hollow from his cavernous helmet.

"All ready," I cried, in a loud voice, which they, however, could not easily distinguish. Then, making a proper sign, I was swung over the side.

Down we went, I first, and Rimmer close behind me. It did not take a long time for us to reach the bottom. We found ourselves upon what seemed a broad plain, sloping downward, toward the south, and rising slightly, toward the north. Looking forward then, a dim, black object arose, which our experienced eyes knew to be a lofty rock.

I motioned to Rimmer that we should proceed there.

I cannot tell the strangeness of the sensation felt by one who first walks the bottom of the sea.

There are a thousand objects, fitted to excite astonishment, even in the mind of him who has dared the deed a hundred times. All around us lay the plain, covered by water; but here the eye could not pierce far away, as in the upper air, for the water, in the distance, grew opaque, and seemed to fade away into misty darkness. There was no sound, except the incessant gurgle which was produced by the escape of air from the breast valve, and the plash caused by our passage through the waters. We walked on at a good pace; for this armor, which seems so clumsy up above, is excellent below, and offers little inconvenience to the practiced wearer.

Fishes in crowds were around us. Fishes of every shape and size met our eyes, no matter where they turned. They swam swiftly by us; they sported in the water above us; they raced and chased one another, in every direction. Here a shoal of porpoises tumbled along in clumsy gambols, there a grampus might be seen rising slowly to the surface; here an immense number of smaller fish flashed past us, there some huge ones, with ponderous forms, floated in the water lazily. Sometimes three or four placed themselves directly before us, staring at us, and solemnly working their gills. There they would remain, till we came close up to them, and then, with a start, they would dart away.

All this time we were walking onward, along the bottom of the sea, while above us, like a black cloud in the sky, we could see our boat slowly moving onward upon the surface of the water. And now, not more than a hundred yards before us, we could see the towering form of that ebony rock which had at first greeted our eyes from afar. As yet, we could not be certain that this was the place where the Marmion had struck. But soon a round, black object became discernible, as we glanced at the rocky base.

Rimmer struck my arm, and pointed. I signed assent, and we moved onward more quickly.

A few moments elapsed: we had come nearer to the rock. The black object now looked like the stern of a vessel whose hull lay there.

Suddenly, Rimmer struck me again, and pointed upward. Following the direction of his hand, I looked up, and saw the upper surface of the water all foamy and in motion. There was a momentary thrill through my heart, but it passed over. We were in a dangerous condition. A storm was coming on!

But should we turn back now, when we were so near the object of our search? Already it lay before us. We were close beside it. No, I would not. I signalized to Rimmer to go forward, and we still kept our course.

Now the rock rose up before us, black, rugged, dismal. Its rough sides were worn by the action of the water, and, in some places, were covered by marine plants, and nameless ocean vegetation. We passed onward, we clambered over a spur, which jutted from the cliff, and there lay the steamer.

The Marmion — there she lay upright, with everything still standing. She had gone right down, and had settled in such a position, among the rocks, that she stood upright here, just as though she lay at her wharf. We rushed eagerly along and clambered up her side. There was a low moan in the water, which sounded warningly in our ears, and told us of a swift-approaching danger. What was to be done, must be done speedily. We hurried forward. Rimmer rushed to the cabin. I went forward, to descend into the hold. I descended the ladder. I walked into the engineer's room. All was empty here, all was water. The waves of the ocean had entered, and were sporting with works of man. I went into the freight-room. Suddenly, I was startled by an appalling noise upon the deck. The heavy footsteps of some one, running, as though in mortal fear, or most dreadful haste, sounded in my ears. Then my heart throbbed wildly; for it was a fearful thing to hear, far down in the silent depths of the ocean.

Pshaw! it's only Rimmer.

I hurriedly ascended the deck by the first outlet that appeared. When I speak of hurry, I speak of the quickest movement possible, when cumbered with so much armor. But this movement of mine was quick; I rushed upwards; I sprang out on the deck.

It was Rimmer!

He stepped forward and clutched my arm. He pressed it with a convulsive grasp, and pointed to the cabin.

I attempted to go there.

He stamped his foot, and tried to hold me back. He pointed to the boat, and implored me, with frantic gestures, to go up.

It is appalling to witness the horror-struck soul trying to express itself by signs. It is awful to see these signs when no face is plainly visible, and no voice is heard. I could not see his face plainly, but his eyes, through his heavy mask, glowed like coals of fire.

"I will go!" I exclaimed. I sprang from him. He clasped his hands together, but dared not follow.

Good heavens! I thought, what fearful thing is here? What scene can be so dreadful as to paralyze the soul of a practiced diver. I will see for myself.

I walked forward. I came to the cabin door. I entered the forward-saloon, but saw nothing. A feeling of contempt came to me. Rimmer shall not come with me again, I thought. Yet I was awe-struck. Down in the depths of the sea there is only silence—oh, how solemn! I paced the long saloon, which had echoed with the shrieks of the drowning passengers. Ah! there are thoughts which sometimes fill the soul, which are only felt by those to whom scenes of sublimity are familiar. Thus thinking, I walked to the after-cabin and entered——

Oh, God of heaven!

Had not my hand clenched the door with a grasp which mortal terror had made convulsive, I should have fallen to the floor. I stood nailed to the spot. For there before me stood a crowd of people—men and women—caught in the last death struggle by the overwhelming waters, and fastened to the spot, each in the position in which death had found him. Each one had sprung from his chair at the shock of the sinking ship, and, with one common emotion, all had started for the door. But the waters of the sea had been too swift for them. Lo! then—some wildly grasping the table, others the beams, others the sides of the cabin—there they all stood. Near the door was a crowd of people, heaped upon one another—some on the floor, others rushing over them—all seeking, madly, to gain the outlet. There was one who sought to clamber over the table, and still was there, holding on to an iron post. So strong was each convulsive grasp, so fierce the struggle of each with death, that their hold had not yet been relaxed; but each one stood and looked frantically to the door.

To the door—good God! To me, to me they were looking! They were glancing at me, all those dreadful, those terrible eyes! Eyes in which the fire of life had been displaced by the chilling gleam of death. Eyes which still glared, like the eyes of the maniac, with no expression. They froze me with their cold and icy stare. They had no meaning; for the soul had gone. And this made it still more horrible than it could have been in life; for the appalling contortion of their faces, expressing fear, horror, despair, and whatever else the human soul may feel, contrasting with the cold and glassy eyes, made their vacancy yet more fearful. He upon the table seemed more fiendish than the others; for his long, black hair was disheveled, and floated horribly down—and his beard and mustache, all loosened by the water, gave him the grimness of a demon. Oh, what woe and torture! what unutterable agonies appeared in the despairing glance of those faces—faces twisted into spasmodic contortions, while the souls that lighted them were writhing and struggling for life.

I heeded not the dangerous sea which, even when we touched the steamer, had slightly rolled. Down in these awful depths the swell would not be very strong, unless it should increase with ten-fold fury above. But it had been increasing, though I had not noticed it, and the motion of the water began to be felt in these abysses. Suddenly the steamer was shaken and rocked by the swell.

At this the hideous forms were shaken and fell. The heaps of people rolled asunder. That demon on the table seemed to make a spring directly towards me. I fled, shrieking—all were after me, I thought. I rushed out, with no purpose but to escape. I sought to throw off my weights and rise.

My weights could not be loosened—I pulled at them with frantic exertions, but could not loosen them. The iron fastenings had grown stiff. One of them I wrested off in my convulsive efforts, but the other still kept me down. The tube, also, was lying down still in my

passage-way through the machine rooms. I did not know this until I had exhausted my strength, and almost my hope, in vain efforts to loosen the weight, and still the horror of that scene in the cabin rested upon me.

Where was Rimmer? The thought flashed across me. He was not here. He had returned. Two weights lay near, which seemed thrown off in terrible haste. Yes, Rimmer had gone. I looked up; there lay the boat, tossing and rolling among the waves.

I rushed down into the machine-room, to go back, so as to loosen my tube. I had gone through passages carelessly, and this lay there, for it was unrolled from above as I went on. I went back in haste to extricate myself; I could stay here no longer; for if all the gold of Golconda was in the vessel, I would not stay in company with the dreadful dead!

Back—fear lent wings to my feet. I hurried down the stairs, into the lower-hold once more, and retraced my steps through the passages below. I walked back to the place into which I had first descended. It was dark; a new feeling of horror shot through me; I looked up. *The aperture was closed!*

Heavens! was it closed by mortal hand? Had Rimmer, in his panic flight, blindly thrown down the trap-door, which I now remembered to have seen open when I descended? or had some fearful being from the cabin—that demon who sprung towards me ——?

I started back in terror.

But I could not wait here; I must go; I must escape from this den of horrors. I sprang up the ladder, and tried to raise the door. It resisted my efforts; I put my helmeted head against it, and tried to raise it; the rung of the ladder broke beneath me, but the door was not raised; my tube came down through it and kept it partly open, for it was a strong tube, and kept strongly expanded by close-wound wire.

I seized a bar of iron, and tried to pry it up; I raised it slightly, but there was no way to get it up further. I looked around, and found some blocks; with these I raised the heavy door, little by little, placing a block in, to keep what I had gained. But the work was slow, and laborious, and I had worked a long while before I had it raised four inches.

The sea rolled more and more. The submerged vessel felt its power, and rocked. Suddenly it wheeled over, and lay upon its side.

I ran around to get on the deck above, to try and lift up the door. But when I came to the other outlet, I knew it was impossible; for the tube would not permit me to go so far, and then I would rather have died a thousand deaths than have ventured again so near the cabin.

I returned to the fallen door; I sat down in despair and waited for death. I saw no hope of escape. This, then, was to be my end.

But the steamer gave a sudden lurch, again acted upon by the power of the waves. She had been balanced upon a rock, in such a way that a slight action of the water was sufficient to tip her over.

She creaked, and groaned, and labored, and then turned upon her side.

I rose; I clung to the ladder; I pressed the trap-door open, while the steamer lay with her deck perpendicular to the ground. I sprang out, and touched the bottom of the sea. It was in good time; for a moment after, the mass went over back again.

Then, with a last effort, I twisted the iron fastening of the weight which kept me down; I jerked it. It was loosed, it broke, it fell. In a moment I began to ascend, and in a few minutes I was floating on the water—for the air which is pressed down for the diver's consumption constitutes a buoyant mass, which raises him up from the sea.

Thanks to heaven! There was the strong boat, with my bold, brave men! They felt me rising; they saw me, and came and saved me.

Rimmer had fled from the horrid scene when I entered the cabin, but remained in the boat to lend his aid. He never went down again, but became a sea captain. As for me, I still go down, but only to vessels whose crews have been saved.

It is needless to say that the Marmion was never again visited.

ABOUT PEAR-TREES.

EVERY one knows that when a man's head is set, it is very difficult to turn it—that when an idea or opinion has once possessed a brain, it is not easy to dislodge it, even if it is a poor tenant who never pays.

"What has that to do with pear-trees?"

Everything, Rowley, everything—for that is the introduction. Now, see how ingeniously I shall spin from it.

Many people hold, that pear-trees are to be desired because they bear pears, and that pears are to be valued for the palate, because they are rich, juicy, and delicious—for so they certainly are. That is the notion which has possessed some brains, and I cannot deny that it is plausible; yet it is mainly a mistaken one—a narrow and carnal view.

"But," said my familiar, "when the Professor brings me down one 'Duchess,' and two 'Flemish Beauties' (I am speaking of pears), and my lips kiss their cheeks, and their juices flow along my tongue, to gladden the sense, then I hold to that view, and I bless God——"

Now wait, Rowley, wait, I said; for I was afraid he would say something foolish. So he sat in my porch, and, with his cigar (which I condemn mildly), disputed the fragrance of the honeysuckles, and listened to the wisdom of age.

Whoever, I continued, whoever prizes simply his existence—who thinks highly of his presence, values his deportment, and is content with "being"—in other words, whoever believes life is an end rather than a means, and, therefore, is content to *be*, rather than to *do*—he may think himself happy; but he is mistaken. You shake your head, Rowley; but it is so.

So it is with pears—they, too, are a means, not an end.

Whoever, having grown a fine pear, is elated, and lays much stress upon the tempting fruit, is in danger of sorrow and disappointment—he may be laying up for himself a future grief. Yet I must allow, that, if the fruit had been nipt by an untimely boy, or arrested by a summer blight, before its juicy flesh had been ripened to perfection, my own sense of propriety would have been shocked; for all things work towards completeness, and thus minister to our satisfaction. Satisfaction, my dear friend—not happiness—is the end and aim of a true existence. Consider what it is which satisfies, when we look upon a daisy or violet blooming in the shelter of a rugged rock; upon the cedar, the oak, or the beech, spreading its broad branches over the shadowy plain; upon the field of grain, waving in the light of the golden sun; upon the succulent asparagus, pushing through the dark, damp earth—these all come to the fullness of perfection, and we are satisfied with them, for they are complete. It is so with the wood-duck, diving and sporting in the still waters of an inland lake; with the robin, that sings out his soul to his mate brooding on the sky-blue eggs; with the slow and stalwart ox, who drags the plow along the fertile furrow; with the hound who courses the wily fox, and with the fox who outwits the chasing hound—these all satisfy us, for they are complete; they do *well* what they are made to do. Is it not so with men, my friend? We find no fault with a man, or a woman, who does a thing well—but are satisfied; and he who makes a perfect pair of shoes, does as complete a thing as he who sits well on a king's throne, or decides justly on a judge's bench.

It is the same in art: for the completeness of Menét's Rag-picker (two inches high), or his Cat suckling her Kittens (done in clay), is equal in perfection to the Dying Gladiator, or Angelo's Moses, done in marble. In literature, also, we find this so, and we are satisfied with Burns's verses to a Mouse, with Leigh Hunt's Abou-ben-Adhem, with Lowell's—

> "John P.,
> Robinson, he"—

because they are, in themselves, as perfect and complete as is a Hamlet, or a House of Seven Gables. It is, therefore, desirable that men and women should do that well which they can do, and find out as soon as possible what they can do best, and not waste too much time in tears or complaints, because they cannot do something else. The man who raises good potatoes, is eminently worthy, as is he who makes good verses, busts, or coaches, and either of them may be a complete man

(and so great), and satisfactory to himself and to his fellow-men. It is not the thing done, but the spirit of the man who does it, that God loves.

Now it will be clear, therefore, that, to the pear-tree, it is necessary to bear pears, for that is its vocation, its purpose. It was for that, that the brown seed was dropped into the earth; that when the warm, bursting spring came, it sent down its delicate root, and pushed up its tender top, and unfolded its leaves, and stretched forth its branches, and, when the time came, elaborated its juices into buds enfolding blossoms—fragrant promises of future fruit.

It is right, therefore, for the pear-tree to bear pears.

But, for a man, his duty is to furnish the tree with every possible facility and convenience, necessary for it to perfect its purpose; for the tree cannot do this for itself. He is to see that there is good soil, and that it is in good heart (not made over rich), and well dug and broken, so that the rays of the fructifying sun can enter it, and the gentle dews sink into it; then he is to plant the tree in it. And let him do that well—for trees are grateful; they like not to have their roots crowded into a small hole dug in a hard soil—no well-bred pear-tree will submit to such indignity, and many will die if so treated—but rather into the mellow earth; spread out the roots, and press among them the genial mould, so that they kiss one another; and plant not too deep, but so as to cover, with an inch of earth, the neck whence the roots branch; then sustain the stem with a slender stake, and the first work is done. Whoever has done this, will value the warm April sunshine and the soft April showers, and he will watch in the last of the month, till he shall see the unfolding buds; and then the expanding leaves, and the lusty shoots, wagging in the wind, will give him hope. In another year, he will wait for blossoms, and, when they come, he will be thankful. He will see to it that no marauding caterpillars fatten there, that no curculio whets his tooth in that first fruit; for he will walk in his garden in the fresh morning, in the shimmering noon-tide, and at the shady evening, and will feel that he has something to live for. He will be the providence of his pear-tree, and a worthy man.

I shall always remember S. G. P., who at last found peace among his pear-trees—a Salem and repose. He was early driven forth, Ishmael-like, into the wilderness, as other men are, and was in danger of perishing: for, was it not necessary, indispensable, to have much wealth, to be a merchant prince, and send forth ventures in ships? To other men, older men, it seemed so, and his rapid energies grappled with these weapons with which to fight the world; for other men and merchant princes were struggling to get what all could not have, and there were many obstacles to be overcome, and much competition. For years he worked like a lion, and knew no rest; he visited many lands and braved many seas, and for what? That he might secure, in his own hand, a larger share of the world's wealth, and so be pointed at as the man who owned much gold. But ships were lost, and fires ravaged, and agents were dishonest, that they, too, might have wealth; and the end saw S. G. P. a ruined man. When he was too old to reform his life, so as to work and not waste his energies, he remembered his father's garden and his pear-trees, and there he went, with a small income, to pass the evening of his days; and there he did pass it, in company with his two good daughters, and in communion with his "Louise Bonnes" and "St. Michels."

To me it was a satisfaction to enjoy his satisfaction; for he was in harmony with his pear-trees, and they, knowing what he wanted, and knowing that he was right, tried to do as he wished, and grew well—as espaliers, pyramids, dwarfs, balloons, or standards. They resisted blights and frosts, blossomed timely, set well, and bore their fruits. It was a delight to see little fellows of three feet high, bearing up bravely their load of half a dozen Duchesses or Wurtemburgs, while stately standards stood and ripened their bushels of Urbanistes and Boscs through all the long summer suns.

It seemed to me that they leaned to the old man as he walked among them, trimming a little here, praising there—and I do not doubt they had as much satisfaction in him, as he had in them; for he fully appreciated their virtues.

Do not think the old man did this because he wanted pears. He could have bought one for a sixpence any day, and have sat down in the shade and swallowed it: would that have sufficed? I

trow not. No; he raised pears, as I said, because the trees must bear them, and it was his pleasure to give them every opportunity, which having done, the trees produced abundantly; and then the pears were eaten, because they had been created, not vice versa. Ah! many think it is a small thing to grow a good pear-tree, but it is *one* thing well done; and I know richer men than S. G. P., who, so far as I am aware, have never been accused of doing even one.

The Dutch doctor, Van Mons, was a creator of pears; and in his hand nature became a prolific inventor. It was his habit to sow the seed, to select from the young those which promised well, to graft them at once into bearing trees whose juices were rich, where they would make blossoms and fruit within three years from sowing the seed; for it is a curious fact, that the juices of the tree which really produce the fruit, have almost no influence upon the little graft upon which the fruit grows. From the fruits so produced, many good pears were given to the world by Dr. Van Mons.

Now the doctor did this, not because he wanted pears, but because he wished nature to do all she could do, and he found a satisfaction in helping her towards completeness.

One crowning use of pear-trees and pears is, that they furnish topics for talk, and are, in my opinion, fully equal to a "Bourbon," had we one amongst us. I have known many virtuous men who grew pear-trees (I am proud to say it), and I never knew one who enjoyed scandal or backbit his intimate friends: the reason is plain—he had something better to talk about, in capacity quite infinite; for are there not Beurrés by the score? But no pursuit is perfectly safe from misfortunes, and pear-growing is not quite secure. Judge Buel once had a package of valuable pear-grafts sent to him from Paris, every one of which was choice and was labeled; but, sad to say, rats had eaten or damp had rotted the strings which bound them, and Beurrés were mixed confusedly with Bergamots. To my friend, J. T., the judge gave some of these grafts, and J. T. took them, as a man might a young elephant or a fine horse, not counting the cost. He grafted them into his trees, and in due time they bore delicious pears—but—

"What were they?"

No mortal man could tell their names, and many of them were new to us. From that day J. T.'s peace of mind was gone, and, it seemed, hopelessly gone; for no nomenclature could be certainly right. It was well for Judge Buel that he was snatched away before these grafts bore fruit, and, perhaps, J. T. was happier in soon following him.

I alone remained, and, in the language of Mr. Samuel Weller, *I* may say:

"I eats my melting pears vithout any names, and gets along werry well, indeed."

I would have my money-making friends, and my political friends, and my verse-making friends, and my women-friends, consider of this thing, and then plant pear-trees, and grow pears, that so it may be well with them. And I would have those wise men who *know* what a little care and kind treatment will do with a pear-tree, and how it comes to strength, and beauty, and fruitfulness, when external circumstances are made favorable by them, I would have them consider what grand results might come from a little of such judicious care and attention, if applied by them to a poor boy or girl now and then, or to a man or woman struggling, in an uncultivated soil, with crowded roots, and bruised top. I would have them remember that the most capable and wonderful of all God's creations is MAN; and then I would have them not only cultivate pear-trees, but also cultivate men.

WHAT THE VOICE SAID TO THE STUDENT.

COME, push on, the world keeps moving—
Press to your place in its restless throng;
Life is action, grieving or loving
Only wastes time, so move along:
"Change makes change," say earth and ocean—
Daybreak, sunset,—flux and tide;
The law of being is ceaseless motion,
Struggle you must or be thrust aside.

Cloistered in yon antique case,
Row on row, the volumes see!
They who list may run the race;
Leave me my books and let me be.

Shut your book-shelves' rusty jaws,
This is no age of cowls and frocks—
Flatter opinion into applause,
And mouse to fame through the ballot-box:
Narrow, the disk of the student's light—
Ample and broad, the bounds of state;
You—when pay and honors invite—
Are a fool to be wise, when you might be great.

Radiant lights, through ages gone
Shining ever steadily,
Still your splendors lure me on!
Leave me my books and let me be.

Golden the text of notes and scrip,
Tinsel and stuff your prose and verse;
Who, in this "progress age," would grip
The impotent pen, if he could the purse?
Wealth is the modern, true sublime,
Press to the goal by toil or luck,
Rapid the wheel in the mint of time—
Every minute is silver-struck!

Ah, my stilly, stilly pages,
Dearer, dearer yet to me
Seems your hoarded ore of ages!
Leave me my books and let me be.

Dreamer! rhapsodist! ope thine eyes!
Time and occasion wait for none;
What though competitors gripe the prize?
Palms worth winning may still be won.
Action! action! oust you must,
Or ousted by others expect to be:
Men by attrition are fashioned, just
As pebbles are ground in the stormy sea.

In yon silent shrine of thought
Lies a wondrous history;
All the toiling world hath wrought—
Leave me my books and let me be.

Stubborn idolater! wealth and fame
Powerless arguments seem to you;
Scrawl, then, in century-dust, "a name!"
Starve, with the starveling dreaming crew;
Die, and lie with your noble dead,
Who win futurity's plaudit note,
To rise, like the drowned, from the river's bed—
But deaf to the cannon that bids them float.

THE SCULPTOR OF ALBANY.

MRS. GRANT'S "Memoirs of an American Lady" have preserved a charming memorial of olden times in Albany. The tone of manners, and the simplicity of life she describes, have the pure and cheerful spirit of the domestic and rural scenes delineated in the Vicar of Wakefield. Equality seems to have existed with the most genuine self-respect; Addison and Milton were the literary oracles; hospitality was too instinctive and habitual to rank as a virtue; abundant game and fruits, and universal thrift, with comfortable domiciles and ample domains, equalized the gifts of fortune; an honest chivalry of sentiment, choice though limited reading, the right kind of family pride, and no casual interest in the songs and sermons of the day, gave a refinement to minds and manners thus developed in a secluded region, where truth and individuality of character were fostered by the fireside and around the porch; the fairest scenes of nature appealed to the imagination; the most candid social intercourse elicited the affections; and even negro slavery became contented domestic servitude, patriarchal in its household comfort and loyalty. As the capital of the state, Albany, at a later period, gathered a select and honored circle of eminent lawyers, statesmen, and divines; and boasted more aristocratic families than any town of its size in the Union. The eloquence and acumen exhibited in the courts, the wit of the banquets, the intelligent conversation, and the deference to mental superiority, are traditional features of those times. Arguments are yet cited by venerable barristers, memorable sayings, original characters, the zest of a new Waverley novel, and the discussion incident to a fresh Bonaparte victory, live in the reminiscences of a few who survive that dignified and brilliant society; and nowhere in the country is evident more of the exclusiveness of a proud lineage than among its descendants. All the famous names associated with great landed estates in New York, with colonial distinction and revolutionary statesmanship, are identified with that old city.

A few superior professional men, and, in the winter, some eminent officials, still give a certain intellectual life to the place. The Rev. Dr. Sprague, with his urbane and reminiscent conversation, and most interesting collection of autographs, may charm away an evening, spared from parochial duties and the labor he so constantly bestows on a large biographical work, devoted to the American clergy of past generations; and at the state Library may be found, ever at his post, the guardian of its treasury of wisdom, the Flemish limner, in verse, of native scenery—Alfred B. Street. To the visitor of the present day, Albany, however, with these exceptions, offers little to distinguish it from other flourishing inland cities, save an influential political journalist, and some notable wire-pullers in the arcana of faction. With difficulty one finds a Dutch house, with quaint gables and broad stoop. A few old-fashioned mansions, however, with spacious front inclosure, where umbrageous shrubs and fine elms remind us of the rural aspect of the ancient settlement, and some lingering customs and celebrated names, are eloquent of the past.

But the bustle of a mart, and the confusion of a railway dépôt, are more obvious to the passing traveler. It was, therefore, with little anticipation of so delightful a surprise, that I strolled forth to beguile two hours of a summer afternoon at Albany, while awaiting the

train, and under the wing of the capitol discovered the studio of a sculptor, whose achievements and history are equally remarkable. Indeed, the mere fact that, by patient devotion to his art in his native state, without the least attempt to conciliate public favor, or the usual eagerness to study abroad, as the indispensable means of success at home, struck me as no common evidence of self-reliance. The commodious atelier and dwelling-house—fruits of his professional labors—plainly indicate that they have been successful, even according to the external American standard; but still more impressive is the fact that, brief as his career has been, and unaided by foreign and conventional appliances as has been his culture, a high ideal, a progressive taste, the most individual conceptions, and an execution scrupulous in its refinements, are Palmer's normal characteristics.

I had scarcely crossed the threshold of Palmer's studio, when it seemed, as if by some magical process, Albany was transformed to Florence. The huge blocks of marble at the door, the workmen in the lower rooms engaged in blocking out from the same material the plaster-casts before them; a young man, of artistic look, giving the finishing touches to a child's statue; above, the clay model on which the sculptor—dressed in a blouse and cap, exactly like those Greenough and Powers used to wear—was intent, his height and air, as well as occupation, adding to the resemblance—made the scene a counterpart of those so often encountered in Italy: while the entrance of one of the artist's young daughters, with dark hair and eyes, and a broad hat of Tuscan pattern, enhanced the illusion. The building and its arrangements were more like a studio, as that term is understood at Rome, than any edifice I had seen in this country; the method, order, and activity, the reproduction of favorite heads, and the different apartments each process approximately occupied, gave the impression of the art of statuary, pursued as a regular and lucrative business, for which the visitor is unprepared. To learn the antecedents of such an efficient and isolated votary becomes a natural desire; and the incidents of the sculptor's life are not less illustrative of the triumph of a native aptitude than of the success which is certain to attend merit in a free land.

The first work in marble that excited high anticipations of Palmer's future triumphs in sculpture, was a head known as the Infant Ceres. It was modeled from one of his young children—a lovely girl—and idealized with strict regard to nature as a basis. The exquisite contour and sublimated infantile expression of this bust attracted a crowd of delighted gazers at the N. Y. Academy Exhibition: the conception proved a remarkable eye for beauty, while the finish indicated an exactitude and refinement of chiseling. Next came two bas-reliefs representing the Morning and Evening Star, in the form of two beautiful winged heads, one with drooping, and the other with intent eyes; and soon after he produced the "Spirit's Flight," in similar style, but of yet higher poetic significance. The mother looks earnestly upon the cross, and the child is full of graceful simplicity—two ideal busts of such lovely impressiveness that they seem conceived in the trance of beauty which wraps an enamored soul—such a personification of the chaste and tender attributes of grace and thought in woman's face as cling to memory and haunt imagination. There are two distinct species of artistic forms—one that instructs us in the difficulties and inspires us with admiration of creative genius. We deem the hour thenceforth memorable when it was first our lot to behold them. They constitute a standard of taste, embody a whole formula in the philosophy of the beautiful and the grand, and serve as landmarks in æsthetic experience: but we no more think of appropriating them, or desire to render the sensations they awaken permanent, than we wish to linger forever on a beach, enjoy a monopoly of the sunset, or have a waterfall at our threshold. Such are the Last Judgment of Michael Angelo, the more elaborate miracles of color bequeathed by Titian and Rubens, the Cathedral wonders of England, the Sphinx, the Campanile of Brunaleschi, and other monuments, whose interest, however powerful, is enshrined in local, historical, or rare associations: they are sublime generalizations or specific exemplars, invaluable, unique, and broadly suggestive. Another class of works have an endearing individuality. We love them, as Desdemona did the Moor, "to live with them;" and would fain look upon them in the familiar admira-

tion of constant sympathy: like Wordsworth's true woman, though of surpassing charms, they

> "Are not too bright and good
> For human nature's daily food."

The first order of art is as a sacred temple, into which we would reverently enter in an exalted mood; the other appeals so directly to the heart, as well as the imagination, that our instinctive desire is, to make of its works our household gods. Of this latter kind are the ideal busts of "Resignation" and "Spring;" rife, the one with womanly, and the other with maiden traits. There is superinduced upon, or rather interfused with these, in the first instance, an expression of subdued happiness, divine trust, and latent hope—which is the Christian idea of resignation—a holy consciousness that all is well, a spiritual insight which charms the heart that we yet can see has bowed to sorrow; and this feeling kindles features in themselves so pure and lovely, yet so human and feminine, that consummate beauty seems to overflow with the sentiment of the patriarch—"it is good for me that I have been afflicted." "Spring," on the other hand, is the sweetest type of maidenhood; the gentle swell of the child-like bosom, the delicate, fresh lips parted, as if about to utter some accent of love and promise, the girlish head rounded with a grace, half of sprightliness, and half of expanding nature, and the wreath of grass, not ripe and full, but at the moment when the blade is about to merge into a head —all this embodies the language of that mysterious and enchanting season when the embryo forces of earth and air stir with the bursting life of rejuvenated elements. The only example of an entire figure yet modeled by Palmer, is the "Indian Girl." The design is equally felicitous for simplicity and invention. An aboriginal maiden is supposed to be wandering in the forest in search of stray feathers to decorate her person, when she discovers one of the little crosses placed here and there in the wilderness, by the early missionaries, as symbols of the faith to which they endeavored to convert the savage tribes. As she looks upon the hallowed emblem, the divine story of Jesus recurs to her mind, and awakens emotions of awe and tenderness; the religious sentiment thus accidentally roused, lures her into a reverie; the crucifix is held before her downcast eyes in the palm of her right hand; in her left, with grasp unnerved by this abstracted mood, rest, rather than are held, the plumes already gathered; the unconscious attitude, the fixed gaze, and the musing air betoken her absorbed and pre-occupied mind; the expression of the face is pensive and thoughtful; the deckings of vanity are evidently forgotten in the predominance of an "idea dearer than self." It is a single figure, but it tells a comprehensive story—the dawn of Christianity upon savage life—the first glimmer of divine truth upon an untamed and ignorant, but thoroughly human soul. Such is the allegorical lesson of the statue; but attention is, ere long, diverted from the myth, truly as it is embodied, to the details of the execution; and, herein, Palmer's success is not less remarkable. Perhaps a better torso was never modeled in this country—it is a keen pleasure to an intelligent lover of nature to trace the sculptor's hand in the truest undulations of surface, the most correct and mobile distribution of muscle, and the almost breathing convolutions of the form—each line and curve, each indentation and swell has the chaste expressiveness of nature. An eye of singular correctness, and a touch of rare facility and temper, could alone have reproduced—not merely the form of humanity, but—what a genuine artist will understand—the humanity of form. It is needless to say, that a result like this could never have been attained, except by the aid of careful studies from life; and the artist may count it among his other fortunate or, we prefer to say, providential advantages, that, in this country, he was enabled to profit by a living model of such admirable proportions. In the face he has carefully followed the aboriginal type; it is Indian in feature and genus—but, in accordance with his invariable principle, the details are refined upon, so as to combine truth to the general facts with an artistic and consistent idealization. The back of this statue, alone, is a charming study, anatomically and artistically; the right arm, so abstractedly pendent, so gracefully wrought, the feet, and the bosom, challenge scientific scrutiny, while they allure the worshiper of beauty.

From this work turn to one of the artist's portrait-busts—of which there are

several in an adjoining room—that, for instance, of Erastus Corning. Instantly there is a positive revelation of character; the brow, alive with practical energy; the mouth, remarkably beautiful in itself, expresses clearly benignity and firmness, exquisitely blended; how uncommon the degree and precision of expressiveness in the eye, peculiarly natural, from the shadow cast by the lid—twice the size of nature—but in marble, giving the effect of the absent lashes by a similar amount of shadow: the finish is so exactly like a fleshy surface, that the hard stone loses its apparent density and glint; it not only has the flexible appearance of life, but that of the skin of a man of sixty. In each product of his chisel around us, somewhat of these merits is discernable; here is a boy's foot which looks warm with life, so vital is its shape and surface; there is a mortuary tablet—merely a sad face, but the very folds of the cap are eloquent of death.

It is this absolute fidelity to the essential in nature, combined with a peculiar feeling for beauty in her absolute relations, that gives to Palmer's executive skill a meaning and a value of its own. He not only has the language of art, but something always genuine to say in that divine vocabulary. In conversation, I elicited a few of the elements of the faith that is in him, enough to confirm the inference unavoidable from his works—that no lucky accident ushered him on the way of progressive excellence, but the faithful exercise of his intelligence, inspired by an instinctive love of beauty. In the first place, he is repelled by the mannerism engendered by too gregarious a life among the votaries of art; he is wisely jealous of academic conventionality; he believes the aim and origin of art to be, in the last analysis, spiritual, and, therefore, to be mainly sought in the individual study of nature, and interpretation of her principles; he relies more upon unhampered observation and earnest feeling, more upon consciousness, than prescription. He asserts what is apparently paradoxical, but literally true; that, in order to make a good likeness, we must deviate from nature. He repudiates absolute imitation, and recognizes in art the truth, that it is not her function to *copy* but to *represent*, and in order to do this, *effects*, not literal imitation, must be the aim. In the instance already referred to, for example, it is requisite to make the eye-lid, in marble, larger than in life, in order to make up for the absence of the lashes, which cannot be represented otherwise; and so in regard to the hair—its texture cannot be imitated in stone, but the effect of it, and an appropriate arrangement, will secure the desired result. To carry out what nature hints, to give her obvious intention by seizing the best characteristic expression, the better moments, the soulful mood—what the individual face indicates, but rarely expresses—is his great object. And is not this, in point of fact, the true interpretation that art owes to nature? Is not the soft light in the eye, the dimple born of sympathetic smiles, the expanding nostril under noble excitement, the kindling look, the heart-born glow—what we really see, recall, cherish, and so identify with those we love, that the bust or picture, that conveys none of these attributes of the soul's proper individuality, is to us but a meaningless effigy?

There is a little wooden house, almost lost to view amid its more ostentatious neighbors, in the handsome avenue at Utica, called Genesee street, which was built, a few years ago, by Erastus Palmer, a thrifty young carpenter. When he put the last touches to his modest but comfortable domicile—the work of his own hands, and the fruit of long and patient industry—he doubtless felt a glow of honest pride, and a consciousness of material advancement, so often the reward of the American mechanic, and usually better earned, and more worthily enjoyed, than by any other class of our people. In the basement of this humble dwelling, and during the intervals of his regular toil as a joiner, Palmer, incited by the sight of a cameo portrait he saw, and prompted by a constructive talent, already exhibited by ingenious carvings on wood, essayed, with a bit of shell and a file, to execute a similar head of his wife; never having witnessed the delicate process, his work was purely experimental, yet he undertook it with singular zest, though with many misgivings. As he wrought at this, in a double sense, real labor of love, and subsequently contemplated the result, the impulse to a higher sphere than had yet occupied his mind began to stir within him; but his ability was not less marked than the self-distrust which

usually accompanies genuine merit, and he longed to test his aptitude for such work by the judgment of one of taste, knowledge, and experience. Fortunately, in his immediate neighborhood resided a gentleman—one of those rare exceptions to the mere utilitarian character of our professional men—who loved art for its own sake, was familiar with its history and memorable trophies, and honored it as a career with the true enthusiasm of a disciple of the beautiful. To him Palmer determined to submit his cameo: it was a momentous interview for the neophyte; his aspirations might be checked by indifference; his consciousness of a vocation for art set forever aside, if unrecognized by one he believed could speak on the subject with authority. "I was sitting in my office," says this gentleman, "one summer afternoon, when there entered a tall man, whom I remembered as an honest and industrious mechanic of the town; his dress betokened his occupation, his manner was unassuming, and his expression somewhat anxious. He told me he had understood I was acquainted with 'such things,' diffidently exhibiting his cameo, and desired to know what I thought of this. I took it from his hand, turned it to the light, and carefully examined the outline and finish: little did I then realize the earnest feelings which agitated this new species of client; my surprise and delight were immediate. 'This,' said I, 'is beautiful; you have extraordinary talent.' Hearing no response, I looked from the exquisite medallion to the artist's face, and saw the tears of gratified sympathy in his eyes."

Thenceforth this noble lover of genius became the warm friend of the future sculptor: the latter's next effort was a likeness, in the same style, of one who had so seasonably encouraged him; and this served to make his skill public. For two years he was constantly and profitably engaged in a department of art in which successful portraiture is scarce. I have seen many of the best originals and plaster copies of nearly all of these heads, and for fidelity of resemblance, nicety of execution, and picturesque arrangement, they are the most pleasing specimens imaginable of one of the most difficult and beautiful spheres of artistic labor. Some of them are perfect gems, and far more satisfactory than most of the cameo portraits for which travelers pay such exorbitant prices at Rome. The cutting is bold, distinct, unevasive; a masterly air is evident at a glance, and it seems marvelous that a hand, previously habituated to the coarser efforts of the joiner, could, in so brief a space, acquire facility in our most delicate workmanship. From shell-cutting to basso-relievo in clay is a natural transition; but the consistent zeal of Palmer might have long confined him to the limited range of his earliest success, had not the details of the work seriously affected his eyes. After a somewhat unprosperous sojourn in New York, he returned to Utica, with his sight much weakened, and his spirits depressed, from a conviction that this infirmity would compel him to abandon the new and elevated life of art for his old mechanical employment, as the only available means to support his family. On this occasion he had recourse to the same loyal friend who first urged him on the career he loved, and he proved again a faithful counselor—citing the remark of an experienced artist, to whom he stated the case: "This is providential; he will now model in clay, and achieve wonders." And so it proved. With the "Infant Ceres," he fairly began the pursuit of a sculptor, and with it, a methodical course of self-education. Having been at school but six months in his life, he began, with his intelligence quickened in every direction by the associations of his present employment, keenly to feel the want of early advantages; and, with characteristic energy, to atone for the deficiency by every means in his power. His evenings were devoted to study; he profited by the counsel and the discourse of eminent men, who interested themselves in his welfare; and for many hours, daily, his wife read aloud to him the best English authors. It is marvelous how loyalty to one source of truth opens avenues to all others; how earnestness in a single aim intensifies and widens the general intelligence; and as our artist has progressed in his special occupation, his ideas on all subjects have multiplied, his knowledge of beauty under all forms has deepened, his vocabulary, faculty of acquisition, and whole mental and moral discipline have steadily advanced.

In one of those rural homesteads, which proved the fruitful nursery of

our first race of patriots, where neither luxury enervates, nor want harasses, with nature around, faith within, and honest toil the only condition of unambitious prosperity, Palmer first saw the light. The farm-house stood in the midst of an orchard, with a brook in the rear and meadows in front; within the fertile borders of Onondaga county, about nine miles from Syracuse. It was surrounded by woods; and the rustic boyhood of the future artist was familiar, at home and under the adjacent roofs of both his grand-parents, with reminiscences of wolves and panthers that hung around the new settlement. On the broad clearing upon which his eyes opened, however, rosy apples and russet pears, waving grain, and a tall butternut tree gave assurance of peace and plenty, and the local features of the domain have since undergone little change. A rib of pork, suspended by a cord to roast before the hickory fire, was the usual signal of a good dinner. He remembers a famous wheat crop, and the huge straw rick, that he and his brother carefully excavated into a symmetrical dome, where their childish treasures were secreted, and they played hermits—finding the impromptu thatched cottage, in summer, a cool retreat, and in winter a warm domicile. His first adventure was to catch a woodpecker asleep on a rail in the hush of early morning; and his first grief to see its head chopped off. One day he came home, in a flush of joyful excitement, with a beautiful autumnal oak-leaf. The pleasure it gave was the dawn of that love of beauty and delight in natural forms, that prophecies the instinct for art; and, inspired by this feeling, he carved its outline and veins on a bit of wood with great exactitude. The anecdote is as significant as Audubon's rapture over the bird's nest he found when a child, amid the grass, and rudely copied from memory. The neighborhood of his birth-place is associated with one of those domestic tragedies which become local traditions, and are often embodied by poetry and romance. Near by lived a fair lunatic, whose harmless life and melancholy fate made her a favorite guest in every dwelling. Her loveliness won an admirer unworthy of her affection, who, within a few months of the wedding-day, clandestinely transferred his plighted faith to the sister of his betrothed; absenting himself on pretence of business, he only returned on the appointed day of the bridal, and, without a word of explanation, married his new love. The shock benumbed the consciousness of the poor victim, and she fell, in her wedding-robe, to the earth, insensible, and only recovered with reason overthrown. "Crazy Lucy" thenceforth roamed from house to house, the welcome recipient of shelter and food, coming and going, a privileged wanderer; sometimes seated under a tree patching gay-colored shreds, in fantastic array, on her humble dress, and sometimes combing her luxuriant tresses—as if in preparation for the marriage rite. Her gentleness and calamity gained for her universal respect and sympathy; and the rudest swain feared to molest the deserted bride. Fifteen years after the catastrophe, one morning, she awoke in her right mind; during the interval she had been unconscious of the flight of time, and her first thought now was, that of the day when her intelligence was eclipsed; she started with anguish at the sight of her hand, now wrinkled and old—and soon remembered her sudden abandonment and the treachery of those she loved. There was, however, no lapse of intellect; but the arrow, so long blunted by delusion, was now barbed; she lingered tranquilly awhile, and then passed away.

In the freshness of his youth Palmer left these scenes, according to the prevalent impulse of the country, to exercise his mechanical skill more profitably at a distance from home. He had always handled tools with facility, and excelled as a carpenter. When nine years old, he had made a little saw-mill, which was the wonder of the village; at twelve, he had no superiór in the vicinity, as a constructor of window-sashes, and many a wooden horse of his juvenile manufacture excited the admiration of his comrades, and became the ornament of their shelves. When seventeen, he left the beautiful agricultural district, in company with two young men, to visit the far west, as the limits of his native state were then deemed. The journey was to be performed on foot, but his companions, ere long, manifested a want of independence, sadly at variance with the extravagant hopes they cherished. Although resolved, as they declared, to return in their carriages, they yet proposed to save the small sum appropri-

ated to the expenses of the march, by asking for lodging and food on the way. Palmer, whose manliness revolted at this want of self-respect, could not believe them in earnest, until, on the second noon of their pilgrimage, one actually demanded refreshment at a wayside farm. He then expressed his opinion of this needless sacrifice of self-respect, and hastened onward alone.

At nightfall he realized the truth of the homely proverb, that "Heaven always helps those who help themselves." Ashamed of such spiritless friends at the very outset of life's struggle, he trudged rapidly away from them, and at evening reached a little Inn, where he called for his supper. As he sat by the fire, another traveler entered—a hale old farmer—who, having refreshed himself, began a conversation with the youth, and, learning his destination, urged him to accept a seat in his wagon, as their roads were the same. This incident made a great impression upon the young adventurer, and he regarded it as providential. The rest of the long journey to Dunkirk was performed without fatigue, and in comfort.

In the steady pursuit of his calling, he remained there more than six years, always in receipt of good wages, and then established himself nearer home, at the town of Amsterdam, now on the track of the Central Rail-road. There he also found constant and lucrative employment, some of the substantial results of which are yet visible, which he has the honest pride to designate as landmarks of a career wherein the skillful mechanic rose to the consummate artist. Ability in the former vocation has been a constant benefit. He recently invented a measure, that facilitates, greatly, the purposes of his art, and refused to secure a patent, that the instrument might be freely used by artists. In this village he partook of the hearty recreations of Dutch pastime, and attended many a "fuddle," such as colonial annalists have recorded, and Irving has snatched from oblivion in his Knickerbocker Legends. A board laid across an empty barrel, to hold the fiddler's legs, and thus economize room for the dancers, served as an orchestra. "Lead out your heifer" was the Dutch signal for a rustic dance; and many a buxom lass kept up the sport from sunset to dawn, without a sign of weariness. Here Palmer married a farmer's daughter, and soon after removed to Utica, where he was specially occupied in the more artistic labors of his trade, and his services were in constant demand, when an original stove-pattern, or an elaborate stair-case was required. The manner in which he emerged from this sphere to that of pure art, has been already traced; and it is worthy of remark, that while the same habits of application and integrity have marked his subsequent life, the spirit in which he has worked has never ceased to be as true to modesty as to aspiration. He could afford to remain silent when a complacent foreign amateur, visiting his studio, called his noblest efforts "pretty," and took it for granted he had never heard of Canova. "He has never been abroad," remarked a gentleman at Florence to Powers, when showing him a daguerreotype of one of Palmer's works. "He never need to come," replied the artist. So profound, indeed, is his sense of the ideal, that the remarkable success already obtained, instead of causing elation, has but awakened more thoroughly his artistic conscience. He feels like one to whom, by virtue of certain endowments, has been intrusted a great mission; he is oppressed with a consciousness of the spiritual authority of art; and while this faith acts as a high inspiration, it also creates a feeling of responsibility—an earnest desire to be true to exalted requirements. This is the test of the artist, in the legitimate meaning of the term. It is the view always cherished by those whose skill and purpose transcend the mechanical and the imitative. It is the best pledge of progressive achievement, the sanction that distinguishes genius from talent. It isolates the mind wherein it lives from vulgar praise and mercenary ends; it engenders a self-imposed criticism, more severe than any public ordeal; it consecrates the soul to the worship of beauty, as the manifestation of truth; it implies an inward thirst, which fame cannot slake, and a calling, too high to be diverted by any material compensation; and it is because we have found this spirit in a native, self-taught sculptor, that we have endeavored thus, with sympathetic greeting, to bid him God speed!

A TALK ABOUT POPULAR SONGS.

"National poetry must be shallow or become such, which rests not on what is most universally human, namely, the historic events of peoples and their leaders, when both agree in one cause. * * Every nation, if it would be worth anything, must possess an epopee; to which the precise form of the epic is not necessary."—GOETHE (*Wahrheit und Dichtung*).

"Motions and means, by sea and land at war
With old poetic feeling."—WORDSWORTH.

THIS is usually a brilliant and a taking magazine theme, and many brilliant papers are written upon it. But here, we do not mean to sparkle at all; intending merely to discuss the matter in a philosophic and perhaps rambling manner, without giving way to the temptations which lie along the path of such a flowery disquisition. Indeed, our peculiar ideas on the subject will not allow us to do otherwise; for the popular songs we mean do not lie very much among the lofty Pindarics, or the more polished fragments of lyric verse. Popular songs, and that high style of poetry, are two very different things—such as they have been for a very long period of time; and the dignity and influence of the former, which were never greater than in the old states of Greece, their isles and colonies, seem to us to have only diminished in the progress of civilization, and to be just now less than ever they were. The older the world has grown, in fact, and the more it has improved itself in general—we refer, of course, to those nations, the history and literature of which are most familiar with our ideas—the more it has appeared to forget the old poetic feelings of the people. The older generations had ten times the spirituality that belongs to the world at present; a curious thing to say, but a true one. The reason is, the world has grown wiser than it was. It has less of the ignorance, idleness, and superstition, in which the men of those by-gone days felt their thoughts grow into fear, and wonder, and worship—that is to say, into the ways of reverie and song. The spirituality of the world, at present—religion apart—is confined to those cliques of theorists who seek solutions of the eternal enigma, and others of the poetic school, who hear harmonies, and clasp the mountain in the mind's embrace. But we have an idea that much of this modern rapture, which spiritualizes nature in a style unknown to the preceding ages of poetry, is a mere jargon, imitated from Wordsworth, Shelley, and the more genuine thinkers. Deep thought and poetic feeling were more equally shared by all classes formerly, and the aggregate of these was then much greater than it is now. Our spiritual poets are apt to follow a spiritual *façon de parler*, though the great majority of them may have no more spirituality than any of the rest of us, reader. For the rest, we would ask: Is there one of the present age, in town or country, afraid of a ghost? Not one, indeed; and the smallest laddie in the school will take a *vizzy* at you, if you talk to him of fairies or goblins. Ah, we must quote softly to ourselves, once more (what the reader may skip, if he pleases), the somewhat hackneyed lines of Schiller-Coleridge:—

"The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion,
The power, the beauty, and the majesty,
That had their haunts in dale or piny mountain,
By forest, or slow stream or pearly spring,
Or chasms, or watery depths—all these have vanished,
And live no longer in the faith of reason."

No doubt, all are gone—either to yon starry world, or the Red Sea—which last, by the by, will soon be no place of repose for any quietly disposed supernatural, after the great railroad and canal of Suez shall have made it a highway of the world's intercourse, and vexed its depths with ten thousand keels, paddles, and screws. The world, we repeat, has certainly grown wiser, in chemistry, and goes at a far greater rate per hour, from one place to another; but, in the matter of that spirituality we speak of, as connected with the love and enjoyment of music, and the amenities of poetry, it has rather grown deficient than advanced; so that we must look back somewhat for the genuine popular songs of our theme, and the influence belonging to them. Such songs are, of course, things which are, or should be, sung by the masses of the people, which express all their sentiments and feelings, and, conse-

quently rank high among their solaces and enjoyments. In the present state of society and literature, we do not see anything of the kind very distinctly.

Glancing backward, therefore—and, when we discuss the genial subject of poetry, we always do glance backward—we perceive that, in those simpler ages when music and verse formed parts of the laws and public worship, the national songs were necessarily popular, and the choruses and psalms of Miriam, Deborah, David, and others among the Hebrews, were also those of that people, in war or peace. David's *In Memoriam* for Jonathan must have been sung in their households and fields, and not without tears, for many a day, while the verses of the Song of Solomon would be among their lyric enjoyments in their most genial hours.

In the republic of Greece we find, still more clearly and numerously, the general influence and importance of the people's songs. Within their several restricted limits, the inhabitants of that bright clime of battle and of song were all more or less connected with the government and religious services of the state, and the number of their games and festivals, celebrated with all the grace and pomp of music, made them familiar with the efforts of their poets—makers of the airs and choruses of their country. For this reason, in the earlier ages of those little states, popular songs and the poetry of the nation were the same. Homer was a singer of the people, and his themes were such as, in all ages, are the surest to win their ears and sympathies—those of adventure by sea and land, war, and the great pitched battles; and after him came the Cyclic poets, who still harped on the subjects of their great precursor—the siege of Troy, and all the achievement and mythology that belong to it—and who got their name from the habit of always writing and singing "about it and about it," in a circle, as it were, with their Thebaids, Epigoniads, Cyprias, Little Iliads, Nostis, and so forth. And then, when the voices of poetry were more variously heard among the Hellenic races—the people still understood and appreciated them; the Elegies, Iambics, Strophes, Epodes, Nomes, Threnodies, Mimes, Symposiacs, Scolia, Erotics. Hymeneals, Epinicia, the Goat songs, the jolly Dithyrambs, and clear Pæans, and that grand anapestic military march, on the flutes, to which the calm Spartan line stepped into action—the song of Castor, the Dorian demigod—all these, we say, the people knew as well as the poets and polemarchs themselves; and the flute or harp airs, in the gay, satiric songs of Simonides, Arion, Tyrtæus, Alcæus and the rest, were as popular—in their respective states, at least—as those of Robert Burns among his countrymen of Scotland. Even the Spartans, who have had such a name for black broth and general austerity, were so addicted to tunes and choruses, that when, in the Messenian war, they asked assistance of the Athenians, and the latter people (who never could resist a joke, and whose jest on the mulberry face of Sylla cost them so dear) sent them a singer with his *phorminx*, those simple Dorians made much of him, and in the end said he was as good to them as a regiment of *hoplitai*—he roused them all up with his music so spiritedly.

That was, indeed, the finest age of poetry—an age in which the old tetrachord of Homer became the seven-chorded lyre of Terpander; poetry meant something then. It was "a true thing"—to use the words of poor Audrey, in As You Like It—and, either in the Dorian, Phrygian, or Lydian styles of harmony, modulated the war and worship, the labor and joyous leisure of the whole community. But in process of time a distinction grew up, and the songs of the people became different from the metres of the poets; though their social and political education still left them fully competent to appreciate the best things brought out in the modes of their lyric bards, and to modulate in their homes and workshops the melodies that might particularly strike their fancies. The track of those bards is, as everybody knows, a bright and classic one; but it would be more to our purpose to ramble into the more uncertain ways leading us among the people's own airs and choruses, seeing that everything coming from that genuine source has a raciness and originality which seldom or never belong to the more dignified order of poetic expression. It is to be regretted, however, that the latter are so fragmentary and so few. The people, as we have said, were capable of enjoying much of the higher order of poetry, and there were among the symposiacs, epigrams, and *scolia* of the wealthier classes, many melodies that made them-

selves popular with mechanics, soldiers, and husbandmen. Enjoying their chief meals, with thanks to the generous gods, the Greeks sat leisurely at table—*sat*, in the manlier early times, before the Persian fashions came up—and were accustomed to cheer their banquets with wine-songs of various names, and, among them, the *scolia*—verses having something of the meaning of our "sentiments," and these the feasters sung in succession, each holding, during the singing of his stanza (made extempore or chosen from some poet), a sprig of myrtle or a lyre, which he gave in turn to the man he was pleased to knock down for the next song. One of these *scolia*, as Athenæus tells us, was the famous song of Harmodius—"I will bear my sword in myrtles"—another, the song of Hybrias of Crete, in which a burly palikar of the old stock says: "My chief property is a spear and a sword and my body's defense, a leather-covered buckler," *et cætera*. These and others were familiar as household words in the mouths of the people—especially "I'll bear my sword in myrtles"—a cherished melody for ages, in the midst of a people fitted by climate and education to receive the finest impressions of poetry and patriotism.

But we know little of the more genuine order of songs they vocalized after their own fashion. The Spartan *oi polloi*, after having taken part in the graver musical rites, were in the habit of "unbending," with great license and extravagance, in their *hyporchematic* dances and choruses, where satyrs capered and gesticulated, old men reeled about on stilts, and men and women alike mimicked and railed at one another and everything else. The Athenians, in the festivals of Bacchus, enjoyed themselves in the same loose, dithyrambic way. In such amusements, which were common all over Greece, the people would exhibit their genuine feelings, and chant their own minstrelsy. But all this old comedy is lost, or was never recorded. Fragments, however, of the Greek popular song, have come down to us. One of the oldest of them is a "Mill-song"—such as, from its subject, must have been among the most ancient in all countries. The *refrain* of a Mitylænean song was:

> "Grind, mill, grind!
> For King Pittacus
> This mill of Mitylene grinds!"

The allusion to the king being, no doubt, grafted, by order, on the old island formula. It is remarkable, that when Priest Ball, the English *sans culotte* of the time of Henry VI. (the author, says Stowe, of the red republican couplet—

> "When Adam delved and Eve span,
> Who was then the gentleman?")

went about exciting rebellion, he circulated notices, formed partly by himself, on the mill-songs, or mill-work of the country, such as would best come home to their ideas and interests. There are other Greek instances, presenting a curious resemblance to modern popular customs. There were several chants sung by people who went about, at seasons, soliciting gifts at the doors of the more wealthy sort—to wit, the Song of the Swallow, the Song of the Crow, the Wool-chaplet, and the Song of the Field-fares. These were originally sung by the mendicants of the community, who, like the gaberlunzies and bedesmen of Scotland and England, had a regular license to beg; but afterwards the boys and youths took up the game, and went from door to door, the jolly beggars of their day. The song of the swallow was sung in spring, on the first appearance of that bird:

> "Here comes, here comes the swallow!
> With happy hours and seasons bright,
> Her head so black and her breast so white,
> And we bring her with chant and hollo!
> Out of your houses hand a dole—
> A bunch of figs or wine in a bowl,
> Some wheaten meal, or what you please,
> A barley-cake or a slice of cheese!"

Then they go on to threaten that, if refused, they will pull down the door and run off with the young wife; declaring they are none of your gray-beards, but gay lads that would do it! There was also the song of the crow, which ran something in this style:

> "Worthy masters, here we go!
> Some barley or wheat to help the crow,
> A loaf, or a handful of salt or so;
> For all are welcome to the crow.
> Aha! good Plutus is kind to-day,
> The sweet little lady comes out with a tray.
> The gods reward her, and give her, I pray,
> A right good husband, to make her gay,
> And a boy, with his grandsire to sport and play,
> And a girl, the image of her mother,
> To bring her, some day, just such another!"

In the Wool-chaplet Song, persons carried the staff of Apollo round among their neighbors; and the Lay of the

Field-fares, sung in Autumn, was of the same character. These customs have come down to the present day, existing in Scotland, as the Hogmanay chant of the New Year's Eve in some parts of England, in honor of Bishop Blaize, and more remarkably, in Ireland, where, on St. Stephen's day, boys and men carry about a holly-bush with a dead wren in it, singing the Wren Song, and demanding money at the doors. A lay of the swallow is still sung in some districts of modern Greece.

The Greeks had also some gay fancies respecting cranes, frogs, mice, and so forth—a burlesque war of the two latter being attributed to Homer himself. Such fancies appear in the modern popular rhymes, especially of Scotland. The Scots have a ballad showing how a frog goes to court a mouse, and dines with her and her uncle rat; when all three are set upon by a cat. The rat dies; the frog takes to the water, where he is quacked to death by a drake; and the mouse reaches her dwelling, blessing her stars she is so small of size. This resembles the nursery rhyme beginning:

"A frog he would a wooing go,
Heigh ho, says Rowley;
Whether his mother would let him or no,
With my roly, poly," etc.

Some of the oldest of the people's songs were those sung, chiefly in the country parts, on the subject of Linus, one of the traditional youths of many localities, who perished in the flower of their age, and received the melodious pity of succeeding generations—such as Hylas, Bormus, Adonis, or Thammuz, yearly wounded—the latter being he for whom the Hebrew maidens were wont to sit weeping in the chambers of their imagery, after the Oriental custom. The young men generally sung the song of Linus, while the maidens chanted that of "Calyce"—the Flower-bud—lamenting the evanescence of human life, love, and beauty. There were others of a like character, called the Lay of the Maid of Twilight, and the Lay of the Maid of Dawning—laments of unrequited love. The latter maiden goes about the woods, wildly seeking Menalcas, and the burden of her song is:

"Tall grow the woods; wo is me, Menalcas!"

reminding the reader of some of the old *refrains* of our language:

"Lady Isabel sat in her bower sewing;
Aye, as the gowans grow gay."

Those popular songs of the Greeks were extremely light and musical. In the Anthema—Flower-song—on the coming of spring, the return was:

"Where are my roses, where are my violets,
Where is my parsley?
Here are your roses, here are your violets,
And here is your parsley!"

Again—among some of the metrical games of the girls, was one of which we have a verse or two. A maiden, Chelone (Tortoise) sits on the shore, and her companions go about her, singing:

"'Tortoise, tortoise in the middle,
What are you about?'
'I've got a stock of Miletus' wool,
To card and spin it out.'
'Tortoise, tortoise, your young son,
Tell us how died he?'
'He jumped from my white horses
Into the deep sea!'"

The foam-crests on the Lake of Killarney, in Ireland, are called "O'Donoghoe's white horses," by the people of the district, showing how true to nature was the old Greek fancy. In another popular chorus of Sparta, the young men exhort one another:—"Forward, lads! haste, haste your steps, and show yourselves more guily!" a spirited movement, resembling the *tarantella* of Naples.

Athenæus shows that the Greeks were a music-loving people; for he says that the various trades—millers, potters, masons, reapers, herdsmen, armorers, sailors, and all other classes of workers in the community—had their own songs and choruses, which they chanted as they labored. These have not been preserved. But among the small poems attributed to Homer, is one called the Potter's Oven, in which Minerva, patroness of the important fictile art, is implored to bless the batch of earthen-ware then in the furnace. Our modern songs of the Bell, of the Anchor, and of the Ship, have had their originals, no doubt, in the ancient lyrics of the sprightly Greek trades-people. The scraps and remnants alluded to above, as well as others that may be gathered from extant Greek works, show that the popular songs of the Hellenic race must have been of a rare order of grace and fancy, if not of melody; and that the want of them is, at least, as much to be regretted as that

of the more dignified lost poetry of the time; because the former had greater reference to the ideas of the people, their jocoseness and genius, than that framed on the mythologies and traditions of the educated poets. Archilochus, Aristophanes, and others, give a good idea of the free thoughts and ideas of their countrymen, and show that much of the Greek poetry must have died with the common songs they were accustomed to sing.

Coming, by natural transition, to Rome, we find that its literature has preserved little or none of the poetry of the people. Indeed, what has been called the literature of Rome, was not the growth of that soil. The curse of imitation was upon it; and its great misfortune was, that the Greek literature had lived before it, and was partly cotemporary. Rome, inaugurated by filibusters, and the wild right of the strong hand, was long obliged to keep armed watch upon its hills; and fighting and farming were the chief occupations of the *turba Remi* for ages. The two earliest pieces of their poetry extant are, the song of the *Fratres Arvales*—agricultural flamens who blessed their fields—and the *Carmen Saliare*, sung by the leaping priests of Mars round the national bucklers. Still, the custom of popular singing, natural to such a clime, could not be wanting, and the Romans, inspired by the genius of the Etruscans, their more civilized neighbors, used to celebrate in ballads, lyric verses, and military pæans, the heroism of their chiefs and ancestors. These ancient lyrics were afterwards used by Ennius and Fabius Pictor in forming their poetic annals and histories of the city—things which Niebuhr considers a sort of epopee, or string of fictions, and which Macaulay has pretended to give an idea of in his fluent and artistic ballads—showing that no mere force of taste or critical feeling can ever reproduce anything like the genuine old poetry of any simple people.

From the Etruscans the Romans also received the licentious fashion of the Fescennine verses and sports—matters pertaining to human nature, and a happy soil. For near five hundred years the languages and ideas of the neighboring little states of Italy had been growing round Rome, and a native literature was beginning to show itself, when it came in contact with that of Greece, and its promise was frustrated. People say, the Romans had no poetry, till they took Tarentum, and the other cities of the Greek colony in Italy, and brought the servile Greek writers to the city. But it was then they lost it. The true literature of ancient Rome was changed in the cradle, so to speak; another was put in its place, and it was itself sent to live in the remote country places, on the traditions, manners, customs, jests, sports, games, and festal choruses of the earlier ages. Then tragedies and comedies on foreign models were written in Rome by the great masters (masters in literature and slaves in social degree), Andronicus, and others; but the people did not enjoy them, and were, therefore, satirized by the plagiarists. Horace tells us, with an air of scorn, how the *plebs* yearned after the old style of things, or at least, a good rousing spectacle with horses and chariots, instead of the elegant imported dramas. Julius Cæsar, and other literary men, tried to reclaim the people's tastes, and wrote a number of amateur plays for the purpose; but it was all in vain. The people thought them very stupid—an opinion in which we are disposed to concur—and still called for the mimes, the horses, chariots, wild beasts, and manly gladiators—which in the end they got and enjoyed—till Alaric came to the gate.

The Roman people had no sympathy with the Roman literature, after the times of Andronicus. From that period, the religious and heroic systems and hereditary inspirations of the people were sneered down by that pantheon of Roman writers we are accustomed to reverence—just as the Lydgates, Chaucers, Blind Harries, Skeltons, and the other old bards and ballad-makers of England, were disparaged by the metaphysical poets, and the vicious and influential school of Dryden, Pope, and the rest, who came after them. Roman literature was a second-hand literature, cultivated by the polished class which may be called the aristocracy of Rome, and, in its poetic and dramatic features, little favored by the masses. In such a literature, we can find few of those flowers of popular song of which we have been talking; though there are passages in some of the Roman poets, full of nature, and the spirit of the clime. We remember one, for instance,

in Ovid, who gives us, in his *Fasti*, the humors of an Italian country festival—a good deal resembling those of a modern fair. On the ides of March the people used to hold a "patron," in honor of Anna Perenna—a native legend—near the river Numicus, where they had tents of boughs, drank healths, danced, boys and girls together, on the grass, and then went home in the evening, as they might—one of the latest departures being a tipsy old man helped along by a tipsy old woman—singing, doubtless,

"Toddlin' hame, toddlin' hame,
Round as a neep, we come toddlin' hame!"

A fragment of a military song has come down to us, showing the simple character of the lyrics furnished by the popular muse to the soldiers of the Roman army. The air is lost; but it must have been a tremendous kind of chorus, if we may judge by the meaning of it. The word "thousand" was very emphatic and repeated several times together:

"A thousand (6 times) men we've slain!
One man slew his thousand;
May he live a thousand (bis) years who slays a thousand (bis).
No one has more wine than Cæsar sheds blood!"

All this very natural and suitable to a warrior's idea of his trade, in all countries. It will be perceived, it is very nearly the *pæan* of those who came to meet Saul and David, returning from battle, "Saul has slain his thousands, and David his ten thousands!"

Stepping over an interval, to the familiar ground of our own language, we shall also find that the greater part of its popular poetry is lost in its literary estimate, and in the end we must come to the conclusion, that the tendencies of the time are opposed to any growth or influence of that poetry—a poetry which shall touch, warm, and excite a people, and be capable of a large influence in society. People are fond of quoting Fletcher of Saltoun's saying that—give him but the making of a people's songs, and he would leave the making of the laws to others. But that is a fallacy, and was not founded on a true knowledge of his time. It might, no doubt, have some significancy, if applied to the old free days of Greece, when Solon, statesman and song-maker, could get up a chorus against the archons, in the street:

"O, we'll all go to Salamis,
The Lone Star of Salamis;
We'll all go to Salamis,
Extending freedom's area!"

and so bring about the annexation of the island, by sheer lyrical predominance—by a fytte of singing. It might also have some meaning in those polemic days of the *Homoousion* and *Homoiousion*, when Arius and Athanasius shook the world with their dipthong war, and ranged singers, sacred and profane, against one another in the churches and the streets; the former having written a great number of songs, in *oi*, for the trades-people and citizens of Constantinople and other cities; and Chrysostom having written others to out-bawl them, in *o*—a musical uproar without parallel since the time of Babel! Or, it might even pass, in England, in the days of *Cœur de Lion*, when Bishop Longchamp, Lord Chief Justice, used to have minstrels and ballad-makers to sing his praise, and puff him in town and country. But not in Fletcher's days, nor in ours either. It was a flourish, something like that of the Irish orator, who said, if he had but a free press, in the midst of a despotism—that is, a light burning in a dark room—he would not despair. He would thus bring impossible conditions together. The press, now-a-days, must succumb in the Old World; and popular song, a less robust agency, has little chance or *prestige*. Song was dethroned long before the time of Charles X.—begging Beranger's pardon—and after it, too, but not in that bard's sense. Louis Philippe, the law-maker, put down the song-makers, and the hurricane minstrelsy of 1848 was overpowered in December 1851. In Germany—the most lyric nation in Europe—there were songs enough, from 1809 to 1816, to do anything in the power of poetry; but the kings silenced them all, proving the truth of Pascal's saying, that force is the ruler of the world. And, as regards those societies where types and tunes are supposed to be free, there are other causes which operate strongly against the influence claimed for popular song. For men, now-a-days, are so occupied by the industries and novel impulses of material progress, and hasten at such a rate over the highways of the world, that the government of song would not have the force of cobwebs, seeing that the government

of the laws themselves is very often shouldered out of the way, as everybody knows.

We have said, that the poetry of the many in our language is lost, in a great measure: but that is not lamentable; for our peoples, not being such, in the Greek sense, the lyrics which have served their turn, and expressed their ideas, would be hardly worth preserving. This argument, however, applies rather to the Anglo-Saxons of the present day than to their ancestors. In the simpler times of England, Scotland, and Ireland, when the populations were small, their festivals, traditions, and wandering players and singers kept alive a general love of poetry, and inspired their minstrels to compose things which Percy, Ritson, and Bunting would not willingly let die—originating those airs and volatile forms of speech which ripened into popular melodies. In England, the publishers brought out songs and ballads, written by clever men, taught their agents to sing them, sole or in concert, and sent the men, so prepared, to vend them round the country. The strong age of Elizabeth was highly flavored with the minstrelsy of England, and many popular pieces—such as Fair Rosamond, and the Children in the Wood—were then composed by Johnson, Delony, and others. But a change, which had been operating in the preceding reigns, now showed itself decidedly. The people's poetry was found to be too much addicted to the benches and barrel heads of taverns, and the company of Autolycus; and the law put it down, throughout the agricultural and well-policed region of England. The population increased, the decline of feudalism obliged the nobles to dismiss their crowds of servants and buckler-people, and shut up their hospitable halls—where the minnesinger, instead of welcome, could get "a blow on the back with a stone"—and the piping times of the minstrels and their audiences came to an end. The islanders, working more and playing less, grew stupid; and the first poor-law came in, along with the new classic inspiration, to make a great change in the character of English poetry.

English popular minstrelsy, which formerly showed better (as we know by its ballad and lyric remnants) than those of Scotland and Ireland, is now considered inferior to either. Ireland, of course, comes into this comparison irregularly, seeing that her airs were expressed in a different language; but, as regards the modern phase of her poetry, it is allowed that her melodies, as well as Scotland's, are beyond those of England. It is easier to give reasons for the Irish superiority, than for that of Scotland—seeing that the Scottish airs belong to the Saxon Lowlands and the Borders. But after pondering the influences of climate, along with historic facts, one is inclined to think the difference due, in the first place, to the poorer and more pastoral character of the north—a condition which favors sauntering and thoughtfulness; also, to the communication with Denmark and Norway—lands of runes, eddas, and sagas—and also with France; next, to the debonair character of the Stuart princes, who largely employed their leisure in hearing songs sung, and sometimes composed them, and especially to the establishment of schools all over the country, and the activity of thought following the reformation, leaving the people a more book-reading, independent class than those of England, under their palatines, bishops, and beadles. Three hundred years ago, the Scots had a long list of old songs—gross, gay melodies, which scandalized their Puritan pastors so much, that the latter resolved to give them, at least, good words to the tunes they loved so much, and so foil the Evil One with his own weapons. In 1590, Andro Hart published a number of devout songs to profane airs. One was:

> "John come kiss me now,
> John come kiss me now,
> John come kiss me now,
> And make no more ado.
>
> The Lord thy God I am,
> That, John, does on thee call!" etc.

Others were of a like absurd character. It is not hard to perceive the effect this battle of the melodies must have had on the canny Scots. What with the devil's songs on one side, and the Lord's songs on the other, their humorous sense of the controversy must have kept music always in their minds, and only the more strongly confirmed the lyric propensities among them. Along with all this, we must take into account the simple vulgate in which the songs were written, making them more attractive and easy of imitation.

The superiority of the Irish airs, over

those of Scotland and England, is, as we have said, generally conceded. The Scottish minstrelsy, though fuller and more numerous in metrical expression than the Irish, and having a more complete and attractive appearance to the general eye, has yet nothing that can be compared, in high musical character, with the best melodies of the sister island. This may be attributed to the distinct nature of the Celtic race—its greater fire and feeling; or it may be particularly attributed to the higher order of its inspiration—chiefly that of sorrow; for sorrow is the strongest inspiration of song. "Sorrow," says Sir James Mackintosh, "seems to be the muse of song; and, from Philomela to Mrs. Tighe, the most plaintive notes are the most melodious." Whatever the cause may be, the acknowledged fact remains; and the old unrivaled melodies of the Irish people have raised Moore to the highest rank of the lyric bards. Conscious that he changed the character of those melodies, he was disposed to contend they were modern and indebted to the floating foreign airs of the last age. Mr. Bunting, on the contrary, argued for the antique dignity of them, believing that the Irish bards and *seannachies*, in castle halls, and the people, at wakes and festivals, possessed full powers of originating them in times long past; and he accused Moore of curtailing and misinterpreting them—just as Ritson, before him, denounced Dr. Arne and Mr. Jackson for a similar offense against the old English airs. Bunting was right. The growth of Irish song was certainly from the mere Irish, among whom its noblest airs are still crooned in the cottages. From the earliest ages minstrels were in the habit of traversing the country, singing its legends, war-feats, and hospitalities; and Sir Philip Sydney, Spenser, and others acknowledge the poetical abilities of that class of men. In the last century, Carolan, his son, Kempson, Fanning, O'Neill, and the rest still practiced the time-honored *clairseach;* and in the agitation and glow of national feeling which preceded and followed the parliamentary independence of 1782, the old Irish bards seemed to have all come back again. In 1792, a grand musical festival of the harpists took place in Belfast, increasing the flushed hopes which had begun to warm the people's thoughts. But those hopes were baffled, and the harpists have died out as a class; though the national spirit of bardism has shown itself still strong in Ireland, whenever the old baffled hope renews itself there.

Taken altogether, the minstrelsy of the old islands—as printed and recognized—is not that of the masses; it is not what the people sing, when they do sing. We should except the Scottish songs, which are generally sung by the working classes, as well as by those above them—being mostly in the familiar Doric of the country. In England, the standard songs of the nation—those of Sheridan, Campbell, Proctor, and their order—are seldom or never heard among the people; and even in the middle class, a lower sort of lyrics is usually preferred; the "Mariners of England," give place to "We won't go home till morning," and "the Storm" is unheard in the chorus of "Billy Barlow," or some such melody. Dibdin's songs were never favorites with the sailors—who have in general salt-water muses of their own, and tarpaulin airs, smelling of tobacco and grog, and all the rank enjoyments of the forecastle—songs

"Of Moll and Meg, and strange experiences,"

at New *Orleéns*, Liverpool, Rotterdam, or Shanghai—rough husks of melody, seldom or never receiving the honors of print in any shape. In the English song-books, you will find some of the finest lyrics, poetically speaking, in the world, along with a great number of the Haynes Bayley sentimental order; a numerous mixture of others full of a chirping or grotesque humor, and displaying the peculiar jocularity of the Cockney kind, and accompanying these a plentiful sprinkling of Irish, Scottish, and sea-songs—humor and a jovial good sense seeming, on the whole, to predominate over the pathetic or the fanciful. There is no English air to equal that of the Banks and Braes of Bonny Doon, or the Coolun, or which excites the loving enthusiasm felt by the Irish, and still more by the Scots, when their tunes are struck up. The concert-rooms, singing-saloons and rum-cellars furnish the people of the cities with songs which, coming from such sources, have but a passing popularity among them, while, in the remote districts, the ballads of Chevy Chace, Barbara Allan, and the Children in the Wood, have a feeble and lingering hold on the feelings, for the sake of their traditions. Alto-

gether, it may be safely said, that agriculture, trade, and commerce, and all the motions and means of material progress, have nearly done away with the popular poetry that once existed in England; and, begging pardon of Alexander Smith and the rest, we have an idea that the heroism of the present Crimean warfare will not do very much to restore it. "In countries of wealth," as Sir James Mackintosh says, "the stream of events sweeps away those old remembrances."

As to Moore's songs, the Irish in general do not sing them. The people of the cities and towns, in their singing moments, usually choose others of a more racy order, and many which express the old airs in words different from Moore's. There, and everywhere else, "Rory O'More," the "Bold Soldier Boy," "Widow Machree," and the "Low-backed Car," are heard twice as often as, "Go where glory waits thee," the "Meeting of the Waters," or the "Harp of Tara." The marble halls of the English aristocracy were bad places for anything like Irish inspiration, apparently; and Moore seems to have taken his old airs to make melodies for Anglo-Saxondom, as others took the stones of the old castles to make elegant modern houses—thinking they put them to a very good use, too. His songs have too much refinement, and too little pathos and simple heartiness, to be popularly cherished among his countrymen. The Irish-speaking portion of them do not know his songs, of course. Some time ago, an attempt was made to turn these into the Irish; but the experiment, with his pointed and figurative stanzas, was a failure. The people did not take to the translations—preferring their own rude lyrics, which are as numerous and racy, and, being without rhyme, are as frequently spun out (by tailors, shoemakers, and others) as those of the Italian improvisers—or *were;* for it is likely the popular poetry of Ireland is now pretty well extinguished.

In our own country we do not see that popular song has shared the prosperity of most other things making an abode in it. And the causes for this are not hard to discover. In the first place, men brought with them to the chief English settlement on this seaboard, a hatred of melody, songs, and catches, as little better than snares and lures of the Evil One; while in all the settlements they thought it, of course, rather the duty of the colonists to dig, build, and fight the Indians, than cultivate the muses. Whence it followed, that the latter received, on the whole, but cold encouragement in the new hemisphere. Subsequently, when our poets began to weave their rhymes, they did so in a mere spirit of imitation; and it is not hard to understand what sort of verses must have been produced by a colonial imitation of what was bad in itself—the cold, classic school of the Georgian century. It was, accordingly, mere British at second-hand; and a glance over our books of collected poetry may, to a critical observer, exhibit the natural results such models and such deference were calculated to produce upon the poetic inspiration of the country. We find, throughout, a great heaviness and monotony of verse—with some exceptions—and little or nothing of that fervid spirit natural to a young and growing democracy—a people victorious in three wars—twice victorious over one of the greatest powers on earth—little of the bold lyric poetry that runs like wildfire through a community, and becomes the music of the people forever. And yet, with those who would make too great a disparagement of all this, we might use the argument of *strategos* Themistocles, who once said that, though he could not make music on the flute, he was capable of governing a great city; and of Charlemagne, who, while he found it difficult to write his own name with a pen, could, nevertheless, either overturn or sustain empires by his genius.

The popular analogies of Greece would lead one to suppose that the influence of lyric poetry may grow strong in this democracy—that, after beating our Persians, we must have our Æschyluses, Pindars, and so forth. But it must be considered that the circumstances of the people and the world are different from "those ancient." Formerly, music and song were parts of divine worship and patriotism—regulating the peaceful festivals, and the forms of war. They were an expression of civilization. As for us, our civilization has got so many expressions in so many modes, that popular song and melody are no longer needed in the old ways. We have newspapers and books, pulpits, platforms, pictures; and society can be regulated on more prosaic principles. It is to be feared that the com-

mercial influences of the age which suit the literature of newspapers so admirably, are opposed to those slow, stationary habits which form homes, endear localities, gather associations, ripen the deeper thoughts, and thus, by degrees, and with a loving inspiration, produce a poetry autocthonous and born, as it were, of the ground. We want a great many of those conditions belonging to the old cotemporary minstrelsies, such as they are. Our popular song has not had time to grow—for everything of worth must grow—from the thoughtful and fanciful modulations of the people, twining itself, at the same time, round honored names and acts, and fair and cherished localities. The most popular songs, as the reader knows, have a certain charm of *name* and *place*, indicating how they rose; and the effect of the Scottish melodies, in particular, is greatly due to it. Names, indeed, possess that charm in all kinds of poety, as Milton—master of melodious rhyme—well knew, and proved in his greater poems, where he makes a noble sort of music with a geographical roll-call:

"From Cambalu, seat of Cathayan Khan,
And Samarchand by Oxus, Temir's throne,
To Pequin of Sinæan kings, and thence
To Agra and Lahor of Great Mogul,
Down to the Golden Chersonese, or where
The Persian in Ecbatan sat, or since
In hispahan," etc.

Burns and Scott well understood how that felicity endears and lights up a melody. A single, simple nomenclature has more power than a general reflexion; and "Lochaber na mair" or "Lord Lennox March" will thrill a Scot more unanswerably than the renown of Bruce. One's native land is very much of an abstract idea. But the names of hills, rivers, forests, battle-fields, touch the feelings, and produce the finest emotions of patriotism.

Our American bards have yet to understand this charm, and identify their streams, vales, hills and hamlets with songs that shall express their loves, hopes, sorrows, and joys—taking care, at the same time, that the names be of the fitting euphony, and not like the *Equotuticum* of Horace, incapable of running in the even road of a lyric verse—by which means they would be sure to acquire some of the *vis vivida* and picturesque attraction of the older minstrelsies. But all this requires time, and a ripening process of thought, which, it is feared, our civilization may not be disposed to afford to the muse of popular song.

"The world seems too much with us, late and soon,
Getting and spending;"

and, in spite of the harmonic example of our German element, our materialism threatens to retard the triumph of our muses.

Our collected poetry, we repeat, furnishes little that the people care to sing; a bookish inspiration runs through it, appealing chiefly to the intellectual. American lyric and ballad literature, before the Revolution, was tame and meagre, and greatly wanting in the most genial inspirations of song—love and wine. At and after that period, the ferment and glow of men's minds produced a change, and lyrics increased in number and spirit. But they were almost all political and patriotic, written in a great degree by Warren, and other thinkers, who were aware that the songs of a people have a certain effect, and so applied themselves to the making of them, as if nothing was wanting to the task but the will. But we do not find in their lyrics anything that young men and maids love to chant, or sentimental topers troll over a glass. The poetry of these was engaged in the service of the more serious and practical feelings. Franklin wrote a song for the trades—including them all, and spun out into a poem. Glancing along the lyric array, the reader is struck by the form and spirit of Francis Hopkinson's metaphorical song, the "New Roof," and by the dancing Yankee Doodle, a genuine people's air. This last is said to have been first versified by Dr. Shackford, of the British army, in 1755; while Mr. Duyckinck thinks it had a Knickerbocker origin, from the following words, formerly sung, as a friend informed him, by the reapers of Holland:

"Yanker didel, doodle, down,
Didel, doodel, lanter;
Yanke viver, voover, vown,
Botermilk and tanther."

Reading this over, we are seized—we cannot help it—with a horrible idea that the informant was quizzing Mr. D. That stanza has an extremely discomposing appearance, beyond all doubt.

Among those lyrics of the Revolution,

we find a spirited sailors' song, "America, Commerce, and Freedom," by Susan Rawson; and others, in a Scottish style of simplicity, by Wilson, who, as well as the lady, was foreign-born. As we write, we glance at Mr. Moore's songs and ballads of the Revolution—all in the political mode, and mostly in the hand-gallop, derry-down metre. In some of them we perceive the rules of grammar treated as scurvily as the tea-tax; Priscian and Lord North suffer together. The best song in the sheaf—a volunteer song—is by Archer, an Englishman; and the reader is displeased to find, by internal evidence, that, instead of referring to our people, it was actually made for the agitated family of Great Britons. There is little or no sign of poetry in the volume. One of the New England songs says, respecting Washington:

> "And in his soul revives
> Great Marlborough's martial fame."

Not Tell's fame, nor Wallace's; but that of John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough! Another song, "God save the Thirteen States," is shaped after the King's Anthem. The chorus of one of those revolutionary lyrics is highly expressive of their character in general:

> "While our sons, crowned with wealth immense,
> Sing Washington and common sense!"

Two things, take notice, not to be sneezed at, after all, by English, German, French, Muscovite, Spanish, or Danish—by Saxon, Celt, Cymry, Sclavon, or any other of those outcrying nationalities about us! But in a talk of popular poetry we may permit ourselves to smile at that singularly solid combination. The song, "Adams and Liberty," by Treat Paine, had a great run and sale; but it was its partisanship on the side of Washington and his high whig school, against Genet and Jefferson, that gave it its celebrity.

Then, as to our later lyrics, we find little that can be called popular, if we except "Home, sweet home," "Woodman spare that tree," and a few others, mostly of that domestic or quiet *Philistine* order, which the gay German *burschen* are in the habit of treating with such scorn. We have no galliard muses—none of the sensual inspirations of older song. Our songs are partly of the moral and sententious order, embodying just and pathetic thoughts of life, and partly of the intellectually sentimental—an ornate and finished versification. To this belongs the vast mass of our lyric poetry, evermore issuing from the press; full of the marquetry of imitation, and a cool, sparkling arabesque—facile, feeble, and forgot as soon as read, because it has no idiom in it of thought or phrase; none of the raciness which invigorates a sentiment, and makes it generally acknowledged. Our verse, in general, is fine, but flaccid. And it is curious to mark the contrast presented by our rough-and-ready democracy—the head of Loki and the hand of Thor—and the affected little voices of prettiness or trite morality with which it gives utterance to its poetry—a strangely delicate monster, talking fine and small: "Tisne, Tisne!" like Bully Bottom in the play. On the whole, though Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier, and one or two more, have written noble and genuine things, our lyric poetry is not of that sort which seizes a people's sympathies, and keeps them.

It must, at the same time, be acknowledged, that we do not give a bard much encouragement to make songs for us. We are a timber-tuned people. And we may observe, in parenthesis, that nearly all the singers of our city churches are foreign-born—Germans, English, and so forth; such is the statement of one who ought to know. We are not given to trilling and quavering. The pioneer in the forest wont sing the song made for him by a young lady; he speculates, with his axe, on the constitution for the territory and the new governor. The wagon-driver in the plains does not chant the fine verses on the "Rolling Prairies," nor even "Wait for the Wagon." He keeps his beard on his shoulder, as the Spaniards say, with a sharp look-out for those devils of Apaches. The digger in ElDorado can't sing, of course, any more than La Fontaine's rich banker, who wonders how the cobbler can quaver away at such a rate. And it is the same all round.

Whittier has written some songs for trades—like Arius, Lorenzo of Florence, Lavater (at the request of the Swiss Cantons), Voss, Franklin, and others; but our mechanics don't take to them. One good reason is, that the happy old guild-spirit does not exist here, where

all avocations and pretensions fluctuate in a sea of equality. The carpenter won't sing a guild-song; he will be an architect presently, or he will read law, or, perhaps, go down to Walker with a chest of pistols, and have a slice of Central America. It is the same generally. The American, in fact, will not rank and fix himself anywhere—but in a military company. *There* he is always proud to be classified. You may call him a soldier at all times, and make songs for him as such. Perhaps it is in consequence of this, that our songs about fighting, by sea or land, are the heartiest we have; and it is with regret we think of the war-lyrics we should have had, if Mr. Halleck had done something for Putnam, Allen, and the home folks, and if Morris had sung more like a republican general—a noble appellation that—bringing Camillus and the Plutarchian fellows, alas! before the mind's eye, as you pronounce the words. The land battles, less picturesque in their nature, are not so much chanted as our ocean engagements and adventures, things for which our people have a strong partiality, proving their true descent in general from the Kempions, Beresarks, and other old salts of the famous Norsey stock. Several of these sea-songs are spirited, such as—

"The Guerriere, a frigate bold
On the foaming ocean rolled,
Commanded by proud Dacres, the grandee O,"
etc.

Another:

"Our country is our ship, d'ye see,
A gallant vessel, too;
And of his fortune proud is he
Who's of the Yankee crew."

And this:

"Yankee sailors have a knack,
Haul away, yo ho, boys!
Of pulling down a British Jack,
'Gainst any odds, you know, boys!"

A few of them, however, are too fine and full of language.

"A sigh for friends now far behind,
A cheer for honor's way,
Three more for majesty of mind,
And freedom's boundless sway!"

Jack never sung or cheered such unseamanlike lingo as this, on sea or shore—he leaves that to the marines. But we meant to philosophize, not to quote what is already familiar. We shall not criticize "Hail Columbia," or the "Star-Spangled Banner;" they have got safely into their niches. On the whole, it is very apparent our fighters have, in every instance, done better than our writers in the way of popularizing themselves. The former put down the British, the latter imitated them.

But we have a popular poetry, after all—a poetry, really indigenous, and, in a certain degree, racy of the soil; and it is curious enough, that while the Whittiers and white lyrists of the North can do nothing with their songs for the people, those poor serfs they deplore so desperately can give rise to an order of happy melodies, highly attractive to the "many" at home, and making the tour of the world with the applause of the same class abroad. We mean the negro melodies, of course. Many readers will remember the *furor* that attended the progress of *maestro* Rice, some time ago; how his songs took the popular ear everywhere, ran up all manner of streets, and even gave their names to piano-tunes, and little boys' hats; making a *volitare per ora* greater than that of Mr. Forrest and Miss Cushman themselves. Everybody has heard of "Jump, Jim Crow," "Old Dan Tucker," "Sich a gittin' up stairs," "Miss Lucy Long," "Carry me back to ole Virginny," "Jenny, get your hoecake done," "Susanna, don't you cry," and so forth. At the present moment, "nigger" melodies are heard more than ever, taking the popular tastes, in the theatres and saloons, beyond the more Japhetic order of minstrelsy there practiced.

All this is remarkable enough, and shows the livelier lyric propensities of the African race, while it also suggests how far more favorable than ours are their conditions of being and thinking, with respect to those melodious results. They are a softer, a more sensuous and vivacious race than we, having the same aptitude for music and verse which belongs to the Italians, and other southern people of the Old World. Then, they live, for the most part, like servants of a family, making themselves at home as much as they can, and never knowing any of the stern cares and speculations that untune the Anglo-Saxon mind. They bound their thoughts to the present, without looking much to the past or the future; and the habits of mind thus formed, under somewhat patriarchal conditions, are favorable to a simple gaiety or pathos, overflowing into song.

The merriment and melody of Sambo were well known at the south, when the northern folks speculated on them and plagiarized them. They plagiarized his dialect, recognizing the comedy and strong effects wrapt up in it—as in the dialects used by Scott, Burns, Carleton, and Haliburton; they actually plagiarized the blackness of his face! The white folks, in fine, plagiarized the negro, body and soul; and the wandering "minstrels" of Christy, and a dozen other companies in our cities, are proofs that they have done a profitable thing.

Mr. Horn, who set some of the songs of General Morris to music, speaks, in his book, of the flexibility, pathos, and harmony of the negro airs, and shows how one of those sung by Rice—"As I was going down shinbone alley"—became the basis of what is considered the best of Morris's songs—"Near the lake where drooped the willow." He also shows how the cry of a little New York sweep originated another of the general's lyrics. Some would consider these rather mean sources of song; disparaging to the pride of intellect. But they rise in the right place—among the people; and it was a merit to recognize them, though the soldier *did* tremble a little at first, we perceive. But we do not praise that sweep song—"northern refrain" we should say. It is Snowball himself who sings; and see what a sigh-away sentimentalist the young villain turns out on our hands!

"Thro' the streets of New York city,
Blithely every morn,
I caroled o'er my artless ditty,
Cheerly, tho' forlorn.
Before the rosy light, my lay
Was to the maids begun,
Ere winter's snow had passed away,
Or smiled the summer's sun!"

"My artless ditty," quotha! But we shall not dwell on this matter. We merely put the whole thing to the brigadier's own conscience, at this present writing.

The north owes its cheerful popular airs and spectacles—its "harmless gayety"—to the south, in a great measure; which is, doubtless, the reason Boston and other places above the line show themselves so loving to those occasional colored visitors who come to them, subterraneously, from that quarter of the republic; and it is from the south we receive the only hope of a native opera we dare indulge in, amidst our steamships, banks, railways, and telegraphs:

"Fumum et opes strepitumque Romæ."

Operas and plays may yet come from the south, proving the virtue of a home inspiration, and strongly rebuking the northern fashion of going to seek it in foreign parts. The south may be well satisfied with her national influence. A statistical show may appear against her in Congress—result of some coalition juggling, which the journal at the corner has explained—if you have only been attending; but she has a majority among the people; the balance stands fair in the cheerful feelings of the many, and the Union is safe. After all, there may be something in that Fletcher saying. We must look a little more into it.

The other day, passing by St. Paul's churchyard, from Broadway, we were, as usual, attracted by the rows of songs and ballads, arranged along a ledge of the wall, in charge of a crowd of pebbles and bits of brick, and guarded by a couple of small foreigners—native lads in general turning their minds to more energetic occupations—and having there and elsewhere made a collection, we carried off about three hundred lyrics of the day—our thoughts on the way home being pretty nearly the present "talk." On a curious examination of the whole, it was found that about one-third of them were negro melodies, either in their lingo, or on "darkey" subjects, and sung by the "minstrels;" considerably more than another third were in the American style; over thirty were from British song-books; about forty were on Irish themes, and half a dozen had moral or religious words to profane tunes. This will give a rough sort of idea of the lyrical tendencies of the day, taking the people of New York as a fair sample of the rest; it shows that the southern element forms a considerable part of our "harmonicon."

The negro songs seem mostly to have grown from the slang phrases of the kitchen or cotton field, such as are repeated in the *refrain*, viz.: "Nobody at home but the bull-dog and the baby"—"Pop goes the weasel"—"Clar de kitchen"—"Dar was a frog lived in a spring"—"Jenny get your hoe-cake done." These and others show the rudiments, as it were, of those melodies

which are, of course, completed in rhyming fashion by "the white folk." As in the south, the negroes imitate their betters, at *soirées*, balls, parties, and so forth; so in their peculiar minstrelsy we find all the feelings and emotions proper to the "white" order of poesy: they have love, and objects of tenderness, hopes, complaints, regrets, romance and deep pathos; and it is a proof of the innate humanity of our population, that they never think of refusing their sympathy to such displays, on the part of the colored folks. The American portion of the handful was divided between the sentimental and the satiric—the former, however, predominating. It is a law of our nature, that young persons and the uncritical masses are more touched by strong sentiment than comedy. In this respect, there seems a difference between the Londoners and the New Yorkers. The latter have more songs of feeling and pathos than the former—a tinge of "greenness" which tells in favor of our democracy. In this handful of ours, a taking title, or touching cadence is reproduced three or four times—as in Wait for the wagon—Bobbin around—Lilly Dale—Few days (of negro origin)—Katy Darling—Old dog Tray (after Campbell's ballad, apparently)—Vilikens and his Dinah, etc. Among them are, the Woodman, the Star-spangled Banner, Hail Columbia, the Fight of Poole and Morissey; a couple of them are in ridicule of woman's rights, and over a dozen about "Home" and its pathos—some of these last sung by the dark minstrels. None are composed with reference to government doings, general or local, though the verses of many of the songs contain city allusions. There are about a dozen "engine" songs, to popular airs. In the midst of the whole, it was curious to find "Jesus Hail!" a parody on "Lilly Dale;" "Loving Jesus," a parody on "Katy Darling;" "That cottage home," to the air of "Susanna don't you cry;" and coming down hard on the rum-seller. At all periods this has been an expedient of religious philosophers and moral teachers. In 1849, Nisbett & Co., of London, published a book of songs, "redeeming Burns and Moore from the service of the devil!" One of them began:

> "The voice that once, within these walls,
> The Gospel trumpet blow," etc.

We grieve to think those poor lyric bards must wait a very long time for their redemption. Two of the parodies of our list, by a clergyman, are of the same unhappy order, inevitably provoking the levity or irreverence of the reader. What would we think of the Eucharist in a penny bun and a lager-beer glass? And yet things may come to this, on that same sage principle of attractiveness.

From our "list," we revert to our main proposition. We find that our minstrelsy of the popular order has not come from our recognized poets, while at the same time the negro-songs and other songs of the day—or rather of the night—are by no means worthy of our song system, as a free, intelligent democracy. They belong too much to the theatre, and too little to the homes, and workshops, and streets. The theatre has, no doubt, been a place of strong popular inspiration; but not to our very industrious and laborious people, who look on it as a thing apart or occasional; unlike other peoples, who go there to think and feel, and enjoy it as something necessary to their course of life. Those songs of the stage cannot have much influence amongst us, popularly, because they come in such crowds that they drive one another out of remembrance. Lilly Dale and Old dog Tray may be forgotten in a few years.

Still, though our popular minstrelsy comes too much from the "stagers," from foreign librettos, and low home sources of inspiration, there is no reason to despair of it; we shall not wind up with such a dull thought. It begins, at all events, at the right end among the people—which was the muse of Shakespeare, Burns, Beranger—and it may yet be worthy of our nation and its literature. In a time of peace and trade, our higher feelings can find sufficient vent in our rapid and vociferous journals; but, in the sterner business of a world extremely out of joint, and the collisions to which our huge bulk is inevitably tending, under the compulsive course of wind or wave, the mere prose organs would not be sufficient, and the general mind would run into the channels of lyrical expression in a greater degree than ever. Great national emergencies dignify the national mind; and, if the stern philanthropist object, that we contemplate a conflagra-

tion to roast our intellectual chestnuts, it may be replied that the blaze will come, chestnuts or no chestnuts, and that lyric poetry is only considered as an accompanying evidence of a more exalted moral sentiment. Benjamin Constant argued that the increase of enjoyments and amenities, without the increase of a people's virtues and higher moralities, only tends to destroy civilization; while as to war, on the other hand, the Prince de Ligne, who, like Horace Walpole, says a great many shrewd things, asserts that, in spite of its evils, it is "a school of the highest virtues"—a sentiment approved by Dr. Arnold, Sir James Mackintosh, and some of the finest thinkers. Goethe says, and says truly, that it was from the seven years' war, and the military renown of Frederick II., German poetry first received its genuine popular value and originality.

In thus advocating the lyre we love so much, we should be sorry to be thought inconsistent, as arguing a philosophy too stern for the gentle theme we have been rambling over. But the lyric muse may assert, with even more truth than the great Napoleon himself, that war has never been unfaithful to her glory.

On the whole, we would conclude in the words of old Anaximander and say: we must sing better, for the sake of the b'hoys!

SOME ORIENTAL ACQUAINTANCE.

FROM the ingenious family of Hums my mind naturally wanders to other Syrian households and characters. The Hakeem had a near neighbor at Bhamdun, who was worthy of a portrait in colors, if not of a page in description. I have already mentioned him as Aasa, an old man with handsome features and a fine presence. He was one of the leading and wealthy personages of the village; Vakeel, too, that is, deputy of all the Christians in the district, and the most conspicuous pillar of the holy Greek church within the same limit. Very grandly, in his huge white turban, scarlet jacket, and blue trowsers, did Aasa use to enter the Hakeem's hall, and, with many hypocritical smiles and meaningless compliments, did he seek to caress and domesticate that somewhat incredulous and independent person; for, our experienced Vakeel, besides several good qualities, had plenty of vanity, selfishness, and deceit. These imperfections in his character were visible through his eye—the worst feature of his face, a small, gray optic, restless and cowardly as an evil conscience.

Aasa had an ingenious method of enhancing his credit for general information. He talked lengthily with the Hakeem at all reasonable opportunities, and pumped him vigorously on the news, politics, history, medicine, or whatever other subject engaged his curiosity. He then retailed his freshly-milked knowledge about the neighborhood, insinuating that he had just been conversing with the Hakeem, who seemed to be quite unaware of the circumstances.

One day he gave us an arithmetical problem, in the form of a story, which he related as an actual occurrence. A quadrangle of us—three Franks and an Arab—we were discussing mathematics when he entered. This was out of Aasa's line, and he kept an unwilling silence for some minutes. At last he managed to drag in his tale, which was probably unknown to the Sultana Schezerade. "There were once three men who joined in partnership for a certain business: the first put in five hundred piasters; the second put in three hundred thirty-three and a third; the last put in two hundred and fifty. By the will of God they gained one thousand piasters which they proceeded to divide. The first said: I put in one-half of the sum, and I therefore take out one-half. The second said: I put in one-third, and I therefore take out one third. The last man then found that there were only one hundred sixty-six and two-thirds of a piaster left for him, and asserted that he had been cheated. So they quarreled a long time over the matter, and none of them could explain it. At last one of them said: in the name of God let us refer this to a mathematician. They did so, and the se

lected mathematician being very expert, solved the difficulty for them immediately. Now, what was the course of the mathematician?'

I need hardly observe that the catch in this arithmetical puzzle was detected immediately.

He had a pretty daughter—this country squire of Mount Lebanon—a fair child with rosy cheeks, light hazel eyes, and wavy, auburn hair. She was a good-humored, quiet girl, much troubled with a younger brother, who, like all younger brothers in Syria, had an inalienable right to ride about town on his sister's back. She studied in one of the schools of the American Mission, and showed a considerable degree of talent and ductility of manners. Her sage father afterwards married her—poor, pretty child!—to a man much older than herself, whom she never liked, and from whose house she now wanders on home visits at every possible opportunity.

An equally notable character with Aasa was gray-bearded Aboo Nasr, in whose house we lodged at Nazareth. A Greek also, and of some wealth and influence, he was suspected of a leaning towards Protestantism. He told us, and perhaps truly, that he had set up schools there in imitation of those of our missionaries. In reward for these philanthropic efforts, he wanted to be British consul, or American consul, or the consul of somebody who would protect him from Turkish exactions. He begged our signatures to that effect, thinking that when he had obtained a score or two of such venerable names he could send them on to some government or other, with a fair chance of obtaining the desired dignity. I never saw such a persevering office-seeker. I doubt whether a fresh president is more pestered by hungry applicants for government pap than were the chaplain and sagamore by this enterprising philanthropist. He wanted money, too, and asked for it. Not getting it, he requested the sagamore to write a certificate that he had given the good Aboo Nasr five hundred piasters. "For," said he, "if other people believe that you have presented me with such a large sum, they will be liberal also, and then I can establish my schools."

But our upright sagamore was very indignant at this crafty proposition, and gave Aboo Nasr nothing but a piece of his mind.

Yet, through all this opposition to his desires, the old man was invariably mild, courteous, insinuating. One instance of his urbanity was characteristic of this complimentary people. As he was talking with the sagamore, the latter observed an unknown young Arab entering the room; and, supposing him to be some impertinent intruder, he rather sternly ordered him away. "I am sorry," said Aboo Nasr, "that the young man has displeased you, he is my nephew."

The sagamore immediately apologized for such uncivil treatment of his friend's relative, and desired that he might be called back.

"It is of no consequence," calmly replied Aboo Nasr; "he is very much pleased with your reception of him."

We were visited at all hours of the day by our host's daughter, Saada, a pleasant girl of seventeen. A very erudite woman was she for these parts, inasmuch as she had learned a little Italian from the monks of the Latin convent in the village. She wore wristlets and anklets of solid silver, as also a singular head ornament, common among the women of this region. It was a string of about fifty silver coins, Spanish half dollars and Turkish five-piaster pieces, bound in a semicircle above the forehead. These weighty decorations constituted the girl's dowry.

She had thrown off, to a remarkable degree, the usual timidity of Arab females. She spent two or three hours in our room daily with or without her father. Once she went so far as to ask the chaplain to take a walk with her, an unheard-of imprudence in Syria, and which, if known, would have brought down on her all the evil tongues in Nazareth. Another time she begged him very privately to give her a few piasters with which she proposed to buy some sweetmeats. Indeed, she took such a fancy to our bachelor chaplain that he got rather ungallantly annoyed at her attentions. On leaving, the sagamore paternally warned her not to ask young travelers in future to walk with her. She thanked him with a rather frightened air, kissing her fingers repeatedly, and raising them to her forehead, in token of her maidenly gratitude. We left her, one of the prettiest girls of Nazareth, where clean and pleasing faces are more common than in any other village of Syria.

A remarkable character was a wayfarer, who overtook us in the great plain beyond Hamath. He was traveling on horseback, attended by a couple of agile comrades on foot. His herculean form was wrapped in a large striped *abeih*, or Arab cloak. His dark, bronzed features were singularly regular, and shaded by a beard of jetty blackness. The gay, good-humored glitter of his white teeth contrasted with a wild, flashing, bold eye, of somberest light. His voice, like that of all the Bedouin, and many of the peasants of the region, was loud, stern, and startling. His gestures were violent and excited, but pleasing by their savage grace and vigor. A grand model for a desert brigand! a noble cavalier to lead the Saracens of some new religion!

"What are you?" said the Hakeem.

"I am a wanderer," he replied in a voice of thunder, waving his hand towards the boundless plain before us. "Once, I was a soldier, when Ibrahim Pasha seized me."

Then he asked us if we would kill him in our country because he was a Moslem. He watched our motions with keen interest, laughing sometimes with a childlike glee at what was so strange and curious. He pulled up his horse to see the Hakeem adjust his compass, and take bearings of the surrounding villages. "What an amusing companionship we have got into to-day!" he shouted in his deep, sonorous tones. "O yes!" screamed the others; and the desert rang again with their untamed merriment.

A still more amusing personage, whom we met in the same region, was one of those mounted bailiffs of Syria, the Howaleyeh. We had pitched in a village called Tell Nebby Mene Dthou, when he came to our tent and offered his services as guide and guard for our next day's journey. He was a stout, handsome man, of about thirty, bold, swaggering, and even impertinent in his manners. Undismayed by the presence of the Hakeem's wife, he marched into the tent, and made himself at home instantaneously. He talked volubly for more than an hour, about the country, about us, about himself, about anything that came uppermost in his turbulent brain. He had a fine horse, which he proposed to sell us for about forty dollars. He was dissatisfied with his present condition, and said he should go to Egypt. "I have a brother in Egypt," he continued. "He has been a long while in the service of the pasha, and has made himself rich. I will go there and throw myself upon him; and, if he refuses to divide with me, I will tease and persecute him until, please God! he will die; and then the property will be mine. Then I will go to Jurgistan (Georgia), and buy me the handsomest girl in the country. Ah! Jurgistan is the place for handsome women."

He then turned to me, a brother bachelor, and continued: "Come, you and I will go together to Jurgistan; we will buy there two beautiful girls with brilliant black eyes; one of them shall be for you, and the other for me. Will you go?"

HAKEEM.—"In our country, O Howaly, wives can be obtained without paying for them."

HOWALY (highly delighted).—"Is it so? God be praised! But suppose I go to the father, and ask him for his daughter?"

HAKEEM.—"He will tell you to ask the girl herself."

HOWALY (alarmed by a new idea).—"But what if she should take it into her head to refuse me? Would that be an end of it?"

HAKEEM.—"Certainly."

HOWALY (stupefied).—"Wonderful! But that would never do for me."

"But come," he added, cheerfully, "I am going to take tea with you. I am not ignorant of tea; and I differ from most of my countrymen in being very fond of it."

By this time, however, we had got enough of his company, and we contrived not to take our tea until he took his departure.

The next morning he made his appearance again, chewing some of the wretched Indian corn-bread of the country. "How do you like that kind of bread?" asked the Hakeem. "O Howadji," he responded, with a grimace, "it pains my throat to swallow it."

He renewed his offer to be our guardian angel for the day, and we renewed our refusal. It was, perhaps, in revenge for this that he made the following rather insulting inquiry: "Is it true, O Howadji, that the Franks put hog's milk in their cheese?"

"No," said the Hakeem.

"I am glad to hear it; it would be a nasty custom."

He mounted his horse, and accompanied us out of the village; but, as we still objected to his guardianship, he left us in a tempest of wrath.

I was highly gratified in Jerusalem at meeting Paul, the famous factotum of Stevens. I was rather surprised to see a dark, but not bad-looking man, grave in his manners, and clerically dressed in black. Paul, as I understood from the two Bostonians who had him in their employ, was very indignant at Stevens, for speaking so disparagingly of him on the score of courage. A coward, he said, he was not, except so far as regarded Bedouin Arabs. He had abundantly proved his general audacity by firing a pistol at various rats which haunted his bedroom in Jerusalem. But Paul was unreasonable, on the whole, to quarrel with Stevens, who had been the making of him. All the Americans and Englishmen now wanted Paul; and he was getting fifty dollars a month, as traveling cook and interpreter.

The curious question of our friend, the Howaly, concerning the ingredients of Christian cheese, reminds me of other Syrian observations on European matters and manners. At El Ain, some hours north of Balbec, on a route not much frequented by travelers, the Hakeem's lady received a visit, in her tent, from the wife of the sheikh, and several other women of the village. They considered her a rare curiosity, and criticized her style of dress, with the enthusiasm of seamstresses. "Put on a *tarboosh*," said one, "your head will ache."

"Take down your hair," said another, "it will look prettier."

"Put on another dress," counseled a third, "this is not good enough."

Here, as elsewhere, they were wonder-struck to see the Hakeem wet his pencil with his tongue, while he wrote. "Look!" they shouted. "*Wullah!** He carries his ink in his mouth."

At Barah, far north of this, they also remarked the singular locality of my comrade's ink-bottle. They furthermore discovered that his compass, turn it as they would, always pointed south, towards Mecca—a degree of inanimate orthodoxy which strongly excited their reverential astonishment.

To protect my face from the sun, I sometimes wore a silk handkerchief under my hat, with the corners drooping down, and tied across my mouth. This head-dress, faintly resembling an oriental veil, together with my beardless cheeks, led a ragged old Syrian lady into a very embarrassing mistake, as to my gender. After looking inquiringly for some time at the uncovered face of the Hakeem's wife, she thus addressed her: "O my lady, why do you not wear a veil, like that one?" pointing at me.

HAKEEM'S WIFE.—"Because I am a woman."

ARAB WOMAN (pointing anew at me).—"What! is that a girl?"

HAKEEM'S WIFE.—"No; that is a man."

Here followed a general laugh, at which the old lady slunk away, intensely mortified.

The Syrians are perfectly aware, even the most ignorant of them, that their country was once occupied by the warriors of Europe. Various questions, referring to this fact, were put to us during our wanderings through the more untraveled districts. Not far from Hums, a peasant, who sold us some grapes, called to us as we rode away: "O Howadji, from what part of the land were your ancestors driven?"

As we halted, for the night, at a rude village, built amid ancient and fallen palaces, a half-naked girl shouted: "In the name of God, what sort of people are these?"

"Oh," responded an old man, "these are Franks, come to see the houses of their forefathers."

In the wide waste of desolate Barah, some men came running towards us, over the ruins, crying to our servant: "What are these Franks doing here?"

"They are looking at their houses," said jesting old Yusef.

PEASANTS.—"Have they houses here?"

YUSEF.—"Yes; do you not see them all around you?"

Another scene in the same unfrequented country. Villagers staring, in great astonishment.

HAKEEM.—"Have any Frank travelers been to this place before us?"

VILLAGER.—"No; not a Frank has been here since the day that they went away."

As we rode through a small village near Hamath, we were struck with the

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* *Wullah*, a contraction of *Wow*, by, and *ullah*, God.

peculiar architecture of the houses, different from any that we had yet seen. They were of sun-dried bricks, plastered with mud; and each roof exhibited several sharp cones, of four or five feet in height, perhaps meant to shed water. "Why do you build your houses thus?" shouted my comrade to a worthy citizen who stood at gaze. "This is the only way we know. How do you build yours?" he bawled after us. A wide awake man that; desirous of picking up useful information. Perhaps his roof leaked, and he was anxious to learn how to remedy it.

The most unsophisticated dwellings that we saw in the country were beside the Orontes, not far from its fountain-head. They were nothing but caves, or, at the utmost, artificial hollows, scooped in the face of a bank of hard earth. Their inhabitants looked at our tent from a distance, but did not approach it, at least as long as it was daylight. We suspected these ragged Troglodytes of playing a trick on us; for, just after going to bed, I heard a noise of water, and found that it was flowing into my tent. Some unknown persons, with what intention I cannot say, had opened the sluices of an irrigating canal, and overflowed me. The muleteers went up with lights, and tore away the banks, letting the troublesome fluid back into the Orontes. As they reached us, on their return, a gun was fired, but we heard no bullet, and received no further disturbance. The servants affirmed that the submerging was intended to create confusion, and give a chance for robbery.

Lest any one should acquire too contemptuous an idea of Syrian residences, in consequence of my frequent mention of such things as caverns and hovels, I will describe the house of one of my old friends in Damascus.

From a narrow, intricate, and sun-beaten street, the vision of that palace opened upon me in the shape of blind, monotonous walls, pierced by no window, and relieved by no ornament. The material seemed to be pale, unburnt bricks, slimed over with ashy mud, so as to present nothing more beautiful than a rough surface, dull, gray, and cadaverous. A rude, but large door, swung on its hinges, admitting us as it were to another dwelling from that which we had imagined to enter. For here, unburnt clay had given place to marble; bareness to profuse ornament; drifting dust to bubbling fountains.

A tesselated pavement was under our feet, formed of alternating slabs of black stone and white marble, smoothed and gleaming in the sun-light. In the centre was a stone-basin, where falling water murmured, forever, an endless song of snowy springs and mountain greenery. On different sides, looked down galleries, whose roofs were supported by slender pillars and pointed arches, varied with carving, and gay with painting. On different sides opened doors, through which were visible dim halls, silken divans, and the stony glitter of other fountains. Furthest from the street, on the most retired line of the square, lay the mysterious rooms of the harem.

But on the left, by a lofty door, we entered, and found ourselves in a saloon so vast and rich, that it reminded us of cathedral spaces and glories. Diamond spots of mingling white and black marble made the cool flooring over which rustled the soft tread of our morocco slippers. Of black and white marble, too, was the fountain in the centre of the pavement; and, forever, it sang a murmurous response to its brother in the sunlight. On three sides of this room opened others, separated from it, not by doors, but by broad, lofty archways, so that the four were one. Above us lay the ceiling—forty feet in height—beams of cedar carved into filagree—painted and gilded until it seemed like the roof-work of a dream. And from height to flooring, the walls and archings were all one variegation of colors and gold; figures designed with strange fancifulness, grotesque stars and flowers, such as glitter in a kaleidoscope. The wooden floor of the three alcoves, somewhat elevated above the central paving, invited us to repose with a show of Persian carpets and silken divans. Over all came a light falling through the many-colored glass of windows far above us. Who shall not dream while he is awake, that lies here in this dim beauty—that sees the blue smoke of the *timbec* curling up towards the pointed arches, and hears the bubbling *nargeeleh* respond slumberously to the whispering fountain? I asked the rent of such a dwelling as this, and was told that I could have it for $135 a year.

PARSON FIELD'S EXPERIENCE.

TEA was just over at Parson Field's. Miss Martha had "cleared off," and only the memory of the rye-bread and butter, the new cheese and fresh gingerbread, remained for solace—"pleasing, yet mournful to the soul" of a hungry sophomore, like myself, gifted with the proverbial appetite of that maligned class.

Yes: tea was over, and I was sitting on the door-step of the red house, looking off over the wide meadows, to the sturdy outline of Mount Tom and Mount Holyoke, now green and purple in the level rays of a cloudless sunset. Behind me, in his quaint old chair, sat Parson Field, smoking his pipe, his worn and wrinkled face as calm and benignant as the eastern sky before us, and his whole air and expression full of an almost childlike unconsciousness and repose.

I loved Parson Field, circumstances to the contrary notwithstanding. I had been wild enough in college to vex the righteous souls of my tutors and professors beyond mortal endurance; so I was suspended for three months, and my revered father sent me to Plainfield, to stay with his old friend and pastor, Cyrus Philemon Field, requesting him to overlook my studies, regulate my morals, and work the mischief out of me by such amount of manual labor as seemed fit unto him. Therefore, about the middle of April, I was set down in front of the red house, with my goods and chattels, and with a greater stock of vengeance brewing in my thoughts, against the man who should dare undertake to rule and govern me—a free and independent sophomore of Yale!

But, strange to tell, my wrath melted utterly away before the week was done. What folly or malice could endure against the benevolent smile, the kind and tender heart, the unworldly simplicity of Parson Field. I loved him like a son; I listened unweariedly to his quaint and graphic expositions of Virgil and Horace, whose most subtle beauties he brought to light with the delicate apprehension of a poet, and the erudition of a sage. His deep and pathetic voice rolled through the sonorous cadences of the Greek drama, as if it had toned itself from childhood to the music of the sunny Ægean sea, and yet his mind, flexible even in its armor of learning, bent to the stricter sciences of mathematics, as easily as a boy to his play. And so it came to pass that, as I sat at his feet, on that balmy June evening, I turned away from the fair landscape before me, and studied his benignant and beautiful face. I wondered—sitting there, and looking into his great heart through his pure eyes—why that life, so tender, so unselfish, so genial, had never been solaced by a woman's appreciation and worship; and, while I thought all this, suddenly the words passed my lips, with an impulse too sudden to resist—

"Mr. Field, why did you never get married?"

A pang so keen, that my own heart fairly sunk before its expression, distorted those placid features for a second. and I exclaimed, before he could speak—

"I beg your pardon, sir; I didn't think what I said."

His calmness had returned as I spoke, except that a little flush burned on his usually pale cheek, and a slight tremor shook his voice, as he replied:

"I am afraid, my young friend, you are not so apt to think as you would be, if you were older—though I speak not for myself in this instance, but rather for your own good in other cases. I do not marvel at your question; for I am well aware how often it is asked of me by the thoughts of men, who yet frame it not with their tongues. Nor do I object to replying, if you like to hear a somewhat sorrowful story from the lips of an old man. I have a tender affection for your father, that is not wanting, indeed, toward his son; and, inasmuch as I think nothing lost upon a young man, that tends to elevate the female sex in his eyes, I will the more readily call to mind the story of my life, for you to hear, albeit it is one of pain and a sick heart."

"Please do not tell me, sir!" I interrupted. "I did not think of giving you pain or trouble. I only spoke out what I was thinking, before I could recollect how careless and impertinent the speech was."

"Do not be troubled, my dear boy," said Mr. Field, using a very uncommon

term of endearment for him. "I am not now disturbed at the thought of my past life, when I review it calmly, only its sudden recollection comes upon me untimeously, and is like the flash that sometimes will spring from a heap of ashes suddenly opened to the air—the last gleam of an old fire; but it is one of the blessings which the Lord hath given to age, that its very infirmities quiet and alleviate the painful passions, and give a peace to the soul, of which that classic fable, the halcyon, was surely an emblem, being nursed of fair, wintry days.

"I was not always so placid and cheerful as it hath pleased Providence to make me in these latter times; indeed, as a youth, I was gifted with a high flow of spirits, and, fearing neither God nor man, I was somewhat reckless and daring; but I had, underneath all the bombastic manner of the young, a deep feeling of beauty and truth, that, humanly speaking, saved me from any degrading vice, or a lowering of my moral nature in my own eyes. About the time I was one-and-twenty, there came to Cranberry—my native place—a new master of singing; and I, having a natural turn that way, joined his Sunday-night class, and it fell out, that, by this means, I became well acquainted with a young woman of our town, named Anne Harrison.

"I was shy of female society, in general; but, at the same time, I had a strong spice within me of that masculine nature that will not see the weak and the helpless left alone in this world, and is, therefore, naturally drawn to the helping of such as come in their path; and, as Anne Harrison lived full a mile beyond my father's house, I was wont to see her safely home, and up to the door, so to be sure that she was safe. I should have advised you that I had been to our academy, at the same time with the young woman, when she was a girl; and, being both naturally of quick parts, there arose a certain strife between us, in which, I am free to say, I sometimes got the better of her, although she was a little the elder; but, the Lord having made man for the strife, it is only natural that he should overcome therein, nor could I ever perceive that Anne was troubled at my victory, as she had a most gentle and excellent spirit, quick of apprehension, indeed, but quicker of sympathy.

"Still, I could not call myself well known to her, although she ever met me with a pleasant smile, until I began to bear her company home from Increase Niles's singing school, and, after a few weeks, learned to go in, and sit an hour by the fire, or the window, as it might be, instead of leaving her on the step. Now, when the summer days came on, and the chores upon our farm grew heavier every day, I was wont to be too tired of a night to follow the sports that I had taken pleasure in before; and, after being somewhat smarted up, as my good father would have said, I used, more than once a week, to go over to 'Squire Harrison's, to have a talk with Anne; and I grew to find these seasons exceeding pleasant, even above my sports. The young woman was not specially handsome, though I have seen many fair pictures less pleasing to look upon than her face; but she was not comely, being of irregular features, with large, soft, gray eyes, and a mouth that always looked as if it spoke, whether it was silent or not. Indeed, she had what Increase Niles called a singing face; for she made melody in her heart, and such music is wont to write itself outwardly upon the countenance; moreover, her voice, in speech, was very lovely, having a cadence for every thought, fitting its expression; and, if I did not hear her words, I could tell always from her tones whether she spoke in peace, or scorn, or joy, or a sorrowful mood. And yet, I thought not of these things separately, at that time—nor of the silent and flitting way in which she stepped about the house and fields, much as if her soul were present, even in the extreme parts of its earthly habitation, and swayed the delicate clay with feeling, rather than thought or will. I only looked upon her as a very woman, being, in essence, the opposite of my own nature, and, therefore, something higher and purer than I; but not the less under me, in a sense of strength and hardihood. I had never had a sister near my own age—Martha and Sibby being yet children—which was, it may be, one reason of my wild and wayward behavior in youth; but Anne Harrison became to me a sister, indeed, in all, save the ties of blood. I went to her with whatever troubled me. I told her many thoughts that I could not speak even to my mother. I took delight in bringing for her whatever wild flowers or creatures

her pure heart and simple fancies could cherish. I suffered reproof from her, that no other living being could or would give me. I listened to her counsels with a sweet sense of peace and pleasure, and feared to unveil my evil nature before her, lest she should recoil from the sight, and leave me.

"Truly she was unto me as a real angel of the Lord; although I knew her to be imperfect, yet I loved her none the less for the tender failings of her nature, but rather the more, since they gave me hope for myself, and humanized her goodness to my own nature, till it excited love instead of awe. But all this time, though I lavished upon her such attentions and affectionate ministries as are wont only to be offered by lovers, I yet knew nothing of the passion called love, in the experience of men. Anne Harrison was unto me only a dear and tender friend; truly I regarded her as nothing more. After the manner of those days, I staid in my father's house, and farmed for him, although I had attained my majority; for he was waxing old, and was troubled much with rheumatic ailings, and had no son save me. Also Anne remained at home, not caring for the company of young men who sometimes approached her, though, indeed, these were but few, partly because she cared not for them—being in that a fair copy of Ruth, the sweet gleaner of Moab—partly because, as I afterward came to know, the whole village of Cranberry labored under the idea that I was courting the young woman; and consequently no one cared to interfere, or, if they tried it, her cool demeanor put an end to the attempt, and added weight to the rumor of my intention. And so we lived on for some years, in constant and friendly intercourse, varied in nothing, excepting that I became continually more attached to Anne, and more accustomed to her society, and she more continually endeavored to increase my goodness and my pleasure, like a lesser Providence. But yet there was some change; for I perceived that her health was all the time growing feebler, and though I shut my eyes resolutely to the fact, I could not but fear, at times, that I might one day lose her who had now, as it were, grown into my life.

"Well, it came to pass, one fair spring day, I was through with the plowing of our hill-lot, which was a tedious job, and having some errands to do, I tackled up the horse, and drove over to the Centre, where Increase Niles now kept store, to get some household goods, and my Boston paper, inasmuch as he likewise kept the village post-office. But when I got there, I found the stage that brought the mail was not in; for the spring freshets had broken up the bridge, over the river at Union, and they had to come a good piece round; so, being chilly, I sat down in the back shop, by the stove, to wait for the paper. Now it was dark where I sat, and I did not care to light the china lamp overhead; for I knew Increase to be a thrifty soul, and I would not waste his oil where I would my own; so I sat still, having my own thoughts, till I heard from the lips of two men, talking somewhat earnestly, near the door of the back store, the name of Anne Harrison.

"'Then you judge she is no better, Dr. Byles?' said one voice, which I knew to be that of Hugh Peters, a well-to-do young lawyer, from Cranberry Four Corners.

"'No, sir!' returned the doctor. 'She's no better, sir, nor I don't know, sir, as she ever is a goin' to be.'

"'O—h!' said Hugh Peters, as near like a low groan as anything I ever heard, while I sat benumbed in my chair. 'Why do you say that, doctor? she can't die! what ails her?'

"'Well, sir, it's hard to say; but I tell you, sir, that are girl has got somethin' onaccountable about her; what it is, the Lord only knows, and he wont tell!'

"'Doctor!' said the other, under his breath, as I have heard a dog growl, before he might spring—'is she going to marry that con-demned Cy. Field?'

"'No, sir, she isn't! I poked that remark into her hearin' faculties in a very obtuse way, no longer ago'n yesterday, and she flared up at me as red as ever you see flannel, and as mighty as Julius Cæsar—requestin' me in putty good set terms never to be a hintin' no sech at her no more; but I tell you, sir, if he an't been a courtin' of her this three year back, he'd oughter hev.'

"'I'd like to show him stars!' growled back Peters; and I sprung to my feet, for the old Adam was strong within me, and not thinking of aught but my own pride and wrath, I was about to use force, when suddenly the stage swept

up; Hugh Peters climbed to the driver's seat before I could reach him through the press of men just at the door, and he was off before I felt how cold the night air was blowing upon me and my hot anger. I took my paper and my bundles, but I drove homeward like one in a dream; for I had received a new light: could Anne, indeed, be dying? and could it be that my attendance upon her had become the theme of busy and malicious tongues? I thought, my young friend, that night would never end; indeed, it ended not for me in sleep, but with broad daylight, that called me from my unquiet bed to my tasks.

"That day I was sowing rye; and while I walked to and fro upon the stony hillside, still thinking bitterly upon what I had heard, a new thought, still keener and more painful than the last, overtook me: was it not possible that Anne herself had misunderstood me? that she had loved me better than I had loved her, and was even now suffering therefrom?

"I have heard that there are men in the world who are so filled with the pride of life, as to boast among their comrades that the love of woman is given to them like rain, with no soliciting. I can scarce believe such tales, save in the supposition that some men have worn away all honor and shame from their natures; for surely the sense of ill-desert and humiliation, that visited me at the mere idea of a love like Anne Harrison's having stooped with its sacred presence to my defiled soul, and found no welcome, was a thing to quiet all boastful thoughts forever. However, I did not walk the field all that day alone with my own heart, without coming to a fixed resolution. It was as plain to me at sunset as at sunrise, that I regarded not Anne otherwise than as a friend; dear, indeed, and reverenced, but approached with a most passionless regard and esteem; nevertheless, it was equally clear to me that she would be the very best and most tender of wives unto the man whom she should see fit to give herself to; and, indeed, I had often thought how blessed a man might be whom she could entirely love; for I was wanting in the conceit which appears in many young men of this generation, and, as I tell you, the idea that her life was, so to speak, depending upon me, had never entered into my dreams. One thing, however, was plain; I loved her enough to know that I had a duty toward her, and I went home, resolved that I would spend that very evening in writing unto her an offer of marriage.

"My young friend, in those days we had not learned the high-flown morals that prevail now—self-abnegation, sacrifice, a mission, and a destiny, were words in which we were not instructed; nor did any wire-drawn philosophy of mind, called metaphysics (concerning which, I am credibly informed, a certain infidel philosopher hath said, that when he who speaketh knows not what he saith, and he who heareth knows no better, it is called metaphysics; and truly I agree with him!), no metaphysics, I say, usurped the simple dictates of a healthy conscience; and in taking the step I contemplated toward Anne Harrison, I did not conceive myself to be a hero or a martyr; but, rather, a fallible man, who must needs repair the evil effects of his own thoughtless self-seeking and carelessness. Nor did I dread either possible result. I knew if it came to pass that the maiden said yes, I should have an excellent and lovely wife, and I doubted not that I should learn to esteem her in that relation, as I had done in every other, although it was somewhat of a down-come to my dreams, of which, as is the wont of youth, I had dreamed not a few. And if she said no—then was I in my old place again, free from blame before men and myself; for at that time I thought not of God, who seeth the heart. So I sat down in the kitchen, about this hour of the night, and I wrote a plain letter to Anne, setting forth myself as I really was, professing my long affection and admiration for her, and offering marriage, as the sequence of so much preliminary writing; moreover, I requested that she should not hasten to give me an answer, but should take three days, at the least, to consider of what I had said, since I desired to know her mind in the matter calmly; and when she had meditated an answer, I asked that she should send it to me by the hands of her little brother, that it might surely come direct. So, having duly copied the letter, in a fair running-hand, I sent it over to Squire Harrison's the next morning, by our hired man, and went to my work, which was now the planting of corn. But I knew not what

ailed me that day; I was in a disquieted frame continually; my thoughts, which were ever active and companionable, now wrestled within me, and left me no peace. Sometimes I pictured to myself a home and a wife; but she wore not Anne Harrison's features, nor spoke with her voice; she was a stranger, and an alien, and I was homesick for the calm, sweet presence I had been wont to live in. Then I seemed to read Anne's letter, and it was a fond and impassioned acceptance, that froze me with a sense of my own cold heart; or, again, it was a brief and bitter refusal, that put barriers of ice between us forever, wounded my pride, and sent quick pulses of pain through the very most feeling part of my nature. Truly, I knew not what I would have, and I went home at night more tired than if I had dropped corn over half Mount Tom, instead of the little meadow. So things went with me for three days; and yet I dreaded certainty even more than the doubt in which I rocked to and fro so wearily; and when, on Saturday night, just after supper, little Silas Harrison came into the barn-yard, where I was milking the last cow, and handed me the letter, I could not speak a word, to ask after Anne, but put the paper hastily in my pocket, and went at my work again with such violence, that the gentle cretur' I was milking felt my roughness, and took her own way of rebuke; and as I picked up the empty pail she had sent half across the yard, in escaping from my hands, and carried it to the shed, I heard my mother say to little Silas, who had stopped for a spell of play with our Martha:

"'How's Anny to day, Silas?'

"'She ain't very smart, ma'am, I b'lieve," said the child; 'her eyes was real red and sleepy to-day, and she looks as if it hurt her to speak loud.'

"I did not wait to hear any more. I went up stairs. I took my coat off, with that letter in the pocket, and hung it on the peg; for, truly, my soul failed me. I could not read it, and so I lay upon the bed, tossing and turning, like one in a fever, until daylight was clear; and then, being desperate, I jumped up, and, tearing the letter from its place, I opened it with equal vehemence, and there, in the silence and freshness of that spring Sabbath morning, I read what I shall repeat to you; for I know that letter by heart and soul, even to the places of the words, and the trembling lines of the upright letters therein, and it began this way:

"'DEAR CYRUS:—Your letter, which came to me Thursday, surprised and pained me, yet made me, for a moment, happy. I want to write, to-day, just what I think, and I dare to tell you all I think, because you know me. I wish I could be sure that my letter will please you. I am afraid it will not; but it does not help the matter to go round it in this way. I do love you dearly, but I cannot marry you ever. I have loved you, all this time, a great deal more than you have me, partly because you were lonely, and not good enough to be happy, and I was sorry for you; partly because you were so kind to me; and, most of all, because I could not help it. I say this all plainly, though, perhaps, it seems odd to you, for your sake. I do not know why I should be ashamed to say it; for my love has not been like most people's. I knew, from the first, I could never be any more than your friend, and I tried to quiet my feelings down to that alone, but it tried me very much, and I grew weak; yet I could not stop trying; I had to keep on; so I am almost tired out now. I tell you this, partly that you may know it is not easy for me to hurt your feelings, as I must; and partly to show you that there are still some people who believe in God, and try to serve him, even in suffering, though you do not think so. I shall be glad that I have suffered, if it does you any good. The reason I cannot marry you is, that you do not believe in such things. If I did not think the Bible spoke clearly on this point, I should know, by my own consciousness, that I ought not to give my whole life, heart and soul, to any one upon earth, who must leave me when we should die. I love you enough now to make the thought of that parting a terror I dare not face; what, then, would it be, if I knew I might let you love me, so taking every restraint from my own heart, and letting it flow on, and into yours, for life and death, not for that other life. I am sure I could not live, with a daily dread of that final separation before me, and yet I could not bear to die. I know you will understand me fully, because you know, that if I am in earnest in anything, it is this thing—trying to love God and serve him. There are several other reasons that I could tell you, why it

would be best that I should still say no, were this greatest of all not in the way. I am different from you in ways that would give us both annoyance and pain, and I should love you too much, either for your good or mine; but all these might give way, the other cannot. And this reason also concerns others. I could not give occasion of offense to any tender conscience in the church, for the sake of my own feelings, nor do such wrong to all who would look to us for example, as to set an evil, and not a holy one, before their eyes. 'No man liveth to himself,' it says in the Bible, and we cannot do it if we would. Still this is not the main part of the reason—that I have already given you, and it would still hold good, if we were living on a desert island. I must not marry you.

"'I do not think you will suffer much from my refusal, at first, for you know you do not love me as you should love a person you ask to be your wife; and this would be reason enough, with most girls, for refusing you; but I am sure you would learn to love me better than all the world, if I were with you always; and I am *so* sure of it, that I have spoken the very thoughts of my heart in this letter.

"'Moreover, I am afraid you will love me now better than ever you did, and in thinking over what I say, you will at length suffer as I cannot bear to have you; yet it must be. For my own sake, and even more for yours, I ask you to please to go away from Cranberry for a time. I am every day growing weaker with the milder weather, and I shall have no peace, if I think you are close by and I cannot see you; for you must not come here again. Please go away! I do not think I shall die; for I know God never made any of his children to be the helpless prey of one affection. Time and patience will cure me: I shall be better when you are gone. I need not tell you that I shall never marry anybody else; you know I am not made that way. I shall always love you, even when I get well, and never, never, forget to pray for you. I think it would be better if you could forget me; but I know you cannot. I hope and believe that God will bring us both to heaven, and till that time, even if I never see you, I shall be, as I am now,

"'Yours truly,

"'ANNE HARRISON.'

"Oh dear!" said Parson Field, after a brief pause, in which he choked once or twice, through the effort to speak, and, at last, uttered only that pitiful and helpless exclamation. "My young friend, when I had finished that letter, I thought I had become blind, for everything seemed so dark. I sat in my chair, like a person stunned with a great blow, and all my thoughts were in such a maze, that when some blossom leaves from the cherry-tree blew in at my window, I stooped to pick them up, and lay them to my parched lips, for I thought it was snow. I felt only wintry. What Anne had said was true, now, regarding what might have been. I came, for the first time, to the knowledge of myself. I began to know that I had held her image within me, and compared every other by that pure touch-stone, till there was no place found for another beside it. I did not love her with the wild and fitful passion of youth, but with such calmness and depth as we see in the quiet flowing of a strong river, that maketh not, in its out-going, one-tenth part of the turmoil wherewith a mountain brook pours itself headlong. My life was suddenly disappointed, my purposes were, indeed, broken off, and I could not even have the support of pride or anger; for the simplicity of her words was like the presence of a little innocent child, a divine candor, such as an angel might speak with, but utterly silencing to human wrath or rebellion. I was dumb. I opened not my mouth, though I knew not then that it was God who did the thing."

"Why didn't you try again, sir?" exclaimed I, utterly carried away by my sympathy and interest.

"My young friend," said Mr. Field, as gravely and reprovingly as if I had been profane, "you do not know Anne Harrison. I knew that what she had said was as final as a decree of Providence, indeed, it was one to her; and, although she was as gentle and tender in her affections as the most loving child, she was singularly framed in one respect, being as firm, upon a matter of duty, as if her whole nature were stone, and had a table of the law graven thereupon. No. I knew better than to attempt to shake her constancy, nor should I have held her in such respect and honor, had I believed it possible: believe me, there never was a man made who did not love the woman, to whom he

offered marriage, all the better for proving to him her faithful and unswerving love of right. She who is true to God, will be true to man; it is an unfailing verity. Well, I put my worldly possessions together, and having seen my father well settled with a trustworthy hired man and his wife to take care of the farm, and relieve my mother of some labor, I went off to Ohio, leaving a note for Anne in these words:

"'Good-by, dear, dear Anne; you were right about all of it.

"'Yours always,

"'C. P. F.'

"I remained in Ohio upwards of two years, striving to drive away, by bodily exercise, the pains within. I heard from home once in many months; for the land was not as it is now, but was newly-settled, not all civilized. However, I heard always that Anne was getting slowly better, and after eighteen months my mother wrote that she seemed almost well, and I was truly glad; for I knew then that time and my absence had given her control of herself again, and I felt assured, even as the king did concerning Daniel, that the God whom she worshiped would not forsake her. Now, about this time I had occasion to go across the Ohio country some sixty miles, on horseback, by unfrequented and new roads, so it was no strange thing that I should lose my way; indeed, I was busily thinking of Anne, for she was never out of my thoughts now when I was alone, and so my horse took his own way, and presently I found myself near the ford of a creek that was strange unto me; and having crossed it, I came presently unto a fair oak-opening, and a little prairie beyond, which was sprinkled with the white tents of a camp-meeting. I got off my horse and tied him to a tree, while I went forward to gather some instructions concerning the right way to my destination; but as I reached the camp I found the assembly all at prayer, and I could not interrupt them. There was a strange fervor and simplicity about the old Methodist preacher who conducted those services. More than once his direct and earnest speech made me to think of Anne; but soon I was too much absorbed in the discourse which followed upon the prayer to note any resemblances. And there, in the wilderness, I was visited of the Lord. I think, my young friend, there is a certain degree of sacrilege in the common talk of many truly Christian persons, concerning their religious experience. I believe it is necessary, at times, to recount it for the benefit of others; but no lesser motives should induce us to unveil the holy of holies within. Suffice it to say, I went on my journey after two days, a changed man, rejoicing, even as Simeon did, to have seen his salvation; and yet never once in that time did the thought of Anne Harrison come to me. I had been so absorbed in the new world of feeling, that I truly forgot her whose saintly prayers were now answered. And even when I returned to mine own hut upon the edge of the river, I dwelt there a month before I permitted myself to think that there was new hope in my life, that now I might obtain the great blessing I had lost. And now, indeed, my love for Anne strengthened daily; for I perceived, as if with another sight, the excellence of her character, and its faith and patience, even unto the martyr's spirit. And as I meditated there in the solitude of the forests, I became like an unfledged bird that pineth for wings. So, as the summer heats drew nigh, I even sold out to the next squatter my cabin and its furniture, and paid him to carry me as far as the nearest stage-town, that I might get on my way home. I rode after that three days and three nights, in my zeal to reach my own country and my father's house; and by an inscrutable Providence, as the last of these stage-rides was near to its end, the vehicle broke down some ten miles from Cranberry, about eleven o'clock in the evening, and after an hour or two of vain attempts to set the coach up, the passengers dispersed for the nearest shelter, but as it was a fair moonlight night, and I something impatient of delay, I shouldered my small knapsack and footed it over the hills toward Cranberry. Truly, never did a night seem so long or a way so endless unto me before. It was just dawn as I ascended the high hill which overlooks Cranberry from the west. I well remember how my heart failed me when I saw the village lying silent as the grave itself at my feet. It was ten weeks since I had heard from home—what might not have happened in that time? I looked eastward over the rolling country that stretched away to the valley of the Connecticut, now clothed in the deepest green of summer, and

drinking of still waters and heavenly dew. There was no cloud in the deep, saffron-colored sky, but just where its prophecying gold melted into the blue ether, hung, lonely and calm, the faithful morning star. I gazed upon this day-spring, remembering who it was that had called Himself by that name, till I was also calm; and turning from my place of rest, I sought the well-known path, and was soon once more at home beside my mother's chair. Well, time hath had its power over me, doubtless, but, old as I am, I cannot now recall that day with firmness, or speak of it with ease. Let it be enough for me to tell you that I had returned in vain. Anne, my Anne, had been with her sister saints in glory for many days! Yet I was spared one pain that would have been keener than all—the thought that she had died as I left her, striving to stifle her own heart, and so dying with it.

"No—she was in the right in all she had said. Time and patience and her simple faith had conquered. She was well and cheerful, doing good unto all as she had opportunity, when an epidemic fever that raged among the poor in a settlement called the Flats, a mile below Cranberry, had smitten her in her very labors of love among those poor, and she died after ten days of pain and delirium.

"Of course she had left no letter for me; but her reason returning for a few hours before death, she sent for my mother, and told her to say she had loved me to the last, and should look for me in heaven; adding: 'Do not be anxious for Cyrus, Mrs. Field, he will make you a happy mother yet—for I know that God has heard me. Tell him that I said so.' And then, having kissed my mother tenderly, she clasped her hands and closed her eyes with a smile that faded no more, but shone even within the coffin-lid, where my mother next beheld the sweet and peaceful face I should never see again till the resurrection morning. Oh, my dear young friend, those were days not to be recalled. The arrows of the Almighty drank up my spirit, and I fainted at his reproof. Also, my flesh failed, and I lay some weeks in a fever of the brain, from which I recovered by divine help, a sobered and chastened man.

"Now I perceived inwardly that I had a call to the ministry, and though I was somewhat past the usual age, I yet commenced my studies directly, and found a slight relief from present sorrow in preparing myself for the college course, as well as in its diligent pursuit. Forty and five years have I been a minister of the Lord, and many women have passed before mine eyes, fair to look upon, and adorned with the graces of the spirit, but none were like her, though for her sake I held them in honor. She had gifts and graces in equal measure, but her heart was greater than all. And I think of her whenever I think of heaven, as of one who hath found her native country, and will show me the streets thereof if I possess my soul in patience till the good time draweth nigh."

The moonlight fell upon Parson Field's uplifted and fervent face, shining like a halo in his scanty silver hair, as he concluded this story of a life. I could not speak, nor did he break the silence. We sat together, embraced alike by the past and the future, dumb with excess of emotion and thought.

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APRIL.

A TIMID, blushing maiden,
With downcast, tearful eyes,
In her hand an opening rosebud,
Perfumed by dewy sighs.

Oft advancing, oft retreating,
She has won our heart the while,
And we cannot choose but love her
For her tear-drop and her smile.

offered marriage, all the better for proving to him her faithful and unswerving love of right. She who is true to God, will be true to man; it is an unfailing verity. Well, I put my worldly possessions together, and having seen my father well settled with a trustworthy hired man and his wife to take care of the farm, and relieve my mother of some labor, I went off to Ohio, leaving a note for Anne in these words:

"'Good-by, dear, dear Anne; you were right about all of it.

"'Yours always,

"'C. P. F.'

"I remained in Ohio upwards of two years, striving to drive away, by bodily exercise, the pains within. I heard from home once in many months; for the land was not as it is now, but was newly-settled, not all civilized. However, I heard always that Anne was getting slowly better, and after eighteen months my mother wrote that she seemed almost well, and I was truly glad; for I knew then that time and my absence had given her control of herself again, and I felt assured, even as the king did concerning Daniel, that the God whom she worshiped would not forsake her. Now, about this time I had occasion to go across the Ohio country some sixty miles, on horseback, by unfrequented and new roads, so it was no strange thing that I should lose my way; indeed, I was busily thinking of Anne, for she was never out of my thoughts now when I was alone, and so my horse took his own way, and presently I found myself near the ford of a creek that was strange unto me; and having crossed it, I came presently unto a fair oak-opening, and a little prairie beyond, which was sprinkled with the white tents of a camp-meeting. I got off my horse and tied him to a tree, while I went forward to gather some instructions concerning the right way to my destination; but as I reached the camp I found the assembly all at prayer, and I could not interrupt them. There was a strange fervor and simplicity about the old Methodist preacher who conducted those services. More than once his direct and earnest speech made me to think of Anne; but soon I was too much absorbed in the discourse which followed upon the prayer to note any resemblances. And there, in the wilderness, I was visited of the Lord. I think, my young friend, there is a certain degree of sacrilege in the common talk of many truly Christian persons, concerning their religious experience. I believe it is necessary, at times, to recount it for the benefit of others; but no lesser motives should induce us to unveil the holy of holies within. Suffice it to say, I went on my journey after two days, a changed man, rejoicing, even as Simeon did, to have seen his salvation; and yet never once in that time did the thought of Anne Harrison come to me. I had been so absorbed in the new world of feeling, that I truly forgot her whose saintly prayers were now answered. And even when I returned to mine own hut upon the edge of the river, I dwelt there a month before I permitted myself to think that there was new hope in my life, that now I might obtain the great blessing I had lost. And now, indeed, my love for Anne strengthened daily; for I perceived, as if with another sight, the excellence of her character, and its faith and patience, even unto the martyr's spirit. And as I meditated there in the solitude of the forests, I became like an unfledged bird that pineth for wings. So, as the summer heats drew nigh, I even sold out to the next squatter my cabin and its furniture, and paid him to carry me as far as the nearest stage-town, that I might get on my way home. I rode after that three days and three nights, in my zeal to reach my own country and my father's house; and by an inscrutable Providence, as the last of these stage-rides was near to its end, the vehicle broke down some ten miles from Cranberry, about eleven o'clock in the evening, and after an hour or two of vain attempts to set the coach up, the passengers dispersed for the nearest shelter, but as it was a fair moonlight night, and I something impatient of delay, I shouldered my small knapsack and footed it over the hills toward Cranberry. Truly, never did a night seem so long or a way so endless unto me before. It was just dawn as I ascended the high hill which overlooks Cranberry from the west. I well remember how my heart failed me when I saw the village lying silent as the grave itself at my feet. It was ten weeks since I had heard from home—what might not have happened in that time? I looked eastward over the rolling country that stretched away to the valley of the Connecticut, now clothed in the deepest green of summer, and

drinking of still waters and heavenly dew. There was no cloud in the deep, saffron-colored sky, but just where its propheeying gold melted into the blue ether, hung, lonely and calm, the faithful morning star. I gazed upon this day-spring, remembering who it was that had called Himself by that name, till I was also calm; and turning from my place of rest, I sought the well-known path, and was soon once more at home beside my mother's chair. Well, time hath had its power over me, doubtless, but, old as I am, I cannot now recall that day with firmness, or speak of it with ease. Let it be enough for me to tell you that I had returned in vain. Anne, my Anne, had been with her sister saints in glory for many days! Yet I was spared one pain that would have been keener than all—the thought that she had died as I left her, striving to stifle her own heart, and so dying with it.

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THE REAL QUESTION.

THE recent exciting and protracted contest, as to the organization of Congress, was significant, in more respects than one. It was a topical symptom of a general state, showing a large amount of derangement, and yet a tendency to recuperation.

We saw the representatives of the people brought to a complete deadlock by the antagonism of parties, each pulling a different way, with no one strong enough to prevail, and no two seemingly ready to coalesce. For two months, nearly, the usual course of legislation was suspended on the settlement of a preliminary dispute as to the Speakership. Yet the House of Representatives was never more truly representative than in this temporary paralysis of its functions; for the whole nation is in pretty nearly the same predicament. Its politics are decussated, if we may use the expression, not by well-defined parties, but by numerous opposing factions. Their conflicts, but for the seriousness of the subjects involved, would exhibit as droll a spectacle as Marryatt describes in his triangular duel. The Republicans, taking a pistol in either hand, fire away at the Democrats and the Americans; the Americans, doing the same, fire at the Republicans and the Democrats; while the Democrats, again, discharge their pieces at the Americans and the Republicans. Everybody shoots at everybody else; and everybody, let him aim in whatever direction he will, is sure to aim at an enemy, who is also aiming at him, thus rendering the exposure equal, and the chances of sudden disaster somewhat even. It was evident, however, during the struggle in the House, in spite of the seeming and superficial differences of opinion among the several factions, that there was, radically, but a single issue. Each member felt, as he gave his vote for this or that candidate, though he was not always ready to avow it, that the turning-point of all was, the question of slavery. All the other questions, which may have operated in forming little knots of voters, were incidental, or aside, like the small eddies which whirl about in the very current of the principal vortex. Banks and Aiken were the leaders of the hosts between which the real battle was fought, while they who shouted for Fuller, Zollikoffer, and what not, were only deserters from the main ranks, or camp-followers and marplots.

Nor were leaders ever chosen with more instinctive wisdom, considering the peculiarity of their relations to this predominant issue. Mr. Banks was a man of the people, who had risen by his own efforts from an humble mechanical occupation to a high political office; while Mr. Aiken was a slaveholder, one of the wealthiest of his class, endowed with all the better qualities of that class, and as sincere as he was strong in his geographical convictions. Mr. Banks represented the state of Massachusetts—itself the best example of a free condition of society to be found on the face of the earth; while Mr. Aiken represented South Carolina—long distinguished as the ablest exponent of both the opinions and the influences of the slave-civilization. In these, their champions, therefore, the two social systems of the North and South were pitted against each other, and, for the first time so openly and directly, in the history of our national existence.

In the same way, the nation, in the midst of the parties and agitations by which it is distracted, recognizes the fundamental and vital question to be that of slavery. Wink it out of sight as we may, or complicate it as we may, it can not be disguised, that slavery is the single real element of party divisions. Openly or secretly, it controls the action of all parties. They come together, as in the case of the Americans, for other ostensible purposes; but before they separate, are fiercely at loggerheads about this matter. Every ancient party-organization has been sundered by it, and their members, in forming new party ties, are almost exclusively controlled by it. The first condition they enact, before joining any body is, that it should think thus and so of the slavery question.

But what is the slavery question? What is the real issue at the bottom of the excitement which gathers about this word slavery, as a nucleus? Let us answer, in the first place, that it is not a question as to the merits of slavery in

itself, or rather in its adaptation to those communities in which it already exists. With the exception of a certain class of philanthropists, who conceive it their duty to wage war against every form of what they deem injustice everywhere, we know of no class in this country who wish to interfere with those communities. At any rate, there is no distinct or formidable political party professing such an object. A great many individuals at the North, as freemen, not indifferent to the cause of humanity, claim the right to consider and criticize Southern society, just as they do the various societies of Europe and Asia. But the great body of the people have never evinced any aggressive disposition beyond that, and are willing to leave the practical treatment of slavery, in the states, to those who know its evils, and are to be presumed best able to devise a remedy. What concerns them solely and exclusively is, the relation of slavery to their own interests and responsibilities. It might be conceded that the peculiar socialism of the South is the best for it, under the circumstances, that human wisdom can conceive; or, that it has the divine sanction—being equally beneficial to the white and black races, without touching the marrow of our public dispute.

For the real question, let us remark, in the second place, arises out of the struggle of two incompatible orders of civilization for the mastery of a common field. It has fallen to the lot of this country to make the attempt to confederate a series of states, separated by two distinct social systems; and, though the attempt is not impracticable in itself, nor was it impracticable under the original conditions, nor is yet impracticable, could these conditions be adhered to—the actual working of the experiment has developed a broad and serious antagonism. The evidences of a latent difference have appeared, from time to time, from the beginning; but they were adjusted by our wise statesmen of the past, as they appeared, on the principle of peaceful compromise. In a late fatal and perfidious hour, however, that principle was flung to the winds, and the elements of discord left to the chance of a hand-to-hand encounter. As the first result of the abandonment, the western breezes brought to our ears, from the plains of Kansas, murmurs of warlike preparations; even as we write,

> "From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night,
> The hum of either army stilly sounds;"

and long before our article shall be read, perhaps, the din of civil war will have broken the distant solitudes.

The controversy, between what may be termed our Northern and Southern civilizations, presents two aspects: first, whether the influences of the one or the other shall predominate in the federal government; and, secondly, whether the one or the other of these influences shall prevail in the organization of new territories. Virtually, these questions are one; for whichever side succeeds in regard to the first point, will be sure to succeed in regard to the second, and *vice versa*.

As to the first aspect of it, we are all aware what the facts of the case have been hitherto; we are all aware, that for many years the interests of slavery have carried the day completely, in nearly every department of the national government. The executive has always inclined to that side, and so has the judiciary, and, with occasional exceptions, both branches of the legislature. It came to such a pass, indeed, at last, that no man, whatever his capacities or claims, who was in the least adverse to that interest, was allowed to hold the lowest office of profit or honor under the general government, and much less to achieve any of its higher places. It is true, at this hour, that the most illustrious poet of his country, that its most illustrious historian, that its most illustrious philosopher, that its most illustrious novelist (were she a man) could not be made a gate-keeper of the public grounds at Washington, if he desired to be; and that for the simple reason, that having formed a different theory of social life from the one which obtains at the South, he has been honest enough to express it. Even the most eminent statesmen of former days, our Jeffersons, our Franklins, our Jays, and our Adamses, could they arise from their graves, and write what they once wrote, would be excluded forever from political employment. Thus, the men of the North, who are born to freedom, who are cradled to rest by the songs of its surges as they roll in from the lakes and oceans, who inhale it with every breath blown from their eternal hills, and who,

should they fail to extol it, would be recreant to the earliest and deepest inspirations of their lives, are begirt by an intolerance more exclusive than that which disgraced the ostracism of the Athenian demos, or the interdicts of the mediæval papacy. The men of New England, and New York, of Ohio, and Wisconsin, are yet called upon to adopt the peculiar sentiments of the men of Georgia, and Texas, or at least to hold their tongues from the temerity of criticism or disapproval, on pain of political banishment. Let them but once whisper abroad any disparagement of slavery, though it were in the friendliest tone, with the sincerest convictions, under an earnest and conscientious sense of its important bearings, and straightway they are marked men. Now, against this they contend and protest; it is a dictation so arrogant, that to submit to it would be to deserve it; and every impulse of self-respect, honor, and liberty prompts them to avoid that humiliation.

The more immediate and pressing aspect of the great controversy, however, is that which relates to the future destiny of the territories. It presents this simple alternative—whether, contrasting the effects of the free condition of society with those of the slave, we ought to abandon our virgin soils to the occupation of the one, or solemnly consecrate them to the use of the other? As a nation, we have had a broad and ample experience of the influences of both systems on the prosperity of states, and we are summoned to a decision between them. In this view, the question is one, we repeat, not of races, nor of abstract theories of rights, nor even of religious convictions (although all these will influence the decision), but of actual facts. Demonstrated before us, lie the results of two social experiments, and we are asked, in the light of those demonstrations, to determine which it is best to apply, in the formation of our young and inchoate communities. A brood of such communities is growing up under our fostering wings; our duty is, to launch them in the world, as a good parent would send forth his sons, furnished with the best appliances for a healthful, sober, manly, and generous career; and the choice lies in this—whether that furniture shall come from the pens and plantations of slavery, or from the factories and free-schools of freedom.

There could be no better illustration of the proper solution of this problem, than the experiences of the two states, which lately appeared, through their representatives, in the congressional arena, as the standard-bearers of either party. Massachusetts and South Carolina are both old, and both sea-board states, which took a conspicuous part in our revolutionary war; which were present at the formation of the Constitution; which have since grown, side by side, under their characteristic systems; which cling, with great tenacity, to the principles of these, and which are remarkable for the vigor with which they represent their effects. At the outset, South Carolina was about four times as large as Massachusetts, territorially, and is still; but this advantage is partly compensated by the fact, that Massachusetts began with about one-third more total population. Massachusetts, however, was democratically organized into a system of separate, and almost independent townships, each a centre of government in itself, while South Carolain, from the necessity of the case, was centrally organized into parishes, having little or no local authority, and, for the most part, dependent on the principal, or state government. The people of Massachusetts have retained that organization, and with it, the most entire freedom of every inhabitant; while the people of South Carolina have also, with slight modifications, retained their system, and with it, the servitude of nearly the whole laboring class. Now, what have been the effects, on the prosperity of each, of these two contrasted constitutions?

The elements of national greatness, in their three-fold material, intellectual and moral forms, are universally summed up, under the heads of population, productive industry, the diffusion of wealth, internal improvement, popular education, and social order. But who, that has ever traveled over the two states we are considering, or taken the pains to compare their statistics, as given in the usual authorities, can have failed to remark their broad and striking differences, in all these respects? Supposing their social systems equally well adapted to their respective localities, and the genius of their people, there is a notable disparity in the practical results.

On the one part, we behold a con-

siderable progress; but on that of the other, a prodigious one. On the one side, we behold a large and fertile soil, under a delicious climate, thinly peopled and poorly cultivated; and, on the other, a barren soil, under inclement skies, teeming with towns and cities, and cultivated to the extreme. On the one side, the industry, though productive, is, in many respects, careless, thriftless, and improvident, confined to a few branches which increase slowly; while on the other, the productiveness of the industry exceeds that of any part of the globe, excepting a few sugar and coffee estates of the torrid zone, and is richly varied, and advancing. On the one side is a slender commerce; and, on the other, a commerce which sweeps the seas. On the one side are bad roads, and few of them; while, on the other, is a chevaux de frise of rail-roads. On the one side is a puny and unprolific intellectual activity; and, on the other, an intellectual activity which leaves no child untaught, and scarcely a man unlettered. On the one side is a society irrevocably divided into castes, where a debased and inferior race grows in numbers and strength, to the increasing embarrassment of the superior race, and amidst the derision of the civilized world; while, on the other, is a homogeneous society, where every man enjoys the means of the highest culture and the securest happiness, and the future expands and brightens, with new prospects of social achievement.* Every year is plunging South Carolina into deeper troubles and dangers, from which her most sagacious and even hopeful minds see no escape but civil war; while every year is lifting Massachusetts toward a more secure and benignant eminence of Christian civilization.

Our argument does not mean to assert that South Carolina ought to adopt the institutions of Massachusetts, because we have no occasion to go into such an inquiry here; but what it does assert is this, that if a high degree of prosperity be desirable to a nation, if a thriving population, if universal industry, if the rapid increase, and equitable diffusion of wealth, if general improvement, if education and religion, in short, if a harmonious growth and widening prospects for the future, be the tests of that prosperity, then the institutions of Massachusetts are vastly better in themselves, and in respect to all communities in which they are practicable, than the institutions of South Carolina. We say, that the experience of these states has shown, incontestably, the superiority of the free condition of society, and that we, as honest patriots and Chris-

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* The following Table is compiled from the last Census, with the exception of the "Agricultural Products," which is Mr. Tucker's Estimate for 1840:

	MASSACHUSETTS.	SOUTH CAROLINA.
Population,	994,514	668,507
Real and personal estate,	$573,342,286	$288,267,694
Acres improved,	2,133,436	4,072,651
Acres unimproved,	1,222,576	12,145,049
Cash value of farms,	$109,076,347	$82,431,684
Agricultural products,	$16,100,000	$21,550,000
Manufacture and mining,	$151,137,145	$7,063,513
Imports,	$41,367,956	$1,808,517
Exports,	$16,895,304	$15,400,408
Tonnage,	32,715,327	2,081,312
Rail-road costs,	$55,602,687	$11,287,093
Value produced to each person,	$106	$50
Free-schools,	3,679	724
Private schools,	403	202
Scholars in all,	190,924	26,025
Papers and periodicals,	64,820,564	7,145,930 copies.
Illiterate white natives,	1,861	16,460
Libraries,	684,015	107,472 vols.
Churches,	1,477	1,182
Church property,	$10,206,184	$2,172,246

As to the crime and pauperism of the two states, no materials exist for an accurate comparison; but if we may trust the statement of Governor Hammond, in his address to the South Carolina Institute, there are no less than 50,000 whites (one-sixth of the white population), "whose industry is not adequate to their support. They obtain a precarious subsistence by hunting, fishing, plundering fields and folds, and trading with slaves."

tian men, are bound, by all human wisdom, and all divine law, to prefer those institutions, where either may be adopted, as in our new territories. We are bound to secure to our friends and descendants in those regions, to which, under our guardianship, they have removed, every highest guaranty and facility of future well-being.

But the superiority of free society, so signally exhibited in the contrasts of the two great and powerful states we have named, is confirmed by the experience of all the states. The relative position of the free states, compared with the slave states, is accurately denoted by the relations of Massachusetts and South Carolina. Free society is always on the lead; and one of the established principles of political economy is, that it must be so—that it cannot be otherwise; that God would be forgetful of the laws he has implanted in the human constitution, and in the universe, if he did not render freedom the most benignant of all conditions. Mr. Henry C. Carey, in a most valuable book of his,* has shown, by a rigid induction from the statistics of four nations—India, France, England, and the United States—that in everything which involves the success, the happiness, and the moral elevation of their people, their eminence is in a precise ratio to their political freedom. He proves, specifically, and beyond a doubt, that, in respect to the security of person and property; in respect to quantity and quality of work; in respect to the profits of capital, and the wages of labor; in respect to the equable distribution of wealth, and exemption from taxes; in respect to the soundness and extension of credit; in respect to facility of intercourse, and habits of industry; in respect to purity of marriage and growth of population; in respect to the absence of crime, and even of disease; and, finally, in respect to literary and religious instruction, the condition of nations is measured by their freedom. It is such an overwhelming demonstration, as no defender of despotism, in any of its shapes, has ever undertaken to refute, or even cared to notice. Yet a similar demonstration is possible, in regard to the free and slave states of this Union. It can be shown, as it has been already, we believe more than once, that a clear line of distinction separates the two, in all these elements of high civilization. And how could it be otherwise? The condition of slavery, confining its laborious classes, for the most part, to simple agricultural labor, does not stimulate, and scarcely admits of that variety and magnificence of product, which is the mark of high physical development, whilst it is still more deficient in the means of intellectual and moral progress. Its superior class often attains the most elevated point, both of character and culture, but its masses, with here and there an individual exception, cannot rise above the lowest level.

All this, however, needs no protracted discussion. Do not the nine hundred and ninety-nine men, out of every thousand, at the North—yea, more than that—honestly believe, that a free society is, in every sense, preferable to a slave society? Are there not thousands upon thousands at the south, who believe the same thing, who openly confess the superiority of the former, and justify the continuation of the latter solely upon the ground, that it was an unavoidable inheritance, of which it is now difficult, if not impossible, to get relieved? We have ourselves conversed with many such men; we could cite, if we liked, from books, innumerable such opinions; but, indeed, this view is so almost universal, that we need be at no pains to prove its existence.

We ought, perhaps, to except a few southern speculators, who, following the lead of Mr. Calhoun, have, not only asserted that slavery is a positive good, and a finality, but who profess to have discovered the most alarming weaknesses in free society. They see in it a thousand elements of evil—in the relation of labor and capital, a future war between the rich and poor—in its excitability, the seeds of a desolating fanaticism, and in its party violences, a most speedy anarchy. Poor fellows! were there ever theories more excessively shallow!

No observant man is, of course, insensible of the many lingering defects and evils of our free society. If he have studied it minutely, he will not regard it as by any means perfect or final: but, on the comparison of it with other societies, and after every abatement, he will come to a quite positive conclusion,

* Principles of Political Economy, 3 vols.

that it contains facilities for reaching every imaginable, future as well as present, social excellence, greater than any other that now exists. Taken as to the general result, he will see, that the civilization of our free states is not only considerably in advance of that of any other part of the globe, but is of such a spirit and structure that it will continue, for many years yet, to keep in advance. What civilization can be named its superior? That of Turkey, Russia, Italy, Austria, Spain—the simple suggestion is ludicrous! Outside of England, France, and the north of Germany, which surpass us in certain special aspects, there are no nations to be named on the same day with New England, the northern middle states, and the settled parts of the West. We do not mean that these have actually achieved all the finer social results of European life; but that, apart from their own peculiar attainments, they are in a condition to appropriate the highest existing social culture. Without sacrificing their characteristic virtues, they are rapidly adopting the best refinements of others. Nowhere else do literature and art spread so widely among the people; and nowhere else is domestic life so readily blending the genialities and graces of intercourse (before impossible to its newness and rawness) with that purity, which it always had and still retains.

The forms of our free society, being alike flexible and fixed, preserve the security of law, while they give ample scope to the movements of progress. That dissolution especially which the aforesaid speculators fondly predict for it, in consequence of its fanaticisms and turbulences, is an event the most remote: for its very freedom is its defense; and the errors which arise in it, like the vapors of the night, are dissipated in the morning by the light of free discussion. When the mind is exempted from compressive restraints, its natural activity is displayed in novel schemes of thought as well as in mechanical contrivance: projects of reform of all kinds are as inseparable from it as business enterprise; and like a rich soil which produces the best fruits, it also abounds in plentiful crops of weeds. All the excitements of it, however, all its *isms* and vagaries, are scarcely felt as evils. Beyond the temporary ferment they occasion, no one is the worse for them, while these ferments may be themselves regarded as the outlets of irritation that would otherwise be deep and dangerous. It is the forced suppression of social energies, and not the ventilation of them, which leads to pernicious revolts. For this reason, besides, we have no fear of the imputed lawlessness of free society—a danger to which, in its peculiar constitution, slave-society seems to us far more exposed. Dr. Arnold somewhere remarks with profound wisdom, that "the age of chivalry, whose departure Burke so much regretted, was the natural parent of that age of Jacobinism which he so much abhorred." He explains that both breathe a spirit of hostility to order, encouraging men to look upon themselves as independent of their fellows, and cultivating a proud and selfish idolatry of what belongs to themselves individually, whether it be personal honor or personal glory, as in the one form of the disease, or personal liberty and equity, as in the other. Both lead to what Bacon calls *bonum suitatis*, to the neglect of the good of the general body. True as this is of a genuine chivalry, it is still more true of that spurious sort which springs out of slavery, and which breeds a haughty, insolent, and irritable self-conceit — intractable to law and disdaining social subordination. It is in southern society, consequently, that personal and mobocratic violence is rifest—it is there that schemes of filibusterism are principally engendered—and there that the threat of taking up arms against the Union is a favorite method of discussion.

In the elements of stability as well as of prosperity, then, the social organization of the North enjoys an unquestionable superiority over that of the South; and we do not see how any rational or humane man can hesitate as to which is the most desirable for a new region. If the question concerned a community already settled, in which the habits had been formed and large amounts of property were invested in the faith of a definite condition of things, the determination of it would be more embarrassing: but our western territories are a primitive, untrodden ground—no vested interests exist there to be disturbed—no ancient prejudice to be aroused—and no hoary abuses to be overthrown. All is fresh, and new, and unperverted; nothing stands be-

tween the judgment of what is best for them and the actual truths of experience and reason; the institutions they take now will color their destiny for generations, and, in such circumstances, to doom them, for years to come, to an inferior social system, full of confessed weaknesses, full of hopeless evils, full of disastrous liabilities and perils, is to treat them with a cruelty, which a brute would be ashamed of towards its young.

But, unfortunately, the politicians, ever disinclined to contemplate political movements in their larger and humaner aspects, always contrive to complicate them with divergent or collateral issues. They will not look at them in the light of a sound political and social philosophy, as matters which may control the happiness and stamp the character of unborn millions, and to the decision of which a man should bring, not his selfish cunning but his maturest wisdom, and his most generous sympathies: but they look at them, almost exclusively, as they bear on the distributions of power and their own prospects of advancement. It has fallen to this question of the organization of our territories to be decided quite on these grounds. Among the politicians of the South, it has become a desperate struggle for the retention of their ascendency, and among those of the North a desperate gamble for success; and, between the two, the people of the United States have been cheated out of their rightful control of their dependencies; and the people of the territories themselves subjected to a series of the most atrocious outrages. In the whole history of our legislation, there is not another so barefaced, flagitious, and reckless a course of proceedings as that which initiated, accompanied, and has followed the repeal of the Missouri compromise. We doubt, indeed, whether any legislation of any civilized country, this side of the French revolution, has been marked by such an utter want of principle, and at the same time so pregnant with dangerous consequences. Wresting from the representatives of the people, under false pretenses, and on the ground of a mere abstraction, their long-settled right of legislating for the territories, to confer it upon chance-comers; the authors and abettors of squatter sovereignty no sooner saw it in exercise than they hastened to suppress it by fire and sword. Flinging out the prize of a splendid empire, to be won by a scramble between the two parts of the Union, already inflamed and hostile, they have brought us to the verge of a fratricidal war. Inviting the settlement and organization of the territories by the people of all the states, they have let loose the wild hordes of the border upon a particular class of them, and denounced the penalties of treason against their action as freemen. Beginning in fraud, they have ended in presenting an issue of force.

It is in the power of the Congress, however, to avoid this issue, and pass the crisis, by a ready recognition of the claims of Kansas, as a free state. Her action, like that of Arkansas, Michigan, and California, which furnish appropriate precedents, has been somewhat irregular, but in no respect treasonable. Her people, provoked by every incitement to extremities, have deported themselves with temper and discretion. They are not compelled even to ask, that "something should be pardoned to the spirit of liberty;" but are amply justified in resting their case on its naked merits. Let it be treated with a manly and truthful independence, and let those, whose duty it is to dispose of it, or to act in the matter in any way, remember the profound saying of Emerson: "Never, my friend, never strike sail to a fear. Come into port grandly, or sail with God the seas."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

AMERICAN LITERATURE AND REPRINTS.

NOVELS.—We cannot chronicle any remarkable appearances in the world of romance. GRACE GREENWOOD has collected a volume of tales, the principal and largest of which, *A Forest Tragedy*, gives name to the book. It is written with vigor of style, but not correctness. The authoress has a fondness for pet expressions, generally double adjectives, such as "wild, passionate eyes," "rich crimson lips," "thin, quivering nostrils," "fierce, dark expression," "rich, deep bloom," "rich olive shades," "hard, strong nature," which occur so frequently as to become unpleasant. Nor, as a narrative, does the story seem to us highly successful. There is a vein of tragic earnestness in it, which fastens the attention of the reader, in spite of his ever-present feeling of a want of truth in the conception. One of the first scenes, almost, is an account of a kind of woman's rights meeting among the Oneida squaws, in which these poor, docile creatures assert their own dignity, and flagellate the men in the most approved style of a Boston or a Syracuse convention. Mrs. Abby Kelly Foster, or Mrs. Lucy Stone Blackwell could not hold forth with more indignant vehemence against the other sex, than do these children of the forest against certain lawless white lovers, who did not always play them fair. They even enter into a most savage league against any of their own sex who may chance to take a fancy to a pale skin, conceived with as much ferocity as any Italian or French plot against a reigning monarch. They swear, in extreme melo-dramatic solemnity, to put to death every Indian woman whose connection with the whites is not entirely upon the square; and the subsequent incidents of the plot turn upon the doings of this primitive moral reform society. But for this want of naturalness in a main event, the story would be one of considerable power. The shorter tales of the volume are more effective and graceful.

—In *Woman's Faith*, and the *Creole Orphans*, we have two novels which profess to be tales of Southern life; but neither of them seems to us original or true. As an evidence of the carelessness of the former, for instance, we note, at the very outset, some singular oversights. It purports to be a tale of Louisiana, and the time is laid just fifty years ago. Yet within the first twenty pages, we have a description of a gentleman's library, which is exquisitely painted in *fresco*, which was a very improbable thing for such a time and place; and also an account of the trial of an imputed northern abolitionist by jury, when everybody knows that fifty years since, abolition, and the excitement against it, had not come into existence; and the jury-trial was not yet adopted into the old French law, prevailing in the territory. Louisiana was not admitted as a state into the Union, until 1812, and it was some time after that, when Edward Livingston prepared the code, that the jury trial was incorporated into the legal procedure. The tale, however, is told with some skill, and possesses considerable interest. But we cannot say as much for the *Creole Orphans*, which is crude in style, and not profoundly interesting. In the descriptions of natural scenery there is a certain animation; but it is deficient in portraiture and plot.

—A more agreeable novel is the *Lost Hunter*, a tale of early Indian and settler life, narrated with some simplicity, occasional humor, and with a good purpose. Though the reading world is pretty well weary of the conventional Indian character, there is nothing offensive of that kind in the book before us, which presents the savage in a somewhat novel light.

—There is a little book called *Natty, a Spirit*, which we are at a loss to class. It purports to be an authentic account of a spiritual visitation from a child, who got his portrait painted, and did other wonderful things; but there is so much that is novel and romantic in the story, that we speak of it among fictitious works.

—Mrs. LIVERMORE'S *Zoe* we must take time to consider.

—SUMNER'S *Speeches*.—The position of CHARLES SUMNER in the world of American politics is as proud as it is peculiar.

In the prime of life, Mr. Sumner passed, at one step, from the practice of his profession, into the Senate of the United States. He had never concerned himself

with party intrigues; he had served no apprenticeship to the bad trade of electioneering. Learned, eloquent, and gallant, this young Boston lawyer had made himself known by the force of qualities the most unlike to those which usually achieve political distinction for their possessors, in our age and country. He was neither a tactician, nor a trimmer, but simply a man of courage, ability, and philanthropy. And so, when the first great wave of the revolutionary question which now agitates our country lifted the framework of government in Massachusetts, the people of that state recognized in Mr. Sumner just the character to which the interests of freedom, in a crisis dangerous to freedom, might be safely intrusted.

They summoned him from his retirement, and sent him to Washington, to speak there and to act there in the spirit of that brave old colony which was ever the first in resistance to tyranny. Five years have elapsed since Mr. Sumner was called to this honorable service, and his name has already become historical.

It is a good work which Messrs. Ticknor & Fields have done, in publishing the record of these five years of faithful and brilliant service. The *Recent Speeches and Addresses* of Mr. Sumner make a handsome volume of five hundred pages, which comprises all the more important discourses and documents put forth by him since 1851.

The subjects which have occupied the attention of the senator are very various; but he has handled them in one spirit of liberality and justice. Whether pleading for the seaman or for the slave, for cheap postage or encouragement to emigration, for the promotion of peace or the establishment of liberty, Mr. Sumner, with the single exception of his vote in favour of the Collins steamers, is always to be found on one side; he is the consistent enemy of privilege, and the consistent friend of equity. Perhaps the ablest and most ingenious effort contained in the volume before us, is his lecture on the "Position and Duties of the Merchant," delivered before the Mercantile Library Association of Boston, in which, without violating the proprieties of the place and time, he made a magnificent tribute to the heroic life of Granville Sharpe serve his paramount purpose of arousing and stimulating the temper of his countrymen to a just sense of the value of free principles, and to noble conceptions of life and its aims.

Mr. Sumner manifests two points of superiority over the average run of our statemen: firstly, in the earnestness and depth of his moral convictions; and, secondly, in the extent and rarity of his scholarship. Attached to no party, he is able to approach all questions on the side of their abstract merits, and as they are related, not to the temporary successes of certain lines of policy, but to the universal principles of ethics and law. Accordingly, he handles his topics more in the spirit of the judge, than in that of the advocate. He is more anxious to elicit the truth that may be in them, than to commend them to popularity. Yet he is not unmindful of the advantages of favorable opinion, and often rises to a high degree of persuasiveness of appeal. His statements are always clear, and his reasonings generally logical; but these excellences are not so conspicuous as the wealth of learning which he brings to the illustration of his argument. Not only does he never undertake a discussion until he has made himself master of the history of its details, but he scarcely utters a sentiment which he cannot fortify by some weighty sentence from the books of some great authority. This gives an appearance of elaboration to his efforts, which, though not always pleasing, in an artistic view, is quite rare in a nation of so much superficial and flippant oratory. It is, moreover, a compliment to his audience, compensating, in their judgment, the want of more spontaneous feeling. But it must not be inferred from this that he is destitute of impulse and glow; for his unstudied reply, to the combination of senators who once assailed his character, showed a ready command of his resources, and as much quickness as fertility. It was deeply earnest, without being passionate and personal, yet dignified.

Travels.—Mr. Ewbank, whose *Sketches of Brazil* is before us, is not a very fluent nor elegant writer, though he is a wary observer, and a man of sense. His volume is instructive, therefore, but not charming. It narrates the particulars of a visit to Rio, in 1845, with fidelity, giving us many interesting facts as to the manners, trades, and superstitions of the people, and arguing wisely on the causes of their political and social condition; but we do not find in its

style any of the peculiar tone or color which one likes in a book about the tropics. That brilliant nature never seems to have lifted the writer into poetry, nor to have seduced out of him the cold practical habit of the man of science. Mr. JARVES, however, in the second series of his *Parisian Sights and French Principles*, has attempted to catch the spirit of the place he was writing about—its light, vivacious way—but not with uniform success. There are some of his chapters which breathe the air of Paris, which are gay, easy, flippant, and delightful; but the most of them, in spite of their subjects, have a good deal of our English phlegm in them. Yet they are entertaining, particularly as they are aided by numerous wood-cuts, which present the life of the great city to our naked eyes.—The *Kansas* of MR. GREENE is a lively sketch of the region which is now producing such a hubbub in the political world. The author, having spent a great deal of time in wild adventures among its solitudes, acquired a familiar knowledge of its soil, climate, mineral resources, etc., and presents us what he has learned, in this brief book. He writes enthusiastically of the country, as the very Arcadia of the western continent, and he predicts for it an unexampled development in wealth and people. Mr. Greene's style has all the energy and freshness of pioneer life in it, with an occasional inflation, however, which seems a reminiscence of some older and less pure inspiration.

—Our readers have already had a taste of Mrs. FERRIS'S *Mormons at Home*, and we need, therefore, but announce its publication. It is, on the whole, the most authentic work on the domestic life of the strange people of Utah that we have. As a woman, Mrs. Ferris was admitted to secrets which would be carefully concealed from men. The picture she draws is a gloomy one, indeed; and though she is not without her prejudices, we are forced to believe that it is faithful. A society built upon any other foundation than the marriage of one man to one woman, must degenerate into every kind of misery and corruption. Mrs. Ferris has made an absorbing narrative out of her brief experience of such a society, as it exists among the followers of Smith.

PHILOSOPHY.—Commend us to the Germans when any point or question of philosophy is to be treated; for they take to the matter as a duck does to the water. They are native and to that manner born, and discourse of it with an ease, a comprehension, and a learning, which must ever be the despair of other more practical nations. We have a specimen of their excellence in this way, in *Schwegler's History of Philosophy*, just translated by JULIUS H. SEELYE, which, though a mere epitome of the subject, is, as far as it goes, so lucid in its arrangement, so accurate in its distinctions, and so pervaded with thought, that it seems to leave little more to be said, except in the way of detail. Schwegler is of the school of Hegel, whose historical method he borrows to some extent; but he is not a blind follower of his illustrious master. Even in the application of this method itself, he makes wide departures from Hegel, justifying his course by sound reasons. Hegel, who cultivated the absolute so assiduously, was apt to be somewhat absolute in his methods—more so than actual history sustained, and has to be qualified by his most reverent disciple.

Great as are the merits of this history, however, in the positive parts, we think it defective in one fundamental respect; and that is, in the narrowness, or rather rigidity with which it confines the history of philosophical systems to those which proceed entirely upon philosophical grounds. Of course it excludes all the oriental systems, because they are mainly mythological or cosmogonical—beginning philosophy with Thales of Greece; and it excludes, also, the whole scholastic period, because it was chiefly religious, thus leaving out the very roots of the modern speculative development. Now, a history of philosophy, it seems to us, ought to be a connected view of all those modes of interpreting the problem of the universe—its origin, construction, and end—which have obtained among men, and which, whether they come to us through the imagination, or the mythologies, or through the reason, as the grander schemes of thought, are alike to be considered. No doubt the Asiatic systems are mostly mythic, but they are not exclusively so; they contain large elements of pure speculation; and, as they represent the life-theories of millions of human beings, some of them highly cultivated, they cannot be ignored. So far from being exclusively mythical, indeed, are the oriental

doctrines, that it is easy to find in them anticipations of all the Grecian schools. The Ionic, Eleatic, and other sects of the peninsula, not excepting the Platonic, had their precursors in Persia and India, and the resemblances between their respective theories are often so striking, that an ingenious student, by a little expenditure of learning, might make out a clear case of plagiarism against the Greeks. In fact, the recent French eclectics show that all the general results of philosophy, according to their classification, namely, idealism, materialism, skepticism, and mysticism, were reached by the oriental mind. Be this as it may, it is quite evident that Asia was the cradle of human thought, to which a great part of human culture, as well as of human language, is to be traced, and no history of philosophy is complete which omits so considerable and important a field. And the same is true of the scholastic speculation, which, though seldom departing from the domain of positive religion, is yet an essential moment in the great movements of thought, and cannot be overlooked. It had its independent validity, its various schools, its epochs, and its influences upon the church, and upon society; and, when Heumann, for instance, defines it as *philosophiam in servitutem theologiæ papeæ redactam*, or philosophy prostituted to the service of the pope, he exaggerates the extent of its obsequiousness. It was not wholly servile. Like the arts, the sciences, the governments, in short, the entire public life of the middle ages, it was bound up with the prevailing religious dogmas; and yet, springing, as all philosophy must, from the desire of knowledge, it enjoyed a certain degree of freedom and independence, and, in the end, led to that general protest against ecclesiastical domination which marks our modern era. The seeds of the Reformation, indeed, lay in the doctrines of some of the scholastics, such as Abelard, Hugo of St. Victor, Albertus Magnus, Roger Bacon, and William of Occam; and there is such a vital tie running through the whole of human speculation, that no great era of it can be left out without detriment. Besides, why was oriental philosophy so mythological, and why was scholasticism so religious? These are questions which philosophy itself has to answer; and it cannot, therefore, in its own history, shut out the materials of one of its own most important problems.

This translation of Schwegler's work is made with great fidelity, and would be idiomatic but for one or two stiff renderings, such as "clearing-up" for *Aufklärung*, of which elucidation, explanation, solution, though less literal, are all better correspondents; and "content," in the sense of subject-matter, the theme, the purport, the topic. We have, in English, the plural noun "contents," which means the thing held or included within certain limits; but we have no singular, "content," except that which expresses a satisfaction or acquiescence of mind. Such phrases, therefore, as "the chief content of the Cartesian system is," etc., "the form identical with the content," "the inner content of its principle," repeated frequently, as they are, become offensive. We presume the German word, in most of these cases, is *Inhalt*, to which our familiar English words subject, substance, or matter, we have found precise enough to be good equivalents. We see no reason, in translating German thought, for transferring its phraseology. In some instances, this may be necessary; but in general our vocabulary furnishes all needful expressions.

—In Mr. TAPPAN'S *Elements of Logic* we have an American contribution to metaphysical science, which displays an intimate acquaintance with the subject, and a desire after a comprehensive as well as an original treatment of it; but we cannot congratulate our author on a complete success. His book is highly respectable, but not remarkable—betraying a great deal of reading and some thought, but no native aptitude for this kind of discussion. It is made up rather of the speculations of others, with some novelties of arrangement, than of original and independent results. It is true that the field of logic, having been industriously cultivated these three thousand years, is not a promising field for new discoveries, and we do not expect these—meaning simply, by our criticism, that Professor Tappan has thrown no new light upon the old and accepted principles of logic, while that which he means as new is of doubtful validity. At the same time, there are so many defects in Mill, Whately, Thompson (Laws of Thought), Newman, etc., that any new attempt to place logic on strictly scien-

tific grounds is not only justifiable but praiseworthy.

What perplexes us, and, we presume, many other outside readers of such discussions, is to find out what logic really is. Every new writer seems to take a new view of it, or, at least, to controvert the views of all his predecessors. Is it, as Whately contends, to be restricted to the analysis and determination of the reasoning process only so far as it is a verbal operation? is it, as Sir William Hamilton maintains, the science of the formal laws of thought only? or does it, as Professor Tappan now declares more largely, comprise the laws which govern and determine all the activities of the reason—reason itself being the sum of our intellectual faculties, or the total knowing substance? In the latter event, how are we to distinguish it from psychology, or the ordinary science of mind? All sciences are, of course, related, and more or less involve each other; yet each science must have its limits, its distinctive object, about which it is principally conversant, and which separates it from every other science. Now, Professor Tappan says, that psychology is the analysis of the reason, which makes us acquainted with its eternal and absolute ideas, while logic is that analysis of the reason which makes us acquainted with its laws; but what is the difference here between its laws and its ideas? An idea, we are told, is that "which determines our cognitions and our activity;" and a law is that "which regulates and determines the manifestations and movements" of the mind: and we cannot see the distinction. Undoubtedly, there is a distinction; but it is not here stated. As a specimen of the confusion that reigns, let us extract a single paragraph, explanatory of the function of logic.

"Reason perceives and knows: seeks and arrives at truth. But what are the laws which regulate its perceptions? What are the methods which it pursues in seeking after truth? What are the ultimate grounds of its knowledges and beliefs? When we have answered these questions, we have logic completed."

We have, however, a great deal more—for the first question relates to psychology, the last to universal philosophy, and the second only to logic. The laws of the reason, it seems to us, like its faculties, functions, operations, processes, are the objects of mental science, and not of logic. We are not much given to such inquiries, but what little thought we have expended upon them has led to the belief, that logic is best considered as a branch of the larger science of induction—using the term, not as Bacon does, mostly in the sense of simple generalization, but for the whole procedure of method. Its other branches are, analysis and synthesis, so that the generic science of method includes the three specific functions of logical induction, analytic induction, and synthetic induction, which exhaust, progressively and in combination, every process the mind resorts to, in the investigation and establishment of truth.

A great many other observations are suggested by this volume, particularly its use of the term reason; but we have no space for them now.

Science.—The *Elements of Analytical Mechanics*, and the *Spherical Astronomy*, of Professor W. H. C. Bartlett, of the United States Military Academy, are valuable contributions to our means of attaining a competent knowledge of those branches of science. In the former, he has deduced the laws of the movements of bodies, on the principle of virtual velocities, instead of the parallelogram of forces, which is made the basis in most English and some French treatises. Combining this with D'Alembert's principle, which is shown to be a generalization of the Newtonian law of the equality of action and reaction, he deduces six equations for the motions of all bodies, and which contain the whole subject of Mechanics. It is a method susceptible of the most simple, precise, and prolific developments. It places the most vast and fruitful principles of science within the grasp of the tyro, and enables him to commune face to face with the great masters of Mechanics, with La Grange and Laplace, with Newton and Euler, with Huygens and Bernouilli.

In the *Spherical Astronomy*, which treats of the magnitudes, arrangements, and motions of the heavenly bodies, we find the same simplicity and comprehensiveness of treatment, with descriptions of the structure and use of instruments no less admirable. The plates of instruments, and of the planets, are well executed, being copied mostly from the fine *Astronomie Elementaire* of De Launay, and in every part of the work, indeed, are traces of a clear, precise, and philosophic mind.

—The *Annual of Scientific Discovery*, by Mr. WELLS, is one of those works which a man of general culture, eager to keep on a level with his age, and yet unable to follow the progress of research into its minuter results, cannot well do without. It is a *resumé* of what scientific men have done during the year, given in brief terms, and yet with sufficient details to be intelligible. One of the unhappy effects of our modern scientific activity is, that a man who does not spend all his time in reading, is soon left high and dry on the shoals of ignorance, the century in which he lives running away from him so rapidly that it gets almost out of sight. A science which he plumed himself on once knowing something about, grows, during a short tour abroad, or a sojourn in the country, quite out of his acquaintance. He sees it, like an express train, from the station-house, at which he has arrived a few minutes too late, receding from him with prodigious speed, and, ere he he is aware, leaving him alone with the porters and draymen. Such works as Mr. Wells's enable him, if not to catch up with the train, at least to keep in sight of it, or, at the worst, to guess whither it is going. Or, to change the figure, they are tide-marks of the great ocean of scientific thought, showing the height to which it has swelled, by the deposits left along the shore.

—A similar service is rendered, though in a different and even more agreeable way, by the charming work of GOSSE, on *The Ocean*, which discourses of the science of the sea, in a manner to interest both the child and the mature student. One reads in it of cuttle-fish and weeds, with as entire an absorption as he reads in a novel of the fortunes of Miss Ella and Master Tommy, the wonderful orphans, and with a good deal more instruction.

MISCELLANEOUS. — Mr. Mackie, whose charming *Cosas de España* delighted the readers of this magazine, has been trying his hand on a more serious work. It is a Life of Shamyl, the famous Circassian chief, who for so many years has been a thorn in the side of Russia, and has cost her, in the long run, we venture to say, more blood and treasure than all the allied forces of the Crimea. It is compiled from the most recent and authentic German and French sources, with great industry and research, and gives us a picture, as the writer truly says, of a career of heroism, nowise inferior to that of the most famous champions of classical antiquity; of a war of independence, such as may not improperly be compared with the most glorious struggles recorded in the annals of liberty; and of a state of society, perhaps the most romantic, and the most nearly resembling that described in the songs of Homer, which the progress of civilization has left. We need hardly say, to those who know the facility with which Mr. Mackie describes scenes and characters, that his treatment of this fine subject is worthy of it, and that, not satisfied with the simple biography of his hero, he has woven with it the most graceful sketches of the manners and customs of the Caucasus. That grand and beautiful region, which has been made dear to our imaginations by the inventions of Grecian genius, as well as by some of the most venerable sacred traditions, is now invested with the more powerful charms of an actual living history, and the lands which we have heretofore associated only with the names of Noah and Prometheus, of Jason and Cadmus, will derive a deeper interest from what we are told of the marvelous bravery and wisdom of Shamyl.

—A fourth volume has been added to the collected works of EDGAR A. POE, containing one of those De Foe like narratives of adventure, in which he most excelled, called the "Narrative of A. Gordon Pym," and several magazine articles, chiefly *jeux d'esprit*, not so characteristic or successful. In fact Poe was no wit, and his attempts in that kind are very dreary; but he was a most ingenious and skillful contriver of fiction, to which he managed to give a wonderful verisimilitude, even in the midst of the profoundest improbabilities. The present volume, however, will scarcely add to his fame.

—The *Shakespearean Papers* form the third volume of the pleasant collection which Dr. MACKENZIE has made of the writings of the late William Maginn. It is the most valuable volume of the three, though to many readers it may prove the least entertaining. It exhibits Maginn, not in his jovial and rollicking moods, when he spurted wit, learning, and nonsense in equal measure, but in his more serious aspects, as "a gentleman and scholar." Even here he cannot forget his

old tricks of ribaldry and abuse; but for the most part, he conducts himself with discretion. His criticisms of the leading characters of Shakespeare, have something of novelty in them, but more of paradox, and do not convince our judgment against the traditional or accepted version of those personages. Yet there is a remarkable acuteness in much that he says, particularly in his analysis of Falstaff and Polonius, both of whom he defends against the degradation brought upon them by the vulgar conceptions of comic actors. Falstaff, he tries to show, was not the low buffoon and glutton which he is generally represented to be, nor Polonius such a silly old fool. Falstaff was a soldier and a knight, overflowing with genial wit, and absolute master of his position, while Polonius was a shrewd courtier, knowing what's what. As to Lady Macbeth, we would fain believe in the qualifications by which Maginn (following Mrs. Siddons and Mrs. Jamieson) tempers her fierce nature, for the sake of gentle womankind; but we fear that such was not the conception of Shakespeare. We do not suppose that she was utterly destitute of womanly tenderness; but we do think that Shakespeare meant to paint her as leading the way, through ungovernable ambition, to the cruel murders by which her husband won the crown.

—RAPHALL'S *Jews.*—It is a remarkable fact, that from the time of Josephus, who wrote in the early Christian era, up to within the last fifty years, no Jew has written the history of his own people, except for Jews themselves. This singular neglect does not appear to have arisen from any want of men of learning among the Jews, nor from the absence of a feeling of attachment to their race, but probably from the deep-rooted prejudices existing against them, in the countries in which they have lived, and discouraging every attempt to set themselves in a more favorable light in public opinion. But about thirty years ago, Jost, in Germany, undertook to correct the hereditary errors of history—errors transmitted from one Christian writer to another—and, since then, Gratz and Salvador have contributed to the same end. In still later days, Milman, Dohm, and Gregoire, though not Jews, have done ample justice to this singular people.

A singular people, indeed—for, as Dr. RAPHALL observes in his preface, that as the sole survivors of the really olden time, when mankind was in its infancy, unmixed in lineage, unchanged in religious belief and observance, whose history is connected with the primeval and sacred records of civilized mankind, they possess an interest unsurpassed by any other people. Exercising, by means of their great book, an influence on the world which has outlived the philosophy of Greece, and the statesmanship of Rome, and yet themselves expatriated and dispersed, and deprived of all political existence, except in the United States—victims of ignorance, fanaticism, and calumny—their condition furnishes a marvelously fruitful theme for the pen of the historian.

Dr. Raphall proposes to present us, for the first time, we believe, in the English language, a complete narrative of the post-biblical experience of this remarkable nation. The period commences at the close of the Old Testament, and continues to the present day, embracing a span of twenty-two hundred years, and extending to almost every quarter of the globe. It is, of course, a most comprehensive scheme, requiring vast scholarship and reading, to a proper completion of it; but, we may say of the two volumes, in which the labor is begun, that they augur well for the result. Dr. Raphall writes with fluency, and sometimes eloquence; his narrative is perspicuous, and easy; and he seems a thorough master of his subject, in all its relations. He confines himself too much, perhaps, to the merely external events of history, to satisfy the curiosity which is generally felt as to the internal life and economy of the Jews, under their various vicissitudes. In future volumes, however, as the historian approaches more modern periods, and the existence of his people, less connected with the general history of the world, becomes more private, we hope to see complete details of their domestic manners and experiences. We can imagine that a life so chequered and tragical as that of the "outcasts of all nations," should be full of touching, heroic, and beautiful incidents.

—*The American Statesman.*—Mr. J. ANDREW W. YOUNG has gathered into a single volume, under this name, a complete political history of the country. Beginning with the colonial era, he has described the causes of the original separation from the

mother country; the steps taken to maintain independence; the formation of the old confederacy; its inherent weakness; the adoption of the new constitution, and the great debates which have taken place under it, up to the passage of the Nebraska bill. His plan has been to give, in brief compass, an outline of the views of all parties on disputed points, particularly those which have exerted any influence on the political destinies of the nation; and he has succeeded in it quite well. It is easy to see what his own convictions are; and yet he has been just to those of an adverse sentiment. For everybody who wishes to know something of our politics, without entering at large into political history, this work will prove a most invaluable assistant. Original documents are given, where they have been deemed necessary; and where they are not, clear and abundant references are made, so that the student may, at a moment, find everything that pertains to the action of the different branches of the government. Mr. Benton's *Thirty Years' View* is more ample, as to the time to which it relates; but cannot supply the place of this condensed, yet quite complete, record of public affairs.

The Journal of Education.—This able periodical, under the management of Mr. BARNARD, has attained a considerable success, but not a success beyond its merits. Devoted to a most important speciality, it pursues its objects with patience, enthusiasm, and ability, and it deserves the patronage of all who take pleasure in the progress of education. Its papers are contributed by some of the most eminent professors and teachers in the country, and discuss the whole theory and practice of teaching with a thorough understanding. Under the head of educational movements and statistics, it gives ample details of all that is doing in England, France, Germany, etc., towards the improvement of schools, and the extension of knowledge.

EUROPEAN LITERATURE.

ENGLAND.—Our readers have not forgotten, we hope, that we spoke with commendation, some time since, of the first volume of Mr. BURTON'S *Pilgrimage to El Medinah.* The whole work has now been published, and deserves a high rank in the literature of travel.

In the first place, Mr. Burton deals with a theme "unattempted yet in prose or rhyme." Seventy years ago, Gibbon said, that "our notions of Mecca must be derived from the Arabians; for no unbeliever is permitted to enter the Holy City." What was true then, is equally true now.

While the African deserts, and the American wildernesses have been traversed in all directions by the votaries of science, or the victims of ennui, El Hejaz of the Arabs, the Holy Land of Islam, has been almost untrodden by the western boot, quite unsketched by the western pencil.

A certain M. Bertolucci, Swedish Consul at Cairo, and Dr. Wallin, Arabic professor at Helsingfors, contrived, indeed, to get themselves smuggled into the city, at different times, during the present century; the one by his Bedouins, and the other by some Persians. But Bertolucci lived in constant fear, and Wallin in constant filth, and while the former was so scared that he saw nothing, the latter was so beset and bemired, that he could not note down anything which he saw. Moreover, Wallin was specially unlucky in his companions; for the Persians, being sectarian Sufites, are regarded by the orthodox Sunnites with a most righteous horror and hatred.

Heresy is bad enough, but infidelity is a warrant for an instant auto-da-fé throughout Arabia. The Persians are tolerated, being allowed to purchase the privilege of visiting the Prophet's tomb at a fixed price, taking their change in kicks and blows. But a Giaour! An interloper caught in a lodge of freemasons might be let off with a whipping; a man surprised in the sanctuary of the Bona Dea would have been only torn to pieces by pretty women; but an infidel in El Hejaz! for him many deaths and dreadful are prepared—he shall be pelted by boys, and trodden into rags by camels.

In such very exciting circumstances, it is not a little surprising that Mr. Burton should have contrived to see, and hear, and record so much. Nor would he have been able to do so, had not nature armed him with a consummate talent for humbug.

In the first place, Mr. Burton, though a true-born Briton, looks very like a Turk; in the second place, he is a master of the Persian, Bengalee, and Arabic languages; and in the third place, he wears his religion as lightly as his coat.

Having made up his mind to explore the forbidden ground of the Moslem sanctuaries, Mr. Burton applied to the Geographical Society. That noble association instantly accepted his services, and commissioned him to undertake the enterprise in their name, and at their expense. He sailed from England in the disguise of a Persian prince, adopting thus, from the outset, the oriental character it was necessary for him to assume. On arriving at Alexandria, he went into lodgings and took lessons—the lodgings being a small dog-kennel in the backyard of a disreputable dervish, and the lessons being a course of initiation into the art and mystery of the Mussulman friars, the dervishes, who possess the earth in virtue of their sanctity, their laziness, and their contempt of all cleanliness, moral and physical.

He soon became an adept in the business, and could howl and lie in the most orthodox manner. But a cunning Turk of his acquaintance advised him to drop the dervish and the Persian together, and to try his chance as a Hindoo Hadji, a respectable person making the great pilgrimage from some Mohammedan city in Bengal.

This advice, which events proved to have been remarkably sensible, Mr. Burton, after some reflection, adopted. It gives us no unfavorable idea of his qualifications for the enterprise he had undertaken, that he should thus show himself willing to abandon the results of three months of hard work, in order to enter upon a more judicious course. This course he pursued successfully to the end.

He joined a regular pilgrim caravan, taking ship at Suez; and, so completely oriental was he in his manners, as well as in his speech, that he passed for a paragon of pilgrims.

It is not easy to exaggerate the difficulties of such an impersonation as Mr. Burton kept up for months, in the midst of a large company of fellow-worshipers, who gave themselves as much concern about the faith and the manners of their neighbors as if they were members of a Methodist class.

The ceremonial law of the Jews is hardly more minute than that of the Mussulmans. Every action that man can perform must be sanctified by its special allusion to the Koran, or its special form of prayer; and the self-styled Hadji, who should omit one of the *four* motions and exclamations which accompany so slight an act as the drinking a glass of water, would be a marked man. Mr. Burton bore the tests splendidly. No Hadji was more scrupulous than he; nobody more devout; nobody more apt at quoting from the Koran; more fervent in exhortation; more exact in the assumption of every posture.

Nor was his stomach less elastic than his conscience. He could give thanks, with a loud voice, over a meal of boiled mare-skin, sauced with clarified butter; eat, fill himself, and go his way, undisturbed, alike, by remorse and by dyspepsia.

So exemplary was his conduct, that he established a reputation above suspicion. When a shrewd Egyptian youth of eighteen, seeing a *sextant* among Mr. Burton's goods, conceived doubts thereupon, and communicated them to the rest of the pilgrims, he was received with intemperate objurgations, and was pronounced "a dog, a pig, a fool, an unbeliever, a wahabee and a cut-off one," for daring to slander the humble and holy Hadji from Hindoston.

Five months Mr. Burton passed in Medina, where he lived like a Mussulman; and he has given us an account of oriental life and manners, more minute and interesting than has ever been published before, except in the writings of Mr. Lane. Of the worthy people of Medina, he affords no flattering picture; and we cannot sufficiently admire the patience and energy which carried him through the trials, and the long histrionic effort of his residence among them. Mr. Bayard Taylor himself must look with envy and respect upon an explorer so undaunted—an orientalist so accomplished.

Mr. Burton is vivacious in describing what he was so industrious in learning. We should be glad to transfer to our pages some of his entertaining sketches, such as that of the desperate fight for places on the deck of the pilgrim ship, waged between the more respectable passengers and a rabble rout of Maghrabis, the "short boys" of the east, or the graphic picture of the riot and vociferation which attended the arrival

in the holy city of the Damascus caravan. But our want of space forbids, and we must send our readers to the book itself, confident that, if they can endure a dash of flippancy in speaking of things religious, and an occasional sin against good taste, for the sake of novelty, sprightliness, and the true traveler's temper, they will gladly go with so instructive a companion to Medina, and will be anxious to follow him again, in the fall, to Mecca, whither he goes in his third volume.

—Mr. ARTHUR HELPS, whose essays, called "Friends in Council," made him somewhat known in this country, undertook, some time since, a semi-fictitious history of the Spaniards in America, under the title of the "Conquerors of the New World and their Bondsmen." This work originated in a philanthropic mood; as the author said he wished to find out for himself, and to show to others, "how the black people came to the new world; how the brown people faded away from certain countries in it; and what part the white people had in these doings." The book was neither an essay nor a novel, nor a history; and though it was full of interesting reflections, and of good things well said, it shared the fate of all amorphous productions. The studies which Mr. Helps had pursued, in writing the book, however, fitted him, and inspired him to attempt a more serious and satisfactory treatment of the subject, and he has, accordingly, been engaged upon an elaborate *History of the Spanish Conquest of America*, the first two volumes of which have been issued.

Mr. Helps has chosen for his journey a much-traveled road, and treads in the footsteps of very illustrious predecessors.

But he describes the career of Spain in the new world rather in its results than in its progress; he does not follow tamely in the track already occupied by Mr. Prescott, but aims to illustrate the influence of the conquest upon the races subjected to the Spanish dominion. In fact, his book may be regarded as a contribution to the history of human misery, rather than to the records of human glory.

He writes always with feeling, and has an eye for the picturesque, which sometimes misleads him. In describing the Mexico of Montezuma, as a city, then "the fairest in the world," and which has never since been equaled, he certainly goes beyond the limits of reasonable poetic license; and it is not seldom that the judicious reader will find himself obliged to regret that Mr. Helps is so imperfectly convinced of the difference between an essay and a history.

For the light which this book throws on the story of mankind in the western world, Mr. Helps deserves our thanks; and, although he has not told the story of the Mexican conquest in such a way as to give his book the attraction of novelty, he has developed some facts slightly treated by others, and, in particular, has done not a little to clear up the character of the Spanish government, in connection with the proceedings of Cortez, Pizarro, and their compeers.

Mr. Helps has verified the conjecture of Robertson, that the government at home has been unjustly charged with many of the atrocities committed, against its orders and without its knowledge, by the adventurers in the new world. If we will reflect, how unwilling we should be, that the American government should be held responsible for the lawlessness and oppression which have marked the relations of the Americans in California with the Mexican natives, we shall be more disposed to admit, that the council of the Indies may have been maligned for many an act, of which it never had any cognizance.

—The Nestor of English poets, who, in his latter days, aped too much the evil-tongued Thersites, having been quietly gathered to his fathers, it remained for his friends to do him the last injustice of publishing his memoirs. This they have done, and all whom the tongue of Rogers ever stung, may hold themselves avenged.

The editor of the *Recollections of the Table-Talk of Mr. Rogers* ought to have entitled his book, "Mr. Roger's Recollections of Table-Talk;" for there is hardly a good thing in the book which was not said *to* Mr. Rogers, by somebody else; while the treasured sayings of Mr. Rogers himself are almost invariably flat and pointless. The critical observations of the old poet and connoisseur are particularly odd, but not otherwise striking. He preferred the Colosseum in Regent's Park to the Coliseum at Rome; and it made him sick to hear people say balcŏny instead of balcōny!

But Mr. Rogers had lived too long, and seen too much of the world, and been too curious in his experience, not to have col-

lected a great many entertaining and instructive anecdotes, and all manner of distinguished people pass before us in these volumes, some in full dress, some in undress—all in characteristic style and guise, from Byron waking his wife from her sleep on their marriage-night, by exclaiming that he was "certainly in hell!" to Porson drinking off, as good gin, a whole can of Mr. Hoppner's lamp-fluid.

Porson, by the way, is lugged in as an appendix, apparently to fill out the volume; but all that we have here of the great scholar, is, to say the least of it, quite as interesting as what is told us of the respectable poet.

THE WORLD OF NEW YORK.

The proverbial truth, that "everybody's business" is usually done by nobody, never had a sadder illustration than it has received during the past winter, in the condition of our beloved metropolis. We, last month, mourned in common with all the world, over the outrageous obstructions in our highways, which barred us from our business, and made the pursuit of pleasure a peril.

And yet at this present writing, Broadway still looks like the Boulevards, after a barricade, and the hospital doors still swing daily open to contused citizens, the victims of municipal misconduct.

After all, things are not so unevenly balanced in this world! Paris has no ballot-boxes, but she has safe pavements; we have primary meetings, but from thirty to forty sovereigns have been daily picked up, bruised and wounded, from our dangerous flag-stones.

The number is startling, yet such we are assured, and by good authority, was the fact.

"*Was* the fact," we say, for though we speak in the middle of March—your eyes, oh reader, will not rest upon our words till April begins to scatter flowers and catarrhs over the reawakening earth. Like our grandmothers, who wore the original hoops, and went to balls on the king's birthday, this our Lady Maga has to submit to her toilette long before she makes her début. Those dear souls, so long departed, used to sit in patience with heads high-frizzed, through many an hour, incapable of motion and almost afraid to speak, ere the happy moment came for displaying what it had cost such time and such endurance to achieve. Indeed, there is a legend in one of the eastern towns of New England, that once upon a time, when successful privateering had begotten a pecuniary plethora in the place, and festivities abounded, some lovely dames had to be "hair-dressed" and hooped three mortal days in advance of every ball which they attended. Upon us, too, the necessity of this anticipatory toilette entails some slight discomforts. Thus it was, for instance, that we were compelled last month to omit the cordial word of praise, which is due, from every one who cares for the progress of the public pleasure, to Mr. Burton, in acknowledgment of his zealous efforts to revive the Shakespearian drama upon our stage. He chased the winter of our discontent with the great poet's "Winter's Tale;" and, vexed and frozen as we were, compelled us all to shake our sides, and thaw into mirth over the facetious villainies, and most humorous roguery of the inimitable Autolycus. Mr. Burton is not only the first of living comedians; he is a sound Shakespearian scholar, and takes an artist's pride in the proper production of the master's works.

That he could not create players equal to himself, is hardly to be laid as a charge at his door. He gave us appropriate and respectable scenery—elaborate costumes, good music—parts correctly spoken, if not finely performed, and effective tableaux.

That Hermione was only herself, when she stood a silent statue upon her pedestal to await the sun ray of love from her husband's eyes, ere she awoke to musical life; that the sweet Perdita would have seemed more truly a fair human flower, had she, like the flowers, spoken only to the eye; that all the tragedians of the play had lately left the theatre of Mr. Vincent Crummles—that these things were, let not Mr. Burton be reprehended. They came by our fault as much as by his, for we who insist upon good playing, make light of players and leave the boards to be upheld by the groundlings. But that Mr. Burton,

supported by a capital clown, and a most egregious shepherd, made of himself the most rollicking, sly, sinful, and sensual Autolycus ever seen, an Autolycus, whom to look upon might have tickled the heart of Shakespeare himself,—this is Mr. Burton's especial merit, and for this we beg him to receive our heartiest thanks. May the Winter's Tale find listeners till the Midsummer Night shall come with Dreams!

Meanwhile, as the town is too large for us to be content with one good thing, we look anxiously to Miss Laura Keene and Mr. Wallack, for variety of entertainment. Mr. Wallack *can* give us as many novelties as he shall please—for though he has lately produced no very effective new play, everything which he does produce is put upon the stage in a style of such uniform excellence, that we have no hesitation in demanding much from one so capable of responding to our demand. Since we last gossiped with our readers, many of them no doubt have laughed over the brilliant absurdities of Mr. Walcot, in the play of the "Knights of the Round Table," which is the best novelty Mr. Wallack has recently given us. The play itself is most preposterously improbable in plot, and not very felicitous in dialogue, but the situations were so effective, and the acting was so clever, that everybody forgave everything for the sake of Tom Tidler, and Captain Smith.

Yet the drama can hardly be said to be prospering, while this indulgence is so constantly demanded of the public, and the talent of an actor is interposed as a shield between the twaddle of the text and the temper of the audience.

We must repeat and re-repeat our cry for good plays. We certainly shall not be appeased by the revival of Colman's Heir-at-Law, which is not sufficiently striking and original, in conception or dialogue, to atone for the want of reality which lapse of time and distance in space have given to its characters. Nor can we hail as a great success Mr. Charles Reade's drama of "Two Loves and a Life," produced, or traduced, at Miss Keene's "Varieties." The plot of this play is excessively melo-dramatic—the main incidents being neither new nor probable, and the text is overfine and flighty. Still, if poor plays get more than justice from Mr. Wallack's troupe, they get even less than justice from Miss Keene's. Are there no good disposable actresses in the country, and no actors who will consent to attend a course of lectures, by Hamlet Prince of Denmark, before strutting their brief hour upon the stage?

To touch and teach our modern audiences, the managers must give honorable encouragement to the production of plays on subjects taken from modern life, or, at least, infused with the modern spirit; and our actors must shake off the ridiculous traditions of the stage voice, and vision, and stride. Nobody now, on entering one of our theatres, expects to see the mirror held up to nature, or society.

All men do not growl and frown their emotions in private life; but upon the stage, they all must do so. All women do not gasp and shriek their joy or sorrow by the domestic hearth; but upon the stage they all must do so. It is high time that "Siddons on Gesture" should be sent to Coventry. In "plays of society," particularly, the absurdity of the stage demeanor is flagrant. A hundred years ago, when feudal distinctions still flourished in all the gorgeousness of their fall season, a gentleman or a lady was never allowed to be unconscious in manner. Now, the essential principle of good manners, for a lady or a gentleman, is unconsciousness, real or assumed.

A gentleman or a lady who, in society, shows any visible consciousness of the effect which he or she is producing upon the company, loses, at once, the distinguishing quality of modern good-breeding, and begins at once to be *theatrical*. The phrase, in its familiar use, condenses a volume of criticism. The stage gentleman and the stage lady are not the gentleman and the lady of the world; and if we take Mr. Walcot and, shall we say, Miss Keene, from our boards, we shall find not a single actor or actress in New York who seems capable of conceiving and representing the rôle of a man or woman of the world, without becoming perfectly ridiculous.

Perhaps the audiences are partly to blame for their tolerance of the false and the forced upon our stage; and a little wholesome ferocity from pit and gallery might help to accelerate the progress which we are anxious to see made by our actors, in the direction of sound art.

The craving for amusement that shall at once delight and expand the mind, unques-

tionably grows stronger in the breasts of our people, with every year. It cannot be said that anything really good, in the way of art, which has yet been offered to us, has absolutely failed of appreciation.

Mr. Paine, to be sure, has hardly made a fortune at the Academy, this winter; but then "Her Majesty's Theatre" has never proved exactly a gold mine, to any of its managers, and the Grand Opera House of Paris might have been turned, like Drury Lane, into a Hippodrome, long ago, but for the steadying hand of the government.

Boston and Philadelphia have handsomely treated our "strayed revellers," and now that they have come back again, New York really means, does she not? to give them a hearty welcome.

As we were walking up Broadway, the other night, we came upon a crowd which caused us to rub our eyes, with a vague, astonished notion that the Opera had already returned, and to the old familiar place where we passed so many gay and pleasant hours six years ago.

Astor Place was blockaded with carriages. Omnibusses continually hauled up, driving remorseless poles into each other's doors. Ladies, in hoops, darted, with surprising agility, in and out among the wheels and trampling horses, scaled the dingy mountains of the highway, and swarmed together again, in little groups, about the anxious cavaliers who awaited them on the pavements. It was a crowd and clamor of women.

We gave ourselves up to the tide, and were borne into the ancient temple of the Muses.

There we found an altar, indeed, and a priest, but not the service of former days.

Yet we soon ceased to be astonished that the enthusiasm of former days should have revived about the doors of Clinton Hall.

For the priest was young, and a "most proper man," and his words were words of sweetness and persuasion. Like Saadi of old, he had wandered East and West (though not for thirty years), and all that he had gathered he was laying a fragrant offering —flowers and pomegranates—at the shrine of genius.

Need we be plain and precise, and speak the speech of newspapers, and say that "Mr. Curtis's Lectures upon Contemporary English Fiction, which were so cordially received in Boston, have been repeated with equal success in New York"? Very successful they were, and well they deserved to be so. It would have reflected small credit upon the culture and the taste of our people, had they refused to listen when an accomplished, and genial, and thoughtful man invited them to hear what he had to say of the great writers who have most deftly charmed the ear and heart of this generation. Next after the pleasure of being pleased comes the pleasure of finding out why we are pleased; and cordial criticisms are hardly less delightful than genial creations. Cordial criticisms Mr. Curtis gave us; he talked of men and books with warmth and feeling; recognized the inevitable limits of time and space, and attempted less to analyze the genius of the authors he discussed, than to exhibit the tendencies of their influence upon ourselves.

Of course, we did not all agree with him in every opinion which he emitted, and this vexed some of us sadly; for Narcissus cannot help liking a good mirror more than the best of pictures. We all have our loves and our hates; and some of us were angry with the scoffer (so "atrociously young," too) who flouted Bulwer; and others of us raged at the infatuated idolater who worshiped Thackeray.

But what did we go to hear at Clinton Hall? Did we go for a revelation, or only for a course of lectures?

We, individually, went for a course of lectures, and we found what we went to find, and liked it exceedingly.

Mr. Curtis thinks that the books of Bulwer are honey on the tongue, but gall and poison in the stomach; he thinks, too, that Hood and Dickens are the fascinating prophets of humanity and generous trust, who have breathed a breath of large, and noble, and aspiring life into the literature of modern England. We think that he has done Bulwer sad injustice; we also think that he has done Hood and Dickens something more than justice. But the temper which so prefers Hood and Dickens to Bulwer is honorable alike to his head and his heart. And can we not afford to dissent from the critic while we sympathize with the admirer?

Mr. Curtis rather unwisely jeers at Byron and boarding-schools, while he hails Charles Kingsley as the most poetic of preachers and the most parænetic of poets,

and as the fame of Byron is in no immediate danger of extinction, should we not, on the whole, be glad to see the boarding-schools desert Don Juan for Alton Locke?

We are sure that many a good book will be more thoughtfully read by hundreds who listened to Mr. Curtis's words; that his elevated and earnest treatment of writers who wrote with a purpose, will lead many to find the soul of wisdom in the substance of amusement. And so we are sincerely glad that Astor Place was crowded on six successive nights with the best and brightest of New-York; that anonymous admiration laid its nightly boquet upon the lecturer's desk; and even the grim reporter smiled upon the unwonted pleasure of his task.

Of more illustrious orators, preaching "Washington and Common Sense," we have nothing just now to say.

But we cannot lay down our pen without a word for the first great festival of art which our country has witnessed. Boston, so long the pioneer in the path of musical cultivation, has sealed her claims to artistic distinction among the cities of America, by the tribute which she has paid to the genius of music's mightiest master.

On the 1st of March, Crawford's noble statue of Beethoven was "inaugurated" (that is to say, set upon its pedestal) in the Music Hall of Boston.

It had been intended that the services upon this occasion should be truly memorable in the annals of American art. But the programme, as programmes will, suffered mutilations; choral symphonies were performed without a chorus, and personal preferences and private piques, as they are apt to do, thrust themselves up—ugly brambles among the roses.

Yet, on the whole, the performances were fine, and the occasion truly noteworthy. That an American citizen should have presented to an American city a splendid statue of the first of composers, designed by American genius—that the gift should have been received with enthusiastic welcome by an immense audience, and celebrated in fitting strains by an American poet—all this is certainly a not unimportant sign of better times to come.

The poet of the occasion may be regarded as an apt type, in his own person, of the significance of the event he sang. Mr. Story, as the son of our most distinguished jurist, and himself a lawyer of learning and ability, fairly belongs to the "practical" world of American talent; while in his triple quality of musician, sculptor, and poet, he prefigures the larger culture which shall yet develop the finer qualities of the national intellect.

Those who have seen Mr. Story's own admirable statue of Beethoven, will best appreciate the generous tribute which he paid to Crawford's work; and all our readers, we trust, will echo the lofty words into which he translates the suggestions of the place and the celebration.

"Topmost crown of ancient Athens towered
the Phidian Parthenon;
Upon Freedom's noble forehead, art, the starry
jewel, shone.
Here as yet in our republic, in the furrows of
our soil,
Slowly glows art's timid blossom 'neath the
heavy foot of toil.
Spurn it not—but spare it, nurse it, till it glad-
den all the land;
Hail to-day this seed of promise, planted by a
generous hand—
Our first statue to an artist—nobly given,
nobly planned.

"Never is a nation finished while it wants the
grace of art—
Use must borrow robes from beauty, life must
rise above the mart.
Faith and love are all ideal, speaking with a
music tone—
And, without their touch of magic, labor is the
devil's own.
Therefore are we glad to greet thee, master
artist, to thy place,
For we need in all our living beauty and ideal
grace.
Mostly here, to lift our nation, move its heart,
and calm its nerves,
And to round life's angled duties to imagina-
tive curves.
Mid the jarring din of traffic, let the Orphic
tone of art
Lull the barking Cerberus in us, soothe the
cares that gnaw the heart.
With thy universal language, that our feeble
speech transcends,
Wing our thoughts that creep and grovel,
come to us when speaking ends,—
Bear us into realms ideal, where the cant of
common sense,
Dins no more its heartless maxims to the jing
ling of its pence.
Thence down dropped into the actual, we shall
on our garments bear,
Perfume of an unknown region, beauty of ce-
lestial air;
Life shall wear a nobler aspect, joy shall greet
us in the street;
Earthy dust of low ambition shall be shaken
from our feet.
Evil spirits that torment us, into air shall
vanish all,
And the magic harp of David soothe the haunt-
ed heart of Saul.'